MEMOIRS

OF

ANDREW SHERBURNE:

A PENSIONER

OF THE

NAVY OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; they see the works of the LORD, and his wonders in the deep."—*Psalmist.*

SECOND EDITION,

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

Providence:

J. H. BROWN....MARKET-SQUARE

1831.

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Northern District of New-York, to wit:

'BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty-sixth day of August, in the fifty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1828, Andrew Sherburne, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit;

Memoirs of Andrew Sherburne, a pensioner of the navy of the revolution. Written by himself. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; they see the works of the LORD, and his wonders in the deep." PSALMIST.

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also, to the act entitled, "An act supplementary to an act entitled 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of Designing, Engraving and Etching historical and other prints."

RICHARD R. LANSING,
Clerk of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New-York.

PREFACE.

THERE are yet surviving a few, and but a few, who lived, acted and suffered in the Revolution which gave freedom, independence and prosperity to the United States of America. And a very large majority of that few have gone by *three score years and ten*. They are bending beneath the weight of years and early sufferings.

Their thin locks are whitened by the frosts of seventy, and some by more than eighty winters, and are "dragging the poor remains of life along the tiresome road." A few of them are in affluent circumstances—others are sustained by their children and friends—some are partially provided for by government, and some are in indigent circumstances.

But the number is very fast diminishing; a little while and the American people will look round in vain to find an individual who personally acted in the Revolution. The author of this narrative is in the junior class of the survivors of the Revolution, as he was only ten years of age when the conflict began, and entered the naval service, at the age of thirteen. The complicated character of his trials, and sufferings in the United States navy—his capture—and forcible detention in the British navy—shipwreck and

sufferings in a wilderness in Newfoundland, in prison ships and hospital ships, were almost unparalleled.

Many years since he was solicited by gentlemen of literature and taste, to give his narrative to the public; but his limited education, diffidence of his own abilities to write, and in a word his poverty and shattered constitution, rendered the thought so appalling, that he shrank from the task. It was nevertheless his intention (if he could find time before death should call for him) to leave in manuscript some detail of his extraordinary conflicts, and especially of the marvelous interpositions of the Lord of Sabbaoth in preserving his life amidst distresses, dangers, and death, and giving him a hope of eternal life and immortal glory through the merits of Jesus Christ.

It is aptly expressed that "Procrastination is the thief of time." More than three score years passed away before he commenced the task; nor then, until the thought occurred that he might realize some emoluments by its publication, the prominent object, doubtless, of most authors.

He was at the same time aware of the apparent indelicacy of a person's publishing his auto-biography. Such a thought probably would be revolting to some persons of virtue and refined taste, while possessing competence, who, if reduced to poverty,

with a dependant and helpless family, would dispense with their (possibly) false delicacy, for necessity has no law.

Anterior to publishing his first edition, he was confident that there were thousands of citizens who would most cheerfully patronize his work. It had been his hard fortune, in the war of the Revolution, to become a captive three times, and each time to travel home an absolute beggar.

In his anticipations he has not been disappointed. Numerous gentlemen and ladies have bought and read his book, and have paid him so much of a compliment as to say, that they considered it an interesting narrative, and well deserving patronage. It has introduced him to many families of distinction, and procured for him many affectionate and warm-hearted friends among strangers.

Those gratuitous tokens and expressions of friendship, together with the sympathies exhibited, have gone far to revive his drooping spirits, while buffeting, in advanced life, the inclemencies of three tedious winters, far distant from his family.

He is at a loss for language to express his grateful sense of obligations to those ladies and gentlemen who have patronized his first edition. He can only say, that it has been, is now, and shall be his prayer to God, that they and theirs may never want any good thing. And most fervently does he pray

that the Americans as a nation may properly appreciate the freedom which they enjoy, while they learn the price of its purchase, and that they may be a virtuous, united and happy people, sustained and protected by the arm of Omnipotence.

In disposing of his first edition, the author has travelled South into the State of Virginia, East to Maine, and West to Ohio. To his second edition he has added the most interesting events of the last three years of his life, in these long journeys; and now presents the public with this edition, being confident that as yet he has offered his little book to but few of those patriotic citizens who would most freely patronize the work.

As in the providence of God, the Author has been denied the advantages of an education, he makes no pretensions to elegance of style or diction; but with all due deference submits his humble performance to the public.

ANDREW SHERBURNE.

Augusta, Oneida County, N. Y. March, 1831.

CERTIFICATES.

Whereas the Rev. Andrew Sherburne, our worthy brother and fellow-laborer in the gospel, contemplates making a journey, with his family, to remove into the south western regions of this country, to reside; in order that he may meet with that reception among Christians, to which his character and office entitle him; the undersigned beg leave to represent, that he has for fifteen years past maintained a respectable standing in the New-Hampshire Baptist Association, as pastor of the Baptist church in Arundel; and as far as our information extends, is deemed faithful and well established in doctrine, whom we esteem highly in love, as a Christian brother and a minister of Christ; and as such, we would recommend him to all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

SIMON LOCK,
Pastor of the church in Lyman.
ABNER FLANDERS,
Pastor of the Baptist church in Burton.
JOSHUA ROBERTS,
Pastor of the Baptist church in East parish of Wells.
TIMOTHY HUDSON,
Pastor of the church in Hollis.

Hollis, August 21st, 1818.

This and the three following Certificates were given to the Author, while on his journey from the State of Ohio to Maine.

Washington city, House of Representatives, Feb. 28, 1823.

The Rev. Andrew Sherburne, the bearer of this, is worthy the confidence of the friends of Zion, and esteem of his fellow-citizens generally. Twenty years acquaintance, has proved him an undeviating friend. I most cordially sympathize with him in his troubles, having performed those services in the revolutionary war, which entitle him to respect.

MARK HARRIS.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The subscriber has seen the credentials of the Rev. Andrew Sherburne, and has, otherwise, had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with his character. He believes Mr. Sherburne to be a brother deserving the affectionate and respectful regards of the churches. Mr. S. will, himself communicate the story of his sufferings during the revolutionary war, and his subsequent toils in the service of his country. His necessities are real and imperious, and it is hoped the patriot and the Christian will alike contribute to his assistance.

WM. STAUGHTON.

Philadelphia, April 11, 1823.

Having seen the Rev. Mr. Sherburne's testimonials, and being personally and fully satisfied with his piety and good character, I do most cordially coincide with the Rev. Dr. Staughton in the foregoing certificate and just recommendation.

WM. ROGERS.

Philadelphia, April 15, 1823.

I cheerfully add my testimony in favor of the Rev. Mr. Sherburne's character to the foregoing, and recommend him to the charitable consideration of the opulent and benevolent.

JEDEDIAH MORSE.

New Haven, June 12, 1823.

MEMOIRS OF ANDREW SHERBURNE.

" I have attentively perused the 'Memoirs of Andrew Sherburne, a pensioner of the navy of the Revolution.' Publications of this description, though they may not challenge admiration by elegance of style or diction, still deserve the notice of Americans.

The actors in our Revolutionary struggle, have, with a few exceptions, gone 'the way of all the earth.' Many interesting details relative to the period that 'tried men's souls,' must necessarily perish with those who witnessed them. An attempt to preserve from oblivion, facts which show the interposition of the Lord of Sabbaoth, in favor

of the oppressed, and the unconquerable firmness of those who fought in the great cause of freedom and of man, cannot be uninteresting to the pious and the free. I recommend the work to the perusal of our citizens, and its aged, war-worn author to the kindness of all who believe that a debt of gratitude is still due to the veterans of the Revolution.

N. N. WHITING,
Pastor of the Baptist church, Vernon.
Vernon, Aug. 5, 1828.

I have read the above work with considerable interest. The author has written in a spirit of moderation and piety worthy of imitation.

I consider Mr. Sherburne and his work, as entitled to the patronage of all Americans.

N. WILLIAMS,
Judge of the Circuit Court, State N. Y.
Utica, Nov. 12, 1828.

We fully concur in the opinion above expressed by Mr. Whiting and Judge Williams, and most cheerfully recommend the work to the patronage of a liberal and enlightened public.

S. C. AIKIN,
Pastor of the first Pres. church, Utica.
WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

The following editorial notice of this work appeared in the New-York Baptist Register, conducted by A. M. Beebee, Esq. on the 7th November, 1828, which may be recorded as the fair expression of those who have read the book.

"We have read with deep interest 'The Memoirs of Andrew Sherburne, a pensioner of the navy of the Revolution,' published by William Williams, Utica, and recommend it to the patronage of the community. It is the plain and simple narration of the life of one who commenced while a youth, in our Revolutionary struggle, and endured with the fortitude of a man, most extraordinary perils and sufferings, displaying a purity of patriotism to be admired, even in a veteran. Its interest is not a little

enhanced, from the circumstance of the author having been, not only a Revolutionary hero, but subsequently a Christian, and also a Christian minister. Private individuals are overlooked in the glare of attraction which surrounds the great. The officers and great men, who have figured in contests for national glory, give you in a general mass only, the privates whose labors have secured their fame, while those who have commanded in the fight, have been individually selected for the laurel. Those who have shared in *doing* and *suffering* for their country, deserve grateful recollections. But few, in common rank, have told the history of either. Humility on the one hand, and stinted acquirements on the other, have disqualified them for the task. In the present instance, however, we are presented with the Memoirs of one in an humble station, during the trying period of America's strife, who acquired the ability to write the history of his woes, while a captive for his country in Mill prison, in England. The narration, though unpretending, is marked with much good sense, and purity of style; and the incidents which it unfolds cannot fail to interest every true American, and also all such as love the gospel of Christ. The price of the work is one dollar, and who, that has the sum to spare, would not cheerfully pay it to relieve the declining years of a veteran of the Revolution?"

The following editorial notice of the above named work, is from the Utica Intelligencer of 7th October, 1828, by E. S. Ely, Esq.

"We have been much pleased in the perusal of a part of the volume with the above title. The style is easy and familiar, and the narration contains a circumstantial account of several voyages made during the interesting period of the Revolution, the writer's treatment when confined in Mill prison, at Plymouth, in England, and his sufferings on board the Jersey prison ship, from which he was discharged at the peace of 1783. Mr. Sherburne has been for a number of years a reputable minister of the Baptist church. He is a pensioner, and of course in circumstances far from affluent, and we hope his book will be patronized, not only as an entertaining

auto-biography, abounding with uncommon incidents, but from regard to one whose services and pecuniary circumstances recommend him to favor."

The following communication was designed to have a place among the recommendations of the work spoken of in it; and though not received in time for that purpose, we think proper, even now, to lay it before the public.

MR. WM. WILLIAMS,

SIR—Understanding that you are about to publish the Life of Rev. Andrew Sherburne, written by himself, I think it my duty to communicate to you some of my thoughts respecting the work.

When Mr. Sherburne first consulted me on the expediency of having it published, I felt apprehensive that it would be unsaleable, and occasion to him, rather a burthen than a benefit; and consequently dissuaded him from the undertaking. He urged me to look into the manuscript. Reluctantly I complied; and had read but a few pages, when my attention became fixed, and I regretted that I had not time to read it through before he called for it. I read, however, the account of his adventures and sufferings during the Revolutionary War, to the time of his release from confinement on board the JERSEY. My opinion on the expediency of printing it became decidedly reversed. I am persuaded that, if published, it will be perused and read with great avidity by various classes of American citizens. It gives a more circumstantial detail of the sufferings and deliverances of our naval prisoners, during the Revolutionary conflict, than I have seen in any other book, and in connexion therewith serves greatly to illustrate the minute and wonderful operations of Divine Providence. Upon the whole, though in a plain style, it is a very interesting story; and exhibits a character, in several respects extraordinary.

Wherefore, as the author is now old and poor, and has a dependant family, I do most cordially wish that the book may be published, and that it may receive deserved patronage; which will, in some measure, remunerate his past toils, and supply his present wants. Indeed,

whether his youthful and faithful services in the cause of his country, be recollected, or whether he be considered as an aged and needy disciple and minister of Christ, where is the *American patriot* or the *sympathetic Christian*, that would refuse to give *a dollar* for a copy of his book?

Respectfully yours,

WILLIAM PARKINSON,

Pastor of first Baptist church, N. York.

New-York, July 12, 1827.

From my personal acquaintance with Rev. Mr. Sherburne, and from the interesting character of his biography, as far as opportunity has been afforded to peruse the M. S. I do most cordially unite in the preceding recommendation.

SPENCER H. CONE,

Pastor of Oliver-street Baptsit church, N. York.

MEMOIRS

OF

ANDREW SHERBURNE.

CHAPTER I.

The Author's birth and parentage—at the age of seven years left his father's house—Londonderry—Mrs. Bell, an Irish Presbyterian lady—her piety—the Author's first religious impressions through her instructions—public excitement at the commencement of the revolution—the Author's first cruise on board the Ranger, at the age of thirteen.

My ancestors, both on my father's and mother's side, were from England. My father could trace hi spedigree back te one of the earliest settlers of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Within my remembrance many persons of the name of Sherburne, were inhabitants of Portsmouth, and especially of the plain, called Sherburne's plain. The only family, however, now on the plain, is that of Capt. Joseph Sherburne, my uncle's son. He is of the sixth or seventh generation of that name who have held the same farm in succession. My father, Andrew Sherburne, was the son of Deacon John Sherburne, of Portsmouth. My mother was Susannah Knight, the eldest daughter of George Knight, of Kittery, Maine. He died at Cape Breton, in Sir William Pepperell's expedition, in the year 1745, leaving three infant daughters, Susannah, my mother, Mary, who became the wife of Capt. Joseph Green, and Elizabeth, married to Capt. William White. These gentlemen were commanders of vessels which sailed from Portsmouth. My grandmother, Mrs. Knight, married Mr. Shadrach Weymouth, whose sons I shall have occasion to mention hereafter.

I was born in the town of Rye,* once a part of Portsmouth, N. H. September 30th, 1765, within one hundred rods of the Atlantic ocean. I was the second son and fourth child of my parents. My brothers were Thomas, older than myself, Samuel, George and John; the last died in infancy. My sisters were Martha, Elizabeth, Mary, Susan, Abagail, Marcy, Sarah and another who died in infancy. At an early age my life began to be marked by misfortunes and dangers. When I was less than three years of age I fell into a spring, and was to appearance drowned. A sister one year and a half older than myself, gave the alarm. I was taken out, and the Almighty was pleased to resuscitate me. Having reached the age of seven years, my father placed me with Mr. John Cate, of Londonderry, forty miles from Portsmouth. His wife was my father's youngest sister. I lived more than four years in this family, without having seen any member of my father's family. Here I began to feel the sorrows of life. I frequently mourned deeply over my separation from my father, mother, brothers and sisters. I had no playmate. When childish vanity or frowardness received correction, I frequently felt myself friendless, and sometimes thought that I was chastised when I did not deserve it, and that if my parents were acquainted with my sufferings, they would surely take me home with them. Children certainly enjoy a very great blessing, who in childhood are permitted to remain under the care of parents. When I was eight or nine years old, an ancient Irish Presbyterian lady, by the name of Bell came to reside in my uncle's family. She had experienced religion before her removal from Ireland.—She had been distinguished for her piety during the course of a long life, having now reached the age of ninety. She was the first woman whom I had ever heard pray. She had been a cripple from her youth, was never married, and at this time I believe subsisted on the charity of her friends. Families whose means would allow it, seemed to account it an honor to have Mrs. Bell for a guest. She paid especial attention to

* As Rye was once a part of Portsmouth, I have generally hailed from that place.

the youth and children of those families in which she resided, taught them to read, instructed them in the catechism, stored their memories with hymns, and often conversed with them on the subject of religion. I recollect to have heard her speak of an extraordinary reformation which took place in Ireland during her childhood. She stated that a number of very young children were converted, some of whom at an early period, left the world in an extacy of joy, with strong confidence in the prospect of dwelling with the Saviour. When Mrs. Bell entered my uncle's family, I had but little opportunity for reading; she, however instructed me in the catechism, and I, under her direction, learned a number of hymns, most of which I recollect to this day.

One Sabbath afternoon, while this lady was employed in catechising the children of the family, my mind became agitated in an unusual manner. I wished to retire, but feared to make the attempt, lest I should be ordered to remain in the room; at the same time I concluded I should cry aloud if I remained. I was awed with a sense of the presence of GOD, but could find no cause for my strange confusion of mind. At length I hastily made for the door and retired without molestation. It gave me a momentary relief to escape from the house unmolested. I fled to the barn, imagining that my feet scarcely touched the ground, and falling on my knees in one corner, I, for the first time attempted to pray.

To all this, except weeping when I first left the house, I seemed to be involuntarily impelled. The conflict of feeling subsided, my mind became tranquil, and for some days or weeks, I felt an unusuul degree of solemnity. I have no recollection that Mrs. Bell ever made any inquiries respecting the state of my mind, yet she was indefatigable in giving me good counsel.

During fifty-six years which passed away since that event, I have reflected on it perhaps a thousand times, but have never been able satisfactorily to assign a cause for my feelings on that Sabbath. I am not aware that I founded any hopes of salvation on those impressions. From that time forward, however, when I thought of God, my mind was filled with awe, and I often dread-

ed to sin against him. Still I was not aware, at this period, of the fountain of iniquity which existed within my heart. From that period I occasionally prayed; sometimes felt my affections considerably excited, especially when thinking of home. I am now persuaded that I had no small degree of Pharisaic pride about me. I was however but a child, and much, very much needed an instructer.

I must now call the attention of the reader to circumstances of a different kind, and wish that he with myself may keep the providence of God in view. The celebrated Stamp Act passed the British Parliament in 1765, the year of my birth. That act excited a general alarm among the American Colonists. Resolutions were passed against the act by most of the colonial assemblies. I had breathed but a few days when ten of the colonies, by their representatives, formed a Colonial Congress in the City of New-York, in October, 1765.

I was about nine years of age when Gen. Gage, with a land and naval force, took possession of Boston, which has been termed the "cradle of American independence." The seizure of Boston exasperated the feelings of the colonists in every section of our country. I distinctly recollect the period when the farmers of Londonderry could scarcely settle themselves to their work. They felt that their rights were invaded. Many persons of talent or influence were friendly to the measures pursued by the British parliament; they were termed "Tories." Another class, which remonstrated against those measures, received the name of "Whigs." My uncle with whom I resided was a decided Whig. Having formed acquaintances in Boston, where he had served his time at the cabinet-maker's business, he felt a deep interest in the events which occurred there. He took the news-papers; (there were comparatively few published at that day,) his neighbours assembled about him, and the fire-side conversation turned on the rights of the people, the injustice of parliament, the detection of Tories, &c. The conflicts at Lexington and Bunker's hill, and the burning of Charleston, roused the Irish "Yankies" of Londonderry. The young men posted off to the bat-

tle ground, prompted by their sires, who followed them with their horses laden with provisions. My ears were open to all the passing news. I wished myself old enough to take an active part in this contest. Little did I realize at that time the horrors of war. I had not yet heard the clash of arms, the groans of the dying, and the shouts of the victors. Nor did I imagine at this period, when I so much abhorred swearing, that the time would arrive when I should become a profane sailor. What is man? "At his best estate he is altogether vanity."

In Londonderry the influence of Doct. Matthew Thornton, one of the signers of the declaration of independence, was exerted with great effect, on the side of liberty.—When I was about eleven years of age, my uncle removed from Londonderry to Epsom. Here another distinguished patriot had resided, Capt. Mc'Leary. He fell with General Warren, on Bunker's Hill. I recollect the four following lines of a dirge, commemorative of the deaths of Warren and Mc'Leary, and their companions.

"My trembling hands and aching heart,
O how it throbs this day;
Their loss is felt in every part
Of North America."

These lines indicate the spirit of the times, rather than the poetic talent of their author. A martial spirit was diffused through the little circle of my acquaintances.—As the men were frequently called together for military discipline, their example was not lost upon the boys.—Lads from seven years old and upwards, were formed into companies, and being properly officered, armed with wooden guns and adorned with plumes, they would go through the manual exercise with as much regularity as the men. If two or three boys met, their martial ardor showed itself in exercising with sticks instead of muskets. Many a bitter sigh and broken heart, however, testified in the end the result of this military excitement.

Parents saw with pain their sons advancing from childhood to youth. My reader can but faintly imagine the feelings of an aged father, or an affectionate mother, perhaps a widow, when news arrived that a son had fal-

len in the field of battle, or had languished and died in a hospital, or still remained a prisoner in the hands of a foe, whose tender mercies were cruel. Danger however did not deter our young men from pressing forward to the battle ground, or sailing to meet the foe upon the ocean.

I turn to myself. While residing in Epsom, on a Sabbath I went to a meeting in Chichester, accompanied by a number of others. I do not recollect to have heard the preacher's name, but I am inclined to think that it must have been Elder Eliphalet Smith, [commonly called "Mountain Smith."] At this period I was about twelve years of age. I had enjoyed but little opportunity for hearing preaching. Although the congregation assembled in a barn, the worship was conducted with great solemnity, and the preacher had my whole attention. I felt a solemn sense of my responsibility to God. In the intermission I retired into the woods, my mind was filled with serious reflections, and I earnestly wished to continue in this frame of mind. While returning home, I had no inclination to join the young company in their light and careless conversation. I felt inclined to walk alone. The impression made on my mind continued for some time. I do not recollect, however, to have formed any opinion respecting my situation. Indifference at last succeeded, but I did not indulge myself in outbreaking sins as usual. Soon after this I returned to my parents in Portsmouth. An abundance of new objects was here presented to my view. Ships were building, prizes taken from the enemy unloading, privateers fitting out, standards waved on the forts and batteries, the exercising of soldiers, the roar of cannon, the sound of martial music and the call for volunteers so infatuated me, that I was filled with anxiety to become an actor in the scene of war. My eldest brother, Thomas, had recently returned from a cruise on board the "General Mifflin," of Boston, Capt. Mc'Neal. This ship had captured thirteen prizes, some of which, however, being of little value, were burnt, some were sold in France, others reached Boston, and their cargoes were divided among the crew of that ship. On my brother's return,

I became more eager to try my fortune at sea. My father, though a high Whig, disapproved the practice of privateering. Merchant vessels, at this period, which ran safe, made great gains, seamen's wages were consequently very high. Through my father's influence Thomas was induced to enter the merchants' service Though not yet fourteen years of age, like other boys, I imagined myself almost a man. I had intimated to my sister, that if my father would not consent that I should go to sea, I would run away, and go on board a privateer. My mind became so infatuated with the subject, that I talked of it in my sleep, and was overheard by my mother. She communicated what she had heard to my father.— My parents were apprehensive that I might wander off and go on board some vessel without their consent. At this period it was not an uncommon thing for lads to come out of the country, step on board a privateer, make a cruise and return home, their friends remaining in entire ignorance of their fate, until they heard it from themselves. Others would pack up their clothes, take a cheese and a loaf of bread, and steer off for the army. There was a disposition in commanders of privateers and recruiting officers to encourage this spirit of enterprise in young men and boys. Though these rash young adventurers did not count the cost, or think of looking at the dark side of the picture, yet this spirit, amidst the despondency of many, enabled our country to maintain a successful struggle and finally achieve her independence.

The continental ship of war Ranger, of eighteen guns, commanded by Thomas Simpson, Esq. was at this time shipping a crew in Portsmouth. This ship had been ordered to join the Boston and Providence frigates and the Queen of France of twenty guns, upon an expedition directed by Congress. My father having consented that I should go to sea, preferred the service of Congress to privateering. He was acquainted with Capt. Simpson.— On board this ship were my two half uncles, Timothy and James Weymouth. Accompanied by my father, I visited the rendezvous of the Ranger and shipped as one of her crew. There were probably thirty boys on board

this ship. As most of our principal officers belonged to the town, parents preferred this ship as a station for their sons who were about to enter the naval service. Hence most of these boys were from Portsmouth. As privateering was the order of the day, vessels of every description were employed in the business. Men were not wanting who would hazard themselves in vessels of twenty tons or less, manned by ten or fifteen hands. Placing much dependence on the protection of my uncles, I was much elated with my supposed good fortune, which had at last made me a sailor.

I was not yet fourteen years of age. I had received some little moral and religious instruction, and was far from being accustomed to the habits of town boys, or the maxims or dialect of sailors. The town boys thought themselves vastly superior to country lads; and indeed in those days the distinction was much greater than at present. My diffidence and aversion to swearing, rendered me an object of ridicule to those little profane chaps. I was insulted, and frequently obliged to fight. In this I was sometimes victorious. My uncles, and others, prompted me to defend my rights. I soon began to improve in boxing, and to indulge in swearing. At first this practice occasioned some remorse of conscience.—I however endeavored to persuade myself that there was a necessity for it. I at length became a proficient in this abominable practice. To counterbalance my guilt in this, I at the same time became more constant in praying; heretofore I had only prayed occasionally; now I prayed continually when I turned in at night, and vainly imagined that I prayed enough by night to atone for the sins of the day. Believing that no other person on board prayed, I was filled with pride, concluding I had as much or more religion than the whole crew besides. The boys were employed in waiting on the officers, but in time of action a boy was quartered to each gun to carry cartridges. I was waiter to Mr. Charles Roberts, the boatswain, and was quartered at the third gun from the bow. Being ready for sea, we sailed to Boston, joined the Providence frigate, commanded by Commodore Whipple, the Boston frigate and the Queen of France. I believe

that this small squadron composed nearly the entire navy of the United States. We proceeded to sea some time in June, 1779. A considerable part of the crew of the Ranger being raw hands and the sea rough, especially in the gulf stream, many were exceedingly sick, and myself among the rest. We afforded a subject of constant ridicule to the old sailors. Our officers improved every favorable opportunity for working the ship and exercising the guns. We cruised several weeks, made the Western Islands, and at length fell in with the homeward bound Jamaica fleet, on the banks of Newfoundland. It was our practice to keep a man at the mast head constantly by day, on the look out. The moment a sail was discovered, a signal was given to our consorts, and all possible exertion was made to come up with the stranger, or discover what she was. About seven o'clock one morning, the man at the fore-topmast head cried out, "a sail, a sail on the lee-bow; another there, and there." Our young officers ran up the shrouds, and with their glasses soon ascertained that more than fifty sail could be seen from the mast-head. It should here be observed, that during the months of summer, it is extremely foggy on the banks of Newfoundland.—Sometimes a ship cannot be seen at the distance of one hundred yards, and then in a few minutes you may have a clear sky and bright sun for half an hour, and you are then enveloped in the fog again. The Jamaica fleet, which consisted of about one hundred and fifty sail, some of which were armed, was convoyed by one or two line of battle ships, and several frigates and sloops of war. Our little squadron was in the rear of the fleet, and we had reason to fear that some of their heaviest armed ships were there also. If I am not mistaken, the Boston frigate was not in company with us at this time. My reader may easily imagine that our minds were agitated with alternate hopes and fears. No time was to be lost. Our Commodore soon brought to one of their ships, manned and sent her off. Being to windward, he edged away and spoke to our Captain. We were at this time in pursuit of a large ship. The Commodore hauled his wind again, and in the course of an hour we came up

with the ship, which proved to be the Holderness, a three decker, mounting 22 guns. She struck after giving her several broadsides. Although she had more guns, and those of heavier metal than ourselves, her crew was not sufficiently large to manage her guns, and at the same time work the ship. She was loaded with cotton, coffee, sugar, rum and alspice. While we were employed in manning her, our Commodore captured another and gave her up to us to man also. When this was accomplished, it was nearly night; we were, however, unwilling to abandon the opportunity of enriching ourselves, therefore kept along under easy sail. Some time in the night we found ourselves surrounded with ships, and supposed we were discovered. We could distinctly hear their bells, on which they frequently struck a few strokes, that their ships might not approach too near each other during the night. We were close on board one of their largest armed ships; and from the multitude of lights which had appeared, supposed that they had called to quarters. It being necessary to avoid their convoy, we fell to leeward, and in an hour lost sight of them all. The next day the sky was overcast, and at times we had a thick fog. In the afternoon the sun shone for a short time, and enabled us to see a numerous fleet a few miles to windward, in such compact order, that we thought it not best to approach them. We were however in hopes that we might pick up some single ship. We knew nothing of our consorts, but were entirely alone. Towards night we took and manned out a brig. On the third morning we gained sight of three ships, to which we gave chase, and called all hands to quarters. When they discovered us in chase, they huddled together, intending, as we supposed, to fight us; they however soon made sail and ran from us; after a short lapse of time we overhauled and took one of them, which we soon found to be a dull sailer. Another, while we were manning our prize, attempted to escape, but we soon found that we gained upon her. While in chase, a circumstance occurred which excited some alarm. Two large ships hove in sight to windward, running directly for us, under a press of sail. One of them shaped her course

for the prize we had just manned. We were unwilling to give up our chase, as we had ascertained from our prize that the two other ships were laden with sugar, rum, cotton, &c. and that they were unarmed. We soon came up with the hindmost, brought her to, and ordered her to keep under our stern, while we might pursue the other, as our situation was too critical to allow us to heave to and get out our boat.

The stranger in chase of us was under English colors; we however soon ascertained by her signal, that she was the Providence frigate, on board of which was our Commodore. This joyful intelligence relieved us from all fear of the enemy, and we soon came up with our chase. In the mean time, the prize which we had taken, (but not boarded,) sought to get under the protection of the Providence, mistaking that frigate for one of the English convoy, as he still kept their colors flying. Our prize, therefore, as she thought, eluded us, and hailing our Commodore, informed him, "that a Yankee cruiser had taken one of the fleet!" 'Very well, very well,' replied the Commodore, 'I'll be alongside of him directly.' He then hauled down his English colors, hoisted the American, and ordered the ship to haul down her flag and come under his stern. This order was immediately obeyed. We new ascertained that the strange ship, which was in chase of our first prize, was another of our consorts, the Queen of France. Having manned our prizes and secured our prisoners, we all shaped our course for Boston, where we arrived some time in the last of July or beginning of August, 1779.

In all we had taken ten prizes, two of which were retaken. The Ranger made but a short stop at Boston, for as most of our officers and crew belonged to Portsmouth and its vicinity, our vessel could be most conveniently refitted there. On returning home, I found the addition of another sister to the family. She is now the wife of Mr. David Ingalls, of Baldwin, in Maine, and is my youngest and only surviving sister. I had the satisfaction to find the family well. My eldest brother had recently returned from a successful voyage in a merchantman. The cargoes of our prizes being divided

among our crews, my share was about one ton of sugar, from thirty to forty gallons of fourth proof Jamaica rum, about twenty pounds of cotton, and about the same quantity of ginger, logwood and alspice, and about seven hundred dollars in paper money, probably worth fifty dollars in specie. My readers must be left to imagine the feelings of my parents, when they could number four sons and seven daughters around their table in health and prosperity. "In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity, consider. God also hath set one over against the other, to the end that man should find nothing after him." Eccl. vii. 14.

CHAPTER II.

Second cruise with Capt. Simpson, in the Ranger—Third, in the same ship, from Charleston—Chased into Charleston by the British fleet—Captured—Small-pox—Came to Newport, R, I. with Capt. Powers, his master—At Boston heard of his father's death—Death of Capt Powers, in Boston—Gets home sick—Sails in the Alexander—in the Greyhound—taken in a prize—imprisoned at Placentia (Newfoundland.)

After a few weeks, or perhaps a few days of pleasing pastime, the lads must repair to their ships again. It would seem unmanly for sailors to shed tears at parting from their friends. But, "judge ye who know a mother's cares." The downcast look and the trickling tear upon the cheek of a fond mother and affectionate sisters, would draw at least a deep sigh from the bosom of an adventurous boy.

God had graciously concealed from our view the days of adversity, which in his wise counsel were to succeed those few days of prosperity.

The Ranger was again ready for sea; the same officers and most of the same crew were going in her again. I had never been discharged, and of course was considered one of her crew. We rejoined our old consorts, and cruised to the southward, and in course of the winter put into Charleston, S. C. having taken several small British transports of but little value.

Having replenished our provisions and water, we put to sea on another cruise, on the coast of Florida and the southern States.

While on this cruise, a memorable event took place with me. On the coast of Georgia we fell in with a ship and gave her chase. We were running toward the land, and the wind increased to such a degree that orders were given to reef the topsails. It was the business of boys, with the assistance of marines, to reef the mizzen topsail He who is first aloft goes on the weather yard-

arm, and passes the earring, so called, viz. secures the leach or outer edge of the sail to the end of the yard-arm. As I was not fortunate enough to be first, but was however the second, it was my lot to go on to the lee yard-arm, and pass the earring. I was followed by several heavy marines; the lee lift broke, or as the sailors would say, parted; the yard tipped up and down, and as I was sitting astride the yard, outside the rigging, I immediately slipped off, having nothing to support me except a small piece of rigging about as thick as a man's little finger. I held on to this small rope until I caught the rigging of the cross jack-yard, and got in on the lee shrouds. The ship at this time was running at the rate of ten miles an hour, with quite a rough sea; so that if I had gone overboard, it would have been next to impossible to have saved me. Night came on, and the ship that we were chasing escaped us. Shortly after this, about the middle of Feb. 1780, early in the morning, we discovered four or five large British ships of war to leeward of us, the land being in sight to windward, the enemy gave us chase. We beat up to Charleston Bar, came to anchor, and waited a little while for the tide to rise, and then ran in and came to anchor under fort Sullivan. The British lay several days outside, then lightened their ships, came in over the bar, and came to anchor, but durst not approach the fort. They doubtless recollected the defeat of Sir Peter Parker, before the same fort, in 1776.

It was now ascertained that the enemy meditated an attack on the city of Charleston, the harbour was completely blockaded. The ships at the bar were soon joined by others. The Ranger being the smallest ship of our squadron, could approach near the shore, and was ordered to attack a small battery that the enemy had erected upon James' Island. Our ship having taken her station, came to anchor before the battery, and with springs on her cables, commenced cannonading with great fury, and continued the firing for an hour and a half, without cessation. We succeeded in dismounting their cannon and obliged their soldiers to quit the

ground. Our ship received several shots, but no person was injured.

At the commencement of the cannonading, I was exceedingly alarmed, but was careful to conceal my fears from my shipmates. After we had discharged a few broadsides, my fears pretty much subsided, and I, with high spirits, served my gun with cartridges, until the firing ceased.

Our little ship was once more detached to encounter a battery above the city; we commenced our firing a little before high water, and were obliged to withdraw from our station shortly before the tide began to ebb. The tide fell so much before we left our station, that we were obliged to employ our boats and small anchors to warp our ship into deeper water, there being but little wind at that time.

We were not so successful as we had been with the battery on James' Island. The battery we had now to contend with, was so near the British head quarters, that they received another gun, a 24 pounder. Our ship received a 24 pound ball, which lodged in her side, directly against where I stood, it having struck the salt marsh, which deadened its force, or it must have gone through the ship, and would of course have killed me.

Charleston was not so fortified as to stand a regular siege, and yet we were enabled to make a vigorous defence. A chain of redoubts, lines and batteries, extended from Ashley to Cooper's river; on those rivers was an almost continued line of batteries. The British having crossed Ashley river, broke ground on the night of the first of April, within eight hundred yards of our lines. About the 9th, the British fleet lying within the bar, having a fresh wind in their favour, ventured to run by Sullivan's Island, under a heavy fire from fort Moultrie. They lost twenty seven seamen killed and wounded, and one of their transports. They anchored between the fort and city, secure from the cannon of both. Our ships could now no longer be employed to advantage; their crews and some of their guns were removed into batteries. Capt. Simpson and the Ranger's crew were sta

tioned in a small fort called fort Gadsden; this being the uppermost one on the river, was much exposed to the fire of the British. A bomb at one time fell within a few feet of me: though much alarmed, I threw myself behind the carriage of a large gun, and escaped unhurt. Part of our officers with five or six waiters, of whom I was one, occupied an elegant house owned by a Col. Gadsden; while here, a bomb fell through the roof and exploded in the cellar, without injury to any one. While walking alone on the green, one day, a bomb burst over my head, and a large piece buried itself in the turf within three feet of me. At another time, while sitting in the room of a sick shipmate, a ball struck the house and passed between me and another person who was within two yards of me; the bricks and plaster flew on every side, yet we escaped uninjured. The siege being closely pressed, balls and shells were continually falling within the city. I have during the night counted ten bombs of different sizes, flying in the air at one time. No spot could now be considered as a place of safety. We were in continual apprehension of an attempt to carry our works by storm, the force of the enemy being far superior to ours.

Our provisions being exhausted, we at length capitulated on the 12th day of May, 1780. The American army was commanded by Gen. Lincoln, the British by Sir Henry Clinton. Our officers were paroled, and allowed to retain their waiters; we were consequently allowed to be at large within the city. We were for several days entirely destitute of provisions, except muscles, which we gathered from the muscle beds. I was at this time waiter to Capt. Pierce Powers, who was master's mate of the Ranger. He treated me with the kindness of a father, and I was strongly attached to him. The day after our surrender, a distressing accident occurred. While the British soldiers were depositing the muskets taken from us in the grand magazine, which was bomb proof, the powder in it exploded. The shock was tremendous, and fatal to many, who were instantly hurried into eternity without a moment's warning. I saw the print of a man who had been dashed

against the end of a brick church thirty feet from the ground, and perhaps thirty rods from the magazine.—The cause of the explosion I never ascertained. After our surrender, it was discovered that the small pox prevailed among the British troops. Few of the New Englanders had ever had that disease. Our officers deemed it advisable that we should be inoculated.

Our physicians performed this service for us, but they having no medicine at their command, could be of no other service to us. This disease I much more dreaded than I did the bombs and balls of the enemy. When the symptoms came on, I was greatly alarmed, and by prayer applied to God for preservation; he was graciously pleased to favour me, though I dare not say that my prayer was the prayer of faith. I had this disease very favourably. Capt. Powers did all that was in his power for my relief.

As soon as it was practicable, Capt. Simpson and other officers procured a small vessel, which was employed as a cartel, to transport the officers, their boys and baggage to Newport, Rhode Island, agreeably to the terms of capitulation.

It being difficult to procure suitable casks for water, they obtained such as they could; they proved to be foul, and after we had got to sea, our water became filthy and extremely noxious. Very few if any on board escaped an attack of the diarrhœa.

Our passage to Rhode Island was pleasant, though rather long. A considerable number of us having had the small pox, it became necessary that we should be thoroughly cleansed, before we passed through the country. There were little smoke-houses erected on a remote part of the island for this purpose; to these we repaired, superintended by the police officers; here our clothing was all unpacked and thrown about, and ourselves almost suffocated with a smoke made of oakum, tobacco, &c.

Having gone through with smoking, we went to a creek to wash. As I could swim tolerably well, I ventured into the current; it being near low water, my feet were entangled in eel-grass, and drawn under water and I very

narrowly escaped being drowned ; there being none who could afford me any assistance. By making every possible effort, I disengaged my feet, and recovered the shore, not a little alarmed. The lads who were swimmers expressed their surprise at their inability to swim at this time. Indeed we were none of us aware of our weakness. I here had another hair-breadth escape. O how wonderful, how incomprehensible are the ways of God.

Capt. Powers hired a passage for himself and me, in a two horse wagon, to Boston, where he put up at the sign of the golden ball, not far from the market ; this house was kept by a Mr. Cox, a free mason ; my master was also of that fraternity. The roads at that time were very different from what they now are. The contrast between the motion of a vessel on the water, and that of a wagon over such a rough road, is very great.—The jolting of the wagon proved very unfavourable to us in our weak state. The free masons paid particular attention to my master. He was immediately confined to his bed and placed under the care of a physician.—Though weak and without appetite, I was with difficulty able to keep about. My two uncles who were captured with me at Charleston, had gone in a cartel directly to Philadelphia. During the time that Boston had been occupied by the British troops, (1774, 1776,) a gentleman by the name of Drown, an inhabitant of Boston, but with his family removed to Epping, N. H. where he resided in the house of my uncle Johnston. Having formed an intimate acquaintance with grandmother, he had learned that she had two sons and a grandson on board the Ranger. Having ascertained that part of the Ranger's crew had returned to Boston, Mr. Drown, now residing in Boston, made diligent enquiry after us. He called at the house of Mr. Cox, while I was at an apothecary's shop, and gave information *that my father was no more!* My master, deeply afflicted, requested Mrs. Cox to inform me, rather than to communicate the distressing intelligence himself. On my return, Mrs. Cox took me into another apartment, and with much sympathy made known to me the matter. My readers can better

judge of my feelings than I can express them. I having passed some time in tears and reflection, went into my master's chamber. He readily perceived that I had received the heart-rending intelligence, and was himself quite affected. Said he "Andrew, you have met with a great loss, I am very sorry for you; I don't know how it will turn with me, but I hope you won't leave me. I suppose you are desirous to get home, but I am unwilling to part with you. I have no child, and if I should live, and you will live with me, I will make you my son, and will endeavour to make a man of you. I am now looking for Mrs. Powers every day; I hope you won't leave me, Andrew. If I should live, I will do all I can for you." This friendly address much affected me. I loved the man, and although I had a great desire to get home, I could not leave him. His time however was short. I think he died the next day or the day after. I was much grieved for the loss of such a kind and faithful friend. He was indeed a father to me. I was now a poor orphan, not yet fifteen years old, without relatives or acquaintance in Boston, sick and without money. But the Lord has always been very gracious in raising friends for me. Mr. and Mrs. Cox felt much for me and endeavoured to comfort me. They thonght I had better try to get home.—Mr. Cox said there was no coaster in from Portsmouth, at that time, and that there might not be any in for a week or more; that if I should set out by land, I should probably get some assistance in my journey along. The distance to Portsmouth was about 60 miles.

The day after my master's death, by Mr. Cox's direction, I placed his clothing, &c. in his chest, locked it and took the key to carry to Mrs. Powers.

Mr. Cox gave me five or six paper dollars, and his best counsel and wishes. The tears flowed plentifully from Mrs. Cox's eyes, while in broken accents she gave me her benediction. I set out in the fore part of the day, (Mrs. Powers arrived in the evening.) With my little budget I stalked down to the ferry, just as the ferryman had arrived from the opposite shore. My meagre appearance immediately excited his attention, and ascertaining I was from prison, and that I wished to cross

the ferry, he went directly over with me, without waiting for any other passenger, gave me my passage and his best wishes. My complaint had now become a confirmed dysentery, and I found myself poorly able to travel; I had not walked a mile before I was obliged to lie down under a shade, by the road side, in great pain.—After a while the pain in some measure abated, and such extreme debility succeeded, that I felt great difficulty in attempting to walk again, and feared I should never get home. A train of melancholy reflections overwhelmed my mind; I wept, I wept bitterly. My father was dead, my master, a second father, was no more. I could remember the sympathy he expressed for me, but could profit nothing by it at this time.

I was in pain. I knew not whether I could rise on my feet, or if I could rise whether I could walk. Having wept until my tears were exhausted, my bosom would again and again swell with sorrow. I cannot now say, whether in all this conflict, I attempted to pray. I however attempted to rise and with difficulty succeeded, picked up my little budget and slowly pursued my journey. I had walked quite too fast from the ferry, and too far without resting. I now walked cautiously and rested frequently. As I was passing a house in Lynn, I was noticed by a woman who stood in her door; she came immediately into the road to me, asked me a few questions, and insisted upon my going into the house. We were met at the door by another tender hearted mother; they had one or both of them a son or sons in the army. I being seated, they stood over me and wept freely.

The best which their house afforded was at my service. I partook sparingly of such as they prescribed. In the presence of those ladies, I put off the effeminate mourner. My spirits were considerably revived, and I found that by walking slowly and resting frequently, I could make the best progress; that night I got to Newell's tavern in Lynn, at that time one of the most celebrated taverns in New England. I think the old gentleman's name was Timothy, he had a hare lip. He gratuitously entertained me and gave me good counsel.

The next day I had an opportunity of riding several

miles in the bottom of a chaise, in which two gentlemen were riding, and put up at the Bell tavern in Danvers. In about seven or eight days I arrived at Portsmouth; there I found my mother a widow, having only two of her children with her, Betsey, about twelve years old, and Sally, her youngest, about one. My brother Thomas had sailed for the West Indies in December, with Capt. Peter Shores in a little vessel; Capt. Stackpole and Capt. Jones had each of them sailed in company with Capt. Shores. They had now been gone long enough to have made two voyages to the West Indies, but there was no intelligence from them, nor has there ever been any to this day. Without doubt they all foundered in a violent gale of wind, which arose shortly after their departure. My sister Martha was living at my uncle Samuel Sherburne's, on the ancient farm. The death of her father, and the fate of her brothers weighed her spirits down. She was eighteen months older than myself, and afterwards became the wife of Mr. Edmund Davis, of Portsmouth.

Little did I expect to have found such changes in the family in one year. The reader will judge of my feelings under such circumstances. Dr. A. R. Cutter, one of the most celebrated physicians in the country and one of the most amiable of men, was called for, and I think nearly two months elapsed before I recovered so as to be capable of any business. There was no employment of any consequence for me on shore, unless I should go into the army. I preferred the sea and was very desirous of doing something for the family. My father was by occupation a carpenter, he left no estate and the avails of my former cruise were pretty much exhausted.

My mother was now industriously employed in spinning, knitting, and sewing for others, but principally in spinning linen; this was now her only means of supporting herself and children who were with her. My mother would sit at her wheel for hours, diligent and pensive, without uttering a word, while now and then the tears would roll down her cheeks, and when she broke silence she perhaps narrated some event which transpired in my father's day, or referred to some event respecting her dear Thomas, her first born.

As the Ranger was built in Portsmouth and had fallen into the hands of the enemy, the patriotic merchants of Portsmouth were anxious to retrieve their loss ; they built a beautiful ship, which mounted twenty guns and called her the Alexander, and gave Capt. Simpson the command of her ; Elijah Hall, Esq. who was first Lieut. of the Ranger, was also second in command on board the Alexander ; he was a worthy character and much beloved by the officers and crew. A considerable number of the Ranger's officers and crew occupied the same station on board this ship, they had previously occupied on board the Ranger. Having been invited by Capt. Simpson, to try my fortune with him again, I readily accepted the invitation.

We sailed from Portsmouth in December 1780, and cruised upwards of three months, but took nothing; we never gave chase to any vessel without coming up with her, but we never met with an enemy. Our cruise was designed for three months, but, as we could get no prize, we prolonged it and our provision failed, so that we came to half allowance before we got in, and we really suffered for water.

I left with my mother the power of attorney, with directions to sell any part of my share she might think proper. She sold one fourth part, for about seventy dollars, to a former acquaintance and was to take country produce, this answered a valuable purpose ; it procured fodder for her cow, firewood, &c.

On my return, I found my mother and family in health, but no news from Thomas. I began to feel as if the care of the family would devolve on me and I felt zealous to render them all the help in my power. Our friends and neighbors began to extol me for my attention to my mother and sister, and I was emulous to redeem the pledge.

The Alexander was a fine ship and the fastest sailing ship I was ever acquainted with. She was preparing for the second cruise and I had been invited to try my fortune in her again, and had concluded to accept the invitation ; but a circumstance occurred which gave me a different direction.

I was walking the street one day, and being in a seaman's garb, was readily recognised as a sailor and was overtaken by a jolly tar, who accosted me in the following manner. "Ha, shipmate, don't you wish to take a short cruise in a fine schooner and make your fortune ?" I replied that I expected to sail in the Alexander. "O we shall get back," said he," before the Alexander will get ready to sail."

The young man was Capt. Jacob Wilds, of Kennebunkport, in Maine ; his schooner was called the Greyhound, she was fitted out in Salem, Massachusetts. She had been a bank fisherman, but being now finely painted, with a new and longer set of masts and spars, and having her ensign and pennant flying, she made quite a warlike appearance. She mounted eight four pounders and was of about sixty tons burden. A Capt. Arnold, (of whom I shall have occasion to speak more particularly hereafter) was the only person who was going on board the Greyhound from Portsmouth. He was first prizemaster and was very solicitous that I should go with him. He was the only person on board, whose face I had ever seen before, and with him, I had but a very slight acquaintance. I was then in my sixteenth year and pretty well grown; the Capt. promised that I should have a full share and made me many fair promises, and he proved punctual. He told me he should go into Old York, (a small port, three leagues east of Portsmouth) and that if I would go on board his vessel, and go to York, if I did not like the vessel and crew, he would pay my expenses back to Portsmouth again.

Privateering had now become the order of the day, and in many instances small vessels had as good success as large ones, though it was difficult to get a sufficient number of hands to man them. I was induced to go on board with Capts. Wilds and Arnold, and to go as far as York. Having got on board I was, by Capt. Wilds, with something of ceremony introduced to the officers, and I found indeed a jovial company. She had a full complement of officers, two or three ordinary seamen before the mast, and between twenty and thirty boys, scarcely one of them as large as myself, and some of them not a dozen years old. I was taken into the cabin and caressed

by Capt. Wilds and his officers, and spent a long and jovial evening ; I was invited to sing them a song, and in the course of the evening entertained them with several. In this no doubt there was management with Capt. Wilds and his officers; they found it very difficult to obtain hands ; I was not yet secured and they wished that I might become attached to them.

The next day having got under way, we ran down to York, and it became necessary for Capt. Wilds to lay some plan to increase his crew in this place,for in Portsmouth he had very poor success ; the Capt. had gained some information of the state of things at York by the pilot, who piloted us into the harbor ; he therefore laid a plan to get up a frolic at a public house, and suitable persons were employed to invite the lads and lasses for a country dance. Rum, coffee, sugar, biscuit, &c. were taken on shore from the privateer, for the purpose, and the frolic went on. Having but one fiddler and the company being large, it became necessary to have dancing in more than one room ; I was selected by some of the officers, to sing for some of the dancers ; this suited my turn, for I was no proficient in dancing. Every art and insinuation was employed by the officers to obtain recruits ; they succeeded in getting two only that evening, one by the name of Sweet, and the other by the name of Babb.

The next day was to me, one of the most memorable days of my life ; such gloom and horror fell upon my mind as I never before experienced, such melancholy and despondency as I never before or since have felt, and which it is impossible for me to describe. I resolved to return home, but even in this resolution I could not anticipate the least degree of relief, and the voyage before me looked as gloomy as death ; had I been on a single plank, in the midst of the ocean, my condition could not have appeared more hopeless. While in this forlorn condition it came into my mind to go on board the vessel which now lay at the wharf, and pray ; accordingly I went on board (the people being mostly on shore) and sought a place of retirement, and after some time spent in contemplation, I attempted to pray. The gloom in some meas-

ure subsided. I disclosed my intention to the Capt. he acknowedged my right to return if I chose, but expressed great unwillingness to part with me; he engaged Capt. Arnold and other officers in his interest to persuade me to stay and spend one more evening with them; they were so urgent that they finally overcame me, and I reluctantly gave my consent. The evening was spent as had been the preceding evening, and they obtained one more hand only. I think his name was Preble.

The Capt. was satisfied that this was not the place for him to make up his crew and was determined to push farther eastward and gained my consent to go the cruise. We left York with a design to call at Cape Porpoise in Arundel, now called Kennebunkport. At this place dwelt the Captain's father, who was an old sea Captain and had acquired a handsome estate and now occupied one of the best farms in that region. Our Capt. was but about twenty-two years of age; he had been absent several years sailing from Salem and other ports, and being now in the place of his nativity, there was no difficulty in getting up a frolic; this plan was resorted to, but to little purpose, for we obtained but one hand; his name was Samuel Wilds, a kinsman of the Capt. a lad about sixteen. I shall have occasion to say something of him hereafter.

The harbor of Cape Porpoise was but very little resorted to except by coasters and fishermen; there was by no means a dense population in this place, a vessel of so rakish an appearance as the Greyhound, with such a flaming flag and streaming pennants, was quite a novelty. The Captain's barge was rowed with four oars only, and I had the honor of being steersman of this little barge, and when we put off from along side, the Capt. was honored with a gun and three cheers, from the crew; this was something unusual, but we were privateersmen.

We left Cape Porpoise, for the port of Falmouth, now called Portland, which had been burnt in the commencement of the revolution, by Capt. Mowatt, who commanded his Majesty's ship Cancer. We made but a short stop at this place and got one hand only, and a poor

thing he was. There was now no further prospect of increasing our crew, we were obliged to try our fortune with what we had and put to sea.

I very much regretted that I had ever seen the Greyhound; my melancholy which commenced at York, had by no means snbsided; at times I felt fearful forebodings, but endeavored to put the best side out, for it was by no means becoming a young sailor to discover a want of fortitude; I endeavored to suppress all gloomy reflections and make the best of a bad bargain.

There was a lad on board, by the name of William Deadman, near my age, but not so heavy; he was quite active and very persevering; he and myself were always called upon to do whatever was to be done aloft and were each of us emulous not to be outdone by the other. William was a worthy lad and there was always perfect harmony between us; we had the praise of the officers and were much caressed by them. We met with nothing worth noticing, until we got off against Halifax; we were there chased by a topsail-schooner, larger than ours; we had a fresh gale and a heavy sea, we carried sail so long, that we were much in danger of carrying away our masts; the vessel chasing us, was a much faster sailer than ours, and of course, came up with us; but before she came up, we were obliged to take in our topsail. In taking in the fore-topsail alone, I very narrowly escaped being thrown off the yard, which was but a small spar, not much larger than a man's leg, and consequently, could afford but little support to what a large spar would. The pitching, and rolling of the vessel, rendered my situation dangerous beyond description. I even now shudder at the thought of my then perilous condition; millions would not induce me to run such a risk again. The schooner in chase of us, proved to be an American privateer, called the Blood Hound. We found that our privateers were numerous on this coast.

After this we adventured to take a peep into Halifax. As we drew near the harbor, we discovered a ship, apparently in distress, aiming to get in. We began to hope she might be a prize for us; we were not however

without suspicion, and the nearer we approached her the more our suspicion increased, and at length we thought best to draw off. We had no sooner shifted our course, than she got up her topgallant yard, set her topgallant sails, and gave us chase, and we soon discovered that she gained on us; we now began to dread Halifax prison. She chased us several hours and continued to gain on us; the wind was light, and fortunately for us, it became foggy, and by manœuvring, we eluded her.

We had hoped to intercept some merchantman going in, but now feared to lurk about this harbor, as some privateers had previously done, and had got rich prizes. The British had found out some of our yankee tricks, and were looking out for us. Our Captain thought it best to be off from this ground, and try our luck on the eastern shore and about the mouth of the St. Lawrence. As we proceeded we had a trying time amongst the islands; we could look in no direction without seeing a sail, and we soon found that we should be under the necessity of speaking some of them.

By their manœuvring we suspected that they were in league with each other, and were at a loss to determine whether they were friends or foes.

There were none which were as large as our vessel, and we supposed that we should have nothing to fear from any one of them; but if they should prove to be enemies, we should have more than two to encounter, but having spoken with one or two of them, we ascertained that they were all Americans.

We all took up our quarters, that night, in a harbor not inhabited; I think it was called Beaver Harbor; and when all collected, I believe there were seven or eight sail, all smaller than the Greyhound, and some of them not more than fifteen or twenty tons.

There were too many instances in which those picaroons plundered the defenceless inhabitants of the British possessions. The next day we parted with all this squadron, except one, who agreed to keep company with us, and we soon parted with her.

We visited a cluster of islands called the Bird Islands and procured perhaps a half a dozen bushels of

eggs, of different sizes, such as those of wild geese, gannets, gulls, ducks, &c. It was interesting to see the management of so many different tribes of the feathered race; their nests were almost as thick as hills of corn, in a field. Those islands I believe did not contain more than an acre or two each, and some less than an acre. Low bushes grew on them, but no trees. When we landed it excited a general alarm. The birds would rise in masses, and in their different dialects, remonstrate against our intrusions; for indeed, our conduct towards them, was not only rude, but barbarous; nor were we very fortunate in our plunder, for many of the eggs were unfit for use, having been set on too long, nor indeed, were the best of them a very delicious morsel to me; in the season of them, the Newfoundlanders use them as a substitute for bread. I have seen a Newfoundland shallop almost loaded with them.

We visited the Island of St. Peter's, at the mouth of Fortune Bay, in Newfoundland: this had been a French settlement of some consequence, but had recently been entirely destroyed, by the British; another beautiful island, called Micland, had shared the same fate. At St. Peter's we took out our guns, and hauled our vessel on a beautiful beach, and cleaned her bottom in order to facilitate her sailing.

Near this Island, we fell in with a Newfoundland shallop owned and commanded by Charles Grundy; he had been to St. John's after salt, for his own use; he was an independent English fisherman. I do not mean that he was a man of fortune; only that he was independent of the English merchants in whose service, almost all the fishermen were employed. We detained Grandy some time, and examined him very closely, and were informed by him, that an English brig had recently entered the bay, with supplies for the fishing stations, we gave Charley some pork and bread, and dismissed him to his great joy, for he fared much better than his countrymen generally did, when they fell into the hands of American privateersmen.

We flattered ourselves, that we should fall in with this brig, and obtain a fine prize. We sailed up the bay,

visited several ports where fishing was carried on, upon a large scale, but found nothing of the brig, but were informed that one was expected. Those ports had been before visited by privateers who had plundered them. Our Captain strictly forbade every thing of this kind. Having failed in our enterprise respecting the said brig, the Captain took two of the best shallops he could find, which belonged to merchants in England, and loaded them with oil and dry fish, which was the property of said merchants.

These shallops being loaded, were both committed to the care of Capt. Arnold, who went on board the largest of them; he was to have two hands with him; one, he was to select himself, and Capt. Wilds was to select the other. Arnold chose me, and Capt. Wilds selected James Annis. Jasper Loid, an old Cape Ann fisherman, had the charge of the other shallop, (subject, however, to Capt. Arnold,) and with him, were Samuel Wilds and Samuel Babb.

We left the privateer at Micland, in the mouth of Fortune Bay, and set out for Salem; but the wind headed us and we put back, and anchored in the harbor of the Island of Micland. A dark cloud seemed now to be brooding over me, and the storm with which I had (at least in anticipation) been threatened, was now about to burst upon me. The wind was decidedly ahead and it was something of a risk to cross the gulf of St. Lawrence in so small a vessel, and it was also a risk to pass by Halifax. We lay wind bound in Micland, several days.

As we were in a snug harbor, where there were no inhabitants, we did not keep a watch at night. One morning when I came on deck, I perceived that Capt. Arnold was very different from what I had ever seen him; he had appeared rather low spirited, from the time the privateer left us, and now appeared in some measure deranged; he was remarkably sportive for some time, and on a sudden seemed to have something lie with great weight on his mind. In the evening he requested me to get a light and come into the cabin to him. I complied with his request, and tarried with him all night.

Neither of us slept any: he talked without cessatian all night, and upon almost every subject imaginable; sometimes he would seem to talk rationally, for a few minutes and would then appear completely deranged again. From some circumstances, I had the impression that he had an awful dread of falling into the hands of the enemy. It was said that he and others had run away from Halifax with a king's cutter, but I do not recollect whether I had this hint from himself or others. In the morning he appeared very cheerful, and full of business, and quite inoffensive, and generally disposed to hearken to my advice. In the course of the day, he seemed to imagine himself on board the privateer and would frequently speak to this and the other officer, and reply as though they answered him. When night came on, I advised him to go into his cabin. I made his bed and proposed to him to lie down, he complied without hesitation and was still. I thought it a fortunate circumstrace that I had got him into his cabin, and was determined to secure him. I shut the door and buttoned it on the outside; I then took a round stick of wood, which was sawn off square at each end, and seven or eight inches in diameter, set one end against the door and the other end against a bulkhead, which was about three and a half feet from the door; the billet of wood would admit of tacking a piece of board to one end of it, and it then of suitable length to secure the door. I pressed it down with my whole weight and thought the door perfectly secure; and, having had no sleep the night before, I turned in.

The captain made no noise, and as he had slept none the night before, I flattered myself that he might rest comfortably, he being then perfectly still. As for James Annis he seemed to be a very shiftless and stupid being; he was very low spirited, but had slept well the night before. The weather was very pleasant and we had nothing to disturb us through the night. In the morning Annis went on deck between day and sunrise, but soon returned in great surprise, saying, "Sherburne, where is Capt. Arnold?" I answered he is in the cabin. "He is not on board," said Annis; I went immediately on

deck and saw the cabin door open, I looked in and could find nothing of the captain, his clothes all lay on deck except his waistcoat; his shirt lay on the top of his clothes and his silver sleeve buttons lay upon his shirt.—The reader will judge of my surprise and distress on this awful occasion!

The water being smooth and clear, and being but about twelve or fifteen feet deep, and the bottom white sand, was plainly to be seen. The other shallop being within fifty yards of us, and they having the skiff, we hailed them and informed them of the circumstance, and requested them to come with the boat, which they did. We went round and round the shallop, enlarging our circle and viewing the bottom very carefully for a considerable distance, and then went on shore and walked round the beach to see if we could discover any tracks of bare feet in the sand, but all our endeavours to find him were abortive. The question now was, what shall we do? Loyd was no navigator, though he was well acquainted with the eastern shore. His plan was to take both shallops under his command, and endeavor to get them to Salem. He flattered himself that he should have a deserving share if he should succeed.

I proposed that we should all take the best shallop, and take the sails and light rigging off the other and endeavor to make the best of our way home, but the old man would not consent.

Ours was the largest and best of the two, and of course had the best cargo, but theirs had the best sails. I then proposed that Annis and myself should go on board with him and quit ours, but he would not agree to this.

I felt myself in a critical situation. I was not yet sixteen years of age. Annis knew not a point of the compass, he had never attempted to steer, knew nothing about working the vessel, and appeared quite low spirited and stupid. We were yet in an enemy's country, had to cross the gulf of St. Lawrence, and get by Halifax (if we could,) and the wind yet against us. The thoughts of taking charge of this little vessel, and taking her to the United States, with all these difficulties to encounter, together with the uncertainty of the weather,

was extremely embarrassing. The inflexibility, folly and unfriendliness of old Mr. Loyd, increased my perplexity and excited my grief, as well as my resentment. But he had very much the advantage of me, and I was obliged to submit to my fate. Night came on and when the sun sank from the western horizon, and the sable curtains of night were drawn around me, I retired to the cabin with Annis, with a deep gloom upon my mind.—My thoughts were much employed upon Captain Arnold, his wife and children. They lived within half a mile of my mother, yet I had but little acquaintance with them or with Captain Arnold himself, until within six or eight weeks. He considered himself as my guardian, (as did the worthy Captain Powers,) and was very partial to me, and I much respected him. I do not know that I slept any that night. I retraced the trials through which I had passed, and attempted to look forward, but all was darkness. It may well be thought that at that time of life I could cry; but whether I attempted to look to God for protection and direction, I cannot now say.

The next day the wind was more favourable but rather light. We got under weigh. Annis could assist me in getting up the anchor, and hoisting the sails, but he knew not how to trim them to the wind, nor could he steer. Common sense may judge whether I was to steer this little vessel all the way to the United States. It is true that Annis might in a few days learn to steer his trick, as the sailor calls his tour at the helm, but it must devolve on me to stand at the helm all the succeeding night. At about noon we discovered a ship, and soon ascertained that she wished to speak with us; she chased us several hours, but the wind dying away, she sent her boats. They took Mr. Loyd on board and examined him. She was an armed vessel of about eighteen or twenty guns, and no doubt she was an American privateer, but was not honorable enough to let us know what she was, or who commanded her. The boat which boarded us, plundered us of some fishing nets, lines, &c. and let us pass.

Towards night I spoke with Loyd and entreated him to consider my situation; that I should be obliged to

stand at the helm all night; I plead with him to let Samuel Wilds come on board with me, and take Annis on board with him. To this he agreed, and Wilds consented, greatly to my relief. Mr. Loyd could not have compelled Wilds to have left his own vessel, and there could be no doubt that Annis would prefer taking his chance with an old sailor.

Early in the evening, we had something of a breeze, and it continued to increase, and by midnight we had quite a gale, and our vessel seemed to labor hard. The night was dark; neither moon or stars could be seen. We could not "cast anchors out of the stern," as did Paul's company off Malta. We no doubt as earnestly wished for day as they did, and when the day arose, although so desirable, yet it was only to discover to us more visibly our danger. Our consort was about half a mile ahead of us; the clouds looked wild and ocean rough. We had lost our boat which was towing at our stern. At about sunrise we split our mainsail from top to bottom, and with difficulty got it down and secured it. At that moment we were obliged to put away before the wind, and scud under a whole foresail which was almost new. It would have been much in our favor if our foresail had been reefed, which would have reduced it at least a quarter part; but it was impracticable for one boy to get this sail down, reef it, and set it again; our foremast was now in great danger from having so much sail upon it, for the wind was not steady but blew in gusts, and when a heavy gust came, our foremast would bend like a whip. Our vessel being heavy laded, labored hard in so rough a sea, which occasioned her to leak so much as to keep one of us bailing most of the time, while the other must stand at the helm.

It was not a little distressing to be under the necessity of leaving the other shallop, for we were dependant on Loyd to pilot us along the eastern shore. We were now scudding before the wind; they were steering nearly at right angles from us, but in less than half an hour they were obliged to put away also: this was an alleviation to our distress for a short season, but we were soon depressed again. The gale increased and of course

the sea was more boisterous, and the leak increased; we were very fearful that we could not weather the gale, and every moment expected that our mast and sail would go over the bow; and in that case, we should have foundered in a few minutes. At about 12 o'clock, we discovered land directly ahead of us; it proved to be a small island, and it seemed impossible for us to avoid running right on it, and in that case we must have been dashed to pieces at the first blow.

It now seemed as if our fate was sealed. We ventured to bear off a little but could not possibly look clear of the island. The time now was short ere our case would be determined, for we were running at least at the rate of twelve or fourteen miles an hour. The other shallop was on our starboard beam, at least a half a mile distant, and could easily clear away the island. It was not perhaps more than fifty rods diameter. It was our constant care to haul as much as possible to the right, and some times we could just look by; I kept the helm all the while by Wilds' request, as he considered me the best helmsman. As we drew near the island our case looked more favorable; when we got within a mile of the island we could look just clear of it. This circumstance I think must have been owing to the current, which must have been setting to the west at that time. There was, however, a reef of rocks, which ran off from the island, over which we must and did pass without striking, and cleared the island perhaps about twenty yards, and as soon as we passed it drew immediately up under its lee: had we been twenty yards further from the island, where the rocks seemed to be the nearest to the surface of the water, we should have stove in pieces. Mr. Loyd with the other shallop passed just without the reef, which did not extend more than sixty or seventy yards from the island. We all arrived about the same time and came to anchor in a small cove, within thirty yards of the shore, and in about ten fathoms of water. The shore was very bold, and the island a little mound. Thus in the kind providence of God, we were delivered from a most perilous condition. I can hardly say how my mind was occupied about a future state;

under such circumstances sailors generally exert every power to save the body, and too often without any regard for the immortal soul.

I perfectly recollect that I was awfully afraid of death, nor can I bring again to view the danger I was in, without shuddering and admiring the kind and merciful interposition of a gracious God. It is utterly impossible, however, for me to describe in full, the alternate hopes and fears which pervaded my mind during that dangerous scene.

It was now more than twenty-four hours since I had taken any food, and I presume that this was the case with most of the company : it was therefore an object to get some refreshment as soon as practicable.

We hove over a hook and line and very soon drew in a large halibut, and doubtless could have taken in an hundred, if we had been disposed. One however answered our purpose, and we soon had some cookery going on while congratulating each other on our escape from destruction. We laid the two shallops as near each other as we dared, for although there was no sea, there was a very heavy swell. Although we seemed secure in this place, if the wind had shifted and blown from the opposite point, nothing could have saved us.

It was not our intention however to continue long in this place. Two nights had now passed, and I had got no sleep, and was quite worn down with anxiety and fatigue. It was very appalling to notice in what quick succession my conflicts rushed upon me; occasionally I would think of the gloom which so depressed my spirits in York harbour. Wilds tarried with me that night, but told me he should not go to sea again in that shallop.—I found it necessary to secure his confidence and friendship, and I had no great pains to take in doing this, for I found we were of the same opinion. It was my determination to quit the shallop in case that Wilds did. I therefore brought him to this agreement, that upon his honor he would not oppose my going on board Loyd's shallop. I had nothing to fear from Babb or Annis, but I expected to find Mr. Loyd of a hostile temper. He was a man probably fifty years of age ; and

although I had but one night's rest in four, I did not sleep much on this night, knowing what must take place on the morrow.

On the next morning it was quite pleasant. We got breakfast early, and the shallops were drawn so near each other that we could pass from one to the other.—Wilds went on board his own vessel again ; I went also. I asked Mr. Loyd what we should do ? "Do," said he, "why I must help you mend your mainsail, and try it again." I remonstrated against the measure and observed that Wilds declined continuing with me, and that it was out of the question to think of getting both of the shallops home, and finally told him plainly that I had quit, and was determined to make no further attempt on board of her, and was determined to stay on board his vessel. He began to swear and threaten me ; I retorted and told him that I disregarded his threats, and that I was willing to be in subjection and to do my duty. No one interfered, and the old gentleman began to be moderate, but was determined to take the other shallop in tow. In short we got under weigh, had but a light breeze, and in the course of an hour or two discovered a small schooner making towards us ; we had various conjectures respecting her. We sometimes thought whether it might not be another prize that the privateer had taken. Shortly, however, most of us were rather inclined to think it was an enemy. She continued to gain upon us and we discovered that her crew were rowing ; we were all convinced she was an enemy, except Mr. Loyd. We tried to persuade him to cut the shallop adrift, and try to be off with one, but he declined.—They soon began to fire upon us, with long buccanier pieces, into which they put eight or ten musket balls for a charge. The first time they fired they did not strike us, but we heard their bullets whistle over our heads ; the second time their charge went through the head of our mainsail, and the third time it went through the middle of our mainsail. The old gentleman thought it was time to heave to, in order to ascertain who were our visitors. In a few moments they were along side of us, and twenty men sprang on board with these long guns in

their hands, loaded, cocked and primed, and presented two or three at each of our breasts, without ceremony, cursing us bitterly, and threatening our lives; we plead for quarters, but they with violence reprimanded us, and seemed determined to take our lives, after they had sufficiently gratified themselves with the most bitter imprecations that language could afford. There were one or two who interceded for us. One of these was their commander, but their entreaties seemed to increase the rage of some of the others. We stood trembling and awaiting their decisions, not presuming to remonstrate, for some of them seemed like perfect furies. At length their captain and several others who appeared more rational, prevailed on those heady fellows to forbear their rashness. Their first business was to get their prizes under way for their own port or harbor, which was called Grandbank.

By this time, say two or three o'clock P. M. there was quite a pleasant breeze. The Newfoundlanders (for I am inclined for the present, to forbear calling them English, or the Irish,) made it their business to go into particular inquiries respecting what had transpired with us since we left the bay. They having some of us on board each vessel: Capt. Arnold had a copy of the privateer's commission; this paper I had preserved, though I could not read it. The wind being fair, we arrived at Grandbank before night, and almost the whole village were collected to see the Yankee prisoners. We were taken on shore, and soon surrounded, perhaps, by a hundred people. Amongst them was an old English lady of distinction, who appeared to have an excellent education, and to whose opinion and instructions they all seemed to pay an especial deference. She was the only person amongst them who inquired after papers. Mr. Loyd had none; I did not know that he or any other person present, knew that it was necessary that we should have papers, except this old lady. I presented the papers I had preserved; this lady took them, and commenced reading them audibly, and without interruption, until she read the clause in the privateer's letter of marque and reprisal, which author-

ized to "burn, sink, or destroy," &c. &c. Many of the people became so exceedingly exasperated, that they swore we ought to be killed outright. They were chiefly West countrymen and Irishmen; rough,and quite uncultivated, and were in a state of complete anarchy; there was neither magistrate nor minister among them; they appeared very loyal, however, to his Majesty.

The old lady interposed, and soon called them to order: she informed them that we were prisoners of war, and ought to be treated with humanity, and conveyed to a British armed station. She then went on with her reading and closed without further interruption.

This good woman gave direction and they began to prepare some refreshment for us; they hung on a pot and boiled some corned codfish and salted pork: when it was sufficiently boiled, they took the pot out of doors, where there was a square piece of board which had a cleat on each edge, the corners being open, they then turned the pot upside down upon the board, and when the water was sufficiently drained away, the board was set on a table or rather a bench, something higher than a common table, and the company stood round this table without plates or forks; they had fish knives to cut their pork, but generally picked up the fish with their fingers, and had hard baked biscuit for their bread generally.

Having taken our refreshment, we were conducted into a cooper's shop and locked up, the windows secured and a guard placed outside. We endeavored to compose ourselves as well as we could, but remained ignorant how we were to be disposed of.

The next morning we were put on board a shallop, and confined in the fish room, which was a very uncomfortable place; every thing was taken from us, except what we had upon our backs, even our shoes were taken from our feet. We were taken up the bay to a small harbor, called Cornish; this was the residence of Charles Grandy, whom we had captured when we first came on the coast; nor did he forget the kindness he had received from us; he appeared willing to have done more for us than was in his power to do. He presented us with a large flour loaf and a plate of butter. He seemed to be generalissimo of this little port; there were but few fam-

ilies here, and they all appeared to be in Charley's service.

Having taken our refreshment, we were locked up in a warehouse, and carefully guarded. Next morning we took an early breakfast, furnished by our good friend Grandy, whose partiality towards us was evidently disgusting to some of our guard.

We were taken six or eight miles up a river, and landed, in order to strike across the cape to Placentia bay. We were guarded by seven sturdy fellows, with their long muskets; some of them were very rude, and not a little abusive; they called the distance from Fortune bay over to Placentia bay, twenty miles; it passed through a most dreary wilderness. The timber in general was small, but there was an abundance of briars and craggy underbrush, which was very injurious to our feet and legs, our shoes having been taken from us; nor were we any ways equal to those deer hunters in travelling this wilderness. Poor old Mr. Loyd was most to be pitied, for he began to lag early in the day, and frequently received heavy blows with the breeches of their guns. In the course of the day we each received a hard biscuit and a small slice of raw pork. This however could not be considered very hard fare, but our journey was exceedingly fatiguing. It was night when we got over to the shore of Placentia bay, and were yet four or five miles from a little station, where there was a small battery and a few regular soldiers. The little port when we arrived, was occupied by a rich old Jerseyman who had a considerable number of shallops and fishermen employed in his service, and some of them had been treated rudely by American privateers; the old man was exceedingly exasperated when he ascertained that we were American prisoners, and insisted that we ought to be immediately put to death. He protested that he would not supply us with any thing to eat, or any shelter for the night. But our guard received their instructions from the good old lady at Grandbank, and they threatened to present him to his Majesty's officers. The old man abruptly quitted them, and went to his house. The guard took possession of his brew house in which

he had brewed that day, the floor was wet and very muddy. I went out and broke off my arms full of fir and spruce boughs for my bed, (I should have preferred the bare floor if it had been dry,) and lay me down to rest, for I was exceedingly tired and sore. Some of the guard were busy in getting something to eat, and I fell asleep. They procured a plenty of corned codfish, and boiled it; one of them came to me, gave me a shake and bade me arise and eat my supper. Although I had had so scanty a dinner, I was so extremely tired that I declined getting up, but he gave me a pretty heavy thump, saying, with an oath, "get up you Yankee, and take your supper." I thought it best without further ceremony, to comply with his commands; I arose and went to the table; it was sufficiently long for our whole company to stand round it. Our supper was served up in the same style as at Grandbank, that is, on several pieces of board fitted for the purpose. We had several saucers of sweet oil; there were neither plates, knives or forks, on the tables; each took some fish in his fingers and dipped it in the oil and ate it.

With my eyes half open, and not a little disgusted at being disturbed from my sweet repose, I took hold of some fish with my thumb and fingers, dipped it into the oil as the others did, and put it into my mouth, but had great difficulty in swallowing it, it was so offensive to my taste; I ate a few mouthfuls of the fish without oil, and a small piece of ship bread, and very gladly returned to my bed of boughs again, and slept soundly all night. In the morning, we had to walk four or five miles to the little battery, (I think the place was called "Morteer;") but our walk was much more distressing than it had been the day before; we were very stiff when we began our march; our feet were exceedingly sore and our way extremely rough. We had to pass over a promontory, the ascent was difficult and tiresome, and the descent even dangerous: in some places very steep, and in others almost perpendicular. We had to catch and hold fast on the bushes, to prevent falling headlong upon the rocks below. Having arrived at Morteer, they fired one of their pieces of artillery for joy, that some Yankee

prisoners had fallen into their hands, for they also had been visited by American privateers. I did not understand that the inhabitants had been molested, but their stores and shallops had been plundered. I believe we were the only prisoners who had been captured upon their coast. From this place, we were taken to another harbor, called Buren, (if I have not through forgetfulness interchanged the names of these places,) where there was a large shallop going directly to Placentia.—We were put on board and shortly set sail. Our guard of seven men returned to Fortune bay. The crew of the shallop consisted of three only, but had six of those long muskets loaded, and laying by them. The men appeared more humane than our former guard; and they having ascertained that we had had no breakfast, hove to, and in a very few minutes hauled in several fine codfish, which they boiled with some pork.

This with some ship bread, furnished us with a good breakfast and was much more palatable to me than was my supper the night before. We were all kept forward, and not permitted to come near the quarter deck, where lay the loaded guns. The distance to Placentia, I think was something like twenty or twenty-five leagues; the wind was fair, and we had just about as much as could be wished for, and the weather very pleasant. We arrived at Placentia some time before night: one of the men went on shore in their skiff, and gave information of us, and shortly the government boat came off, and took us on shore, to the commissary's house. We were conducted into a room by ourselves, and in a few minutes the commissary came in with several other gentlemen, who examined us particularly. They appeared to be gentlemen of refined sensibility ; they deeply regretted the unhappy discord which existed between the mother country and the colonies; their feelings were much hurt at seeing the condition of our feet, and gave us some stockings and shoes. The commissary informed us that we must take up our residence in garrison. He withdrew and sent us in some flour loaves, and butter. Soon after we had eaten our bread and butter, we heard the sound of the bagpipes at the door, and a

parents. (She had two children of her own.) On our return from our first excursion up the river, which generally took us most part of the day, we were sent into the Governor's kitchen, and furnished with a good supper; this was the more acceptable as our allowance of provisions was rather scant. Mrs. Hawkins was always careful whenever we went up the river to give u some supper. After we had been several times up the river, we were all allowed to walk in the yard by day, but could not go out of the yard without a guard. We went out however on no occasion except to bring water from an excellent spring on the beach, which was thirty rods from the garrison. I do not know but what the whole town as well as the garrison, obtained their water from the same spring.

It was perhaps sometime in May, 1781, that we came to this place, and the season passed away until September, without any prospect of release.

CHAPTER III.

Col. Hawkins and Lady—Duchess of Cumberland comes into port—Mr. Baggs impressed—Cast away on Cape St. Mary's—Sufferings in the Wilderness—Dead men picked up and buried—Arrive at Placentia—Imprisoned again and put on board sloop of war Fairy—Doomed to serve his Majesty—Whipped—Mr. Fox—Arrives in England—Put on board the Admiral's ship Dunkirk—Court of Admiralty—Committed to Mill Prison for rebellion, &c.—Arrives at Mill Prison.

About the middle of September, there came in a twenty-two gun ship, called the Duchess of Cumberland. She was built in Beverly, Massachusetts, and called the Congress ; had been captured by a British frigate that summer, and taken into his Majesty's

service. She came to Placentia, to convoy a number of English merchantmen, which came there to take in cargoes of fish for Europe. While this ship lay in the harbor, one of her men deserted; diligent search was made, but he could not be found. It was suspected that some of the inhabitants had concealed him, and the officers impressed one of the inhabitants by the name of Baggs, in his stead. Gov. Hawkins put us prisoners on board this ship, to be taken to St. John's, the capital of Newfoundland, where there was a prison-ship, and a considerable number of prisoners, and it was expected that there would be a cartel sent from there to Boston that fall. Thus there appeared some prospect of our getting home again, but our hopes were shortly blasted.

The ship put to sea, and on the second or third day we had something of a blow and rain; in the afternoon a strange sail was discovered, unto which we immediately gave chase, but as the wind increased, and the ship was going out of her course, after about an hour the chase was given up. We hove about, reefed our topsails, got our starbourd tacks on board, and stood on our course.

It became necessary to give Cape St. Mary's a birth; the wind increased and it became necessary to close reef the topsails. At about three or four o'clock, they thought best to put the ship away a little, supposing they had passed the Cape. Mr. Baggs had been skipper of a shallop for twenty years, he was therefore invited to take his station on the forecastle, the station of the most accomplished seamen: the forecastlemen by turns steer the ship, and when the helm was relieved at four o'clock, Mr. Baggs asked the helmsman what course they were running, and when he ascertained the course, said he, "if we run that course two hours, the ship will be on shore." At this the sailors were alarmed and advised Baggs to give this information to the officers on the quarter deck. He went aft and informed the officers that he was well acquainted with the coast, and that in his judgment, the ship and their lives were in danger.

But those British officers were as little inclined to hearken to the advice of a Newfoundland fisherman, as

Gen. Braddock was to be influenced by the more discreet Washington. "Fine times," said Braddock, "when a young Buckskin can teach a British General how to fight." If he had condescended to have been advised by the brave Washington, he might probably have saved his life and been victorious; and if the officers had hearkened to Baggs, they might have saved the ship and many lives; but they treated him with abusive language and ordered him off the quarter deck, or they would kick him off. Mr. Baggs went forward not a little chagrined; the sailors forward kept a good look out, but the weather was so thick that they could see but a very short distance.

I have now to record one of the most eventful periods of my life. Pen cannot describe, nor can imagination conceive, the terrific scene of a shipwreck, like the one I shall attempt to describe. It must be experienced to be comprehended.

On the 19th of September, 1781, at about 5 o'clock, P. M. there were loud and repeated cries from the forecastle, '*breakers on the lee bow!*' '*breakers ahead!*' This doleful sound caused every ear to tingle, and every heart to thrill! Immediately from the quarter deck the following sea phrase was heard, pronounced with emphasis, "*stand by to about ship*, hard to lee, fore sheet, fore top bowline, jib and staysail sheets let go!" The ship immediately rounded to, head to the wind; but before the foretopsail could possibly be filled on the other tack, the violence of the wind and waves giving the ship stern way, she was precipitated, (stern first,) against a rugged bluff of rocks, which was, I should judge, fifteen or twenty feet above water, almost perpendicular, having some shelves and crags, however; two men who were near the taffrel sprang from the taffrel rail on a shelf of the rock.

The ship struck with such violence as to break off her rudder and knock the man overboard, who was at the helm; a fourth attempted to reach the rock but failed and went overboard. The two who fell overboard were immediately dashed against the rock and disappeared.

The ship was no longer to be governed, we were all at the mercy of the waves. All was confusion, conster-

nation and despair. The ship stuck fast upon a craggy rock which lay under water, about twice her length from the shore, and probably broke in some of her floor timbers. All this took place before half the people who were below, got upon deck, which was nearly one half of the crew. I was going up the fore hatchway when she struck on this rock, and looking down in the hold, I saw the water gushing up with violence, (through the gravel in which the lower tier of water casks were stowed,) in a stream eight or ten inches in diameter. I with difficulty gained the quarter deck. A most terrifying scene was now presented to my view. The ship rolled so that her yard arms nearly touched the water: the sea was breaking feather white all around us. Under the fog bank which hung over the shore, we could discover the mountain, but could not see the top of it; the wind was heavy and increasing; the rain descended in torrents; the sea roaring like thunder; night coming on apace, some of the officers raving and swearing, some crying, and others praying, some inactive and desponding, others active and courageous. The long boat was got out, but by the time she struck the water, there came a heavy sea and crushed her against the ship's side, as quick as you could crush an egg shell in your hand.

The ship was now laboring extremely, and fast filling with water, nor did there appear the least prospect or possibility of another person's being saved, and those upon the rock appeared not to have any prospect of release, but to be doomed to see all the remainder of their shipmates perish. With regard to myself, I might say with Watts,

> "The tumult of my thoughts,
> Held me in hard suspense."

Orders were given to cut away the masts; after two or three blows the mainmast went by the board, the foremast and mizen-mast also followed without a stroke.—On the fall of our masts, the ship cleared from the rock, on which she had been some time hanging, and drifted towards the shore, thumping against the rocks which lay under water, with tremendous force, and thereby throw-

ing us about and against each other at a most dreadful rate. In this place the wind did not blow directly on shore, but we were drifting into a sort of cove where the shore was dead to the leeward of us, and almost perpendicular for twenty or thirty feet. In our course we were brought up by some rocks, which were so near the surface of the water, that the ship could not get over them; she lay nearly parrallel with the shore against where she lay, and careening considerably towards the shore ; every sea that came gave her a tremendous shock. Her decks began to open in some places, sufficiently wide for a man to go through into the hold; every sea that came would lift her stern considerably. Our ship was in some respects circumstanced like that in which Paul the apostle was wrecked, on the Isle of Malta, for " the fore part stuck fast and remained immovable, but the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves." There were five prisoners of us on board, but I heard of no council to put us to death, for there was not the probability or even possibility of our escape by swimming; and it was equally impossible for any one to save himself on " boards, or broken pieces of the ship."

It became necessary, however, to contrive some method of escape; swearing was yet continued, and praying also continued; for my own part, I believe I did not vocally employ myself in either. By the time the ship stuck fast, the two sailors who jumped on the rocks, had with great difficulty got nearly abreast of us.

A small spar was procured and a large rope, say an inch and a half in diameter; the rope was made fast to the spar and hove over the stern ; the waves carried the spar on shore, but not within the reach of the men on shore; of course it was drawn on board again. I think this was repeated three or four times before the men on shore succeeded in getting it; they made it fast round a rock as large as a small hay stack, the sailors on board drew it as straight as they could, and made it fast round the stump of the foremast.

Abreast of the ship there was a small gravelly beach, not much more than the length of the ship, with some large rocks upon it, but the wind did not blow directly

towards this beach, by as much perhaps as three or four points of the compass.

It was judged that the ship lay about eight rods from the shore at right angles, but the distance was something more right ahead from the ship; for as soon as this little beach terminated, the shore began to haul out again, and had the ship been driven over the reef which she struck upon, she must have gone ashore in going three times her length, where she must have gone to pieces in less than twenty minutes, and where a soul could not have been saved. The rope which I mentioned being prepared, there seemed some small degree of hope, though when the waves ran, they would bury it ten feet or more under water, for it was drawn so straight that it could not rise with the sea.

A man attempted to go on shore by this rope, and appeared to succeed very well until he got a rod and a half, or two rods from the ship, and when he got so far that the ship did not break any of the violence of the waves, he was soon washed off, and was immediately dashed against the rocks, and the next sea buried him and he was seen no more. The next who attempted went the same way. It is probable that they exerted themselves too much at first, and were considerably exhausted when they came to that place, where the most strength was needed. (This thought however did not occur to me at that time.) The ship could not have been placed in a more favorable position to facilitate our escape; she was completely bound by large craggy rocks, some of which had penetrated several feet into her bottom; her stern lay rather the highest, and her larboard quarter broke the waves. The crew were huddled forward, upon and under the forecastle. The fate of the two men who had been washed off from the rope, seemed for some time to discourage any farther attempt. At length, however, a third adventured, and succeeded in getting on shore, and was joyfully received by the two first who got on shore; a fourth made an attempt and was lost. I think that the fifth, sixth, and seventh succeeded in getting on shore.

Our situation appeared more and more gloomy as night was fast approaching. There were several lads who were midshipmen; they seemed inclined to make

an attempt again and again, but recoiled: their bitter cries and lamentations were enough to pierce the hardest hearts. I began to think of trying myself, but there was but a faint hope of success. I believe there had ten reached the shore by the rope, and four had been washed off. I buttoned up my outside jacket, drew my shirt out of my trowsers; I had on my head an old fashioned Dutch cap, which went on very tight. As I could swim tolerably well, I flattered myself that it would be in my favor; I took hold of the rope and fell into the water, but soon perceived that I could derive no benefit from the use of my legs, the water being in such an agitated state. The first swell and wave which run was in some measure obstructed by the ship, it however buried me for a short time. When the second sea came, I was exposed to its whole violence; while it was running it seemed as if I should have been pressed to death, and the time seemed exceedingly long. I was hanging by my hands and stretched as straight horizontally, as if I had been suspended in the air; but before the current abated, my right hand gave way, and was carried back in a moment. O the multiplicity of thoughts that rushed into my distracted mind! One among the many was that the left hand would continue its hold until I should drown; another was that I must directly appear before my Judge. I felt my left hand and arm faultering, and I expected to be immediately in eternity; I wished to express a thousand desires in one, and I felt disposed to cast myself on the mercy of God. O the awful solemnities of eternity! But I am laboring in vain, for I cannot possibly express what my feelings were. God spared me. The undertow swept me under the rope; I hove my right arm over the rope and instantly griped fast hold the collar of my jacket and other clothes, and after taking breath, made all possible exertion to draw myself towards the shore, before another sea should come. The third wave stretched me, but having my arm over the rope, I was better fortified, nor was it by any means so violent as the second, and when it went back it left me suspended by the rope, and I could almost touch the hideous ragged rocks with my feet, but durst not let go my hold, because the men on shore

could not yet afford me any assistance. The fourth wave floated me a little nearer to the shore, but its strength was almost spent before it reached me. As soon as it withdrew, two sailors followed it, each holding on the rope with one hand, they each took hold on me with one hand, drew me upon the beach; they laid me down on my back, and left me. I was perfectly helpless; I had not strength for a time to move hand or foot. After a while I found by struggling to get upon my side, I with difficulty succeeded, and got so as to set up, but could not yet get upon my feet. It was now near sundown. I cast my eyes upon the wreck. I thought I felt truly thankful to God for such a preservation and deliverance. I promised henceforward to serve him; but alas, the depravity of the human heart! By the time I was able to walk, they had found out a better method to get the men on shore. The man who first went ashore by the rope was uncommonly strong; he had the courage to go on board again. He was an officer, but I do not now recollect either his name or his rank; he and other officers contrived to haul the men ashore with small ropes; he fixed a traveller on the rope, by which he first went on shore, so that he could not wash off, and took with him a small rope which was sufficiently long to reach the shore; the end on the wreck was made fast round a man's body, and another equally as long fixed to it; the man then fell into the water, and the men on shore would run with their end, and those on board would pay out, taking care to keep the rope taut, to prevent the man from dashing against the rocks. Having got one of these ropes on shore, it was easy to fix others.

By the time I was able to walk down to the edge of the water, they were hauling five or six men at once on different ropes. They would not be longer drawing a man on shore than while a person might walk eight rods with a quick step. There were more than a hundred men drawn on shore in this way. Some of them were considerably bruised, however. But the darkness came on before all could be got ashore in this way, and there were probably thirty yet on the wreck, which could not now be seen. Mr Loyd and Annis were among the number.

Our next object was to render our situation as comfortable as circumstances would permit. We soon ascertained that we could not ascend the mountain. The rain and wind continued, and we were entirely without shelter. With some difficulty we ascended the mountain about ten or fifteen yards and came to a kind of hollow, but there was not sufficient room for us all to lie down, without laying one upon another, and this we found to be most in our favor, for although it was quite uncomfortable for one man to have one or two others laying on him, it was better than to be all the while motionless and exposed to the storm. Sometimes there were two laying upon me; sometimes one under me, and another on me, and sometimes I had two under me. We were, however, obliged frequently to interchange our stations, for when underneath we were too hardly pressed, to long endure the weight upon us; and when outside the rain and cold was very severe. We were frequently annoyed by the feet of those who lay above us, and those below us had the same inconvenience to endure from us. Sometimes those that lay the lowest down where the ground was more steep, would slip down several in a cluster, and slide even to the beach, among the rocks, and on those occasions they did not forget to swear.

On the whole we had a very uncomfortable night, and probably as anxiously "wished for the day," as did Paul and his shipmates, nor can we reasonably suppose that those on the wreck were less anxious.

About two o'clock in the morning, the rain abated, and the wind shifted, and very soon after the ocean became less noisy. As day light appeared it was our first care to ascertain whether the ship had gone to pieces, or whether she remained in her old station. We were not a little rejoiced to find that she still remained. Many of us were so chilled that we could not stand upon our feet. The sun arose clear and warm, and by exercising ourselves on the little beach, we soon found our activity restored. We could converse with those who remained on the wreck, and had a prospect of easily getting on board, when the tide, which was now fast falling, should be down. The masts and spars which before lay

ahead of the ship, had worked round and lay between the ship and the shore. It now became an object to ascertain where we were, and how to get away. Should any one hereafter feel interested in reading this narrative, it would without doubt be desirable to have a description of this place; I shall therefore attempt to give as clear a description as I can.

We were on the eastern side of Cape St. Mary's, perhaps ten miles from the pitch, or head of the cape. Our station was against the side of a mountain whose perpendicular height was perhaps five or six hundred feet, and generally so steep and abounding with breaks and precipices, that it was very difficult for a man to ascend it in any place, and in some places it was utterly impracticable. The shore in general very bold; and it is what sailors generally call an iron bound shore. In some places the rocks were almost perpendicular, ten, twenty, and sometimes forty feet high. The reef on which our ship stuck fast, appears to me to have slid out of the mountain, some hundred years ago. It might have been at the time when the adorable Jesus hung upon the cross.

At half tide and in fair weather, the tops of the rocks on this reef were bare, and it extended ten or twelve rods into the sea where it came to a point, and in the base of this reef by the shore was five or six rods wide, and formed a pleasant beach. The shore in this place was a little indented. If our ship had been two rods further from the shore she must have passed without this reef, and in that case, have fallen directly on a lee shore, where she must have gone to pieces in a very little time, in a place where it would have been impossible for one soul to have landed. Nothing excited more astonishment than to comprehend how it was, that the two men who first jumped on the rocks, got from that place to the beach.

At about 8 or 9 o'clock, some men got on the wreck, and soon after I went on myself, but did not perceive much difference in appearance, since the time I left her but when the tide went fully down, I went into the hold, which was entirely empty. Every cask, all her ballast, and every other article was washed out, and in some

places were very large chasms. The arm chest on the weather side of the quarter deck, remained unhurt. There was found in one of the state rooms, about two hundred pounds of bread, unhurt; and in the harness cask, under the forecastle, there was about two hundred pounds of meat, principally pork.

After we had eaten some bread and raw meat, a company of five or six men was selected, and furnished with an iron bar or two, which were found in the beckets, and some small rigging, and directed to endeavor to find their way up the mountain. In a zig zag direction they reached the summit, and then came down as far as they could with safety, stuck the crowbar into the ground and made fast a rope to it, and then descended by the rope; making one rope fast to another until they got down. In the arm chest before mentioned, there were a number of muskets, some ammunition, tomahawks, cutlasses, &c. In the sailors' hammocks, which hung under the gun deck, were found a number of blankets, so that every man could be furnished with one; and all the provisions having been got on shore, every man took some, and all hands prepared to ascend the mountain. There was neither tree nor shrub to be seen.

Mr. Baggs, whose counsel had been despised an hour before the ship struck, was now held in high estimation, and looked up to even by the Captain. That gentleman's name was Samuel Marsh, a man of respectability; he was not on deck when Baggs was treated ill, and it was said that the officers on deck, altered the ship's course without his knowledge.

It was said that the ship's crew consisted of about 170, besides five prisoners. I do not recollect exactly the number which were lost; it was I think short of twenty. Some I believe were so presumptuous as to attempt to swim to shore and were lost. There was one woman on board, she was the cook's wife, and was saved without injury; a traveller being fixed on the great rope, she was drawn on shore in haste.

Some of the ship's sails were got on shore, and a tent erected for her accommodation. Her husband, one of the surgeon's mates, and several others were left in this place. This woman was delivered of a child in a day or

two after, and in a few days they were all taken off by some fishing shallops.

It was perhaps one or two o'clock when we began to ascend the mountain. In going up this mountain, I had ascended a precipice fifteen or twenty feet, and had got on eight or ten yards, where the ground was so steep that I could not walk without holding on by the rope.—Some one having jerked the rope out of my hands, I fell on my face, and was sliding fast down, and had got within twice my length of the edge of the precipice; a sailor who had just got up, clapped his foot upon me, and held me until I got hold of the rope again. Had I fallen off these rocks, it would probably have killed me.

When I reached the summit of the mountain, I found myself on the border of a spacious plain. Looking northerly and westerly, a man might be seen a mile off. Not a tree or shrub could be seen. In a southern direction within a mile and a half, was a wilderness of evergreens. The surface of the ground was covered with a long thick moss, in which our feet would sink six inches at every step.

In looking down on the ship, she did not appear bigger than a long boat. We took up our march for the wood, our company something like a hundred and fifty. It was about sunset when we got to the woods. We tried to make some fire but had poor luck; there was no dry fuel to be had; the recent heavy rain had wet every thing, and it was very difficult to make a fire of green spruce and fir. We gathered boughs for our beds, for although the moss was soft, it was very wet and cold. We stowed pretty close together, and covered ourselves with our blankets, yet we were very uncomfortable, for our clothes had scarcely got dry, and it was a frosty night.

In the morning, the Captain and other officers had a long consultation with Mr. Baggs, respecting the route we should pursue. We were something like a hundred miles from Placentia, but I do not know what was the distance to St. Johns. It was concluded to shape our course for Placentia. On the next morning, orders were given to have all the provisions collected together and

each one, both officers and men, were to receive an equal allowance.

It was thought necessary to remain where we were that day, in order that Mr. Baggs might examine the coast, for the purpose of settling some question in his own mind. Mr. Baggs and several others set off and on their return in the evening, brought the unpleasant intelligence that the vessel which we had chased had gone entirely to pieces, and it was presumed that every soul was lost. On the morning following, we took up our march and kept along in the woods, until past noon; we then came upon the sea shore on the head of a bay called by Mr. Baggs, Distress bay. He told us that for the space of two or three leagues off, the water was not more than two fathoms deep, and that this bay abounded with rocks under water.

It was supposed that this vessel must have gone entirely to pieces, several miles from the shore. We supposed her to have been a brig, and we knew her to have been an American built, for on the forehead of some of her carved images, the letters U. S. A. were carved. She might have been captured by the English, and in their service. There was no doubt but that she had been to the West Indies, for we found several hogsheads of rum upon the shore, and some of them not much injured. The officers with tomahawks cut holes in those casks, and poured all the rum out, lest the sailors should be tempted to linger behind for the sake of the rum. No man was allowed to drink a drop, nor did the officers take any. The remains of this vessel were scattered a mile or more on the shore. We picked up fourteen men and a boy about twelve or fourteen years old. We dragged them up on the bank, (for the shore here was low,) and with staves dug a grave two or three feet deep, and buried them as decently as in our circumstances we could.

The only provision we found was a lump of butter; it had been in a keg, but that was stove to pieces and the sand was beat into the butter several inches. This part which was so damaged was scraped off, and the good we took along with us. We spent several hours about

this wreck. The largest piece that we found was three or four planks of her quarter deck, with two or three of the timbers. We kept along the shore several miles; found the travelling very bad. At length we were obliged to take to the woods again in consequence of the boldness of the shore.

I have been accustomed to the wilderness in New England, New-York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, but have never seen any so difficult to get through as that of Newfoundland. Three times a day Capt. Marsh would set down with the bread bag between his legs, and deal out to each man a small quantity of bread, and some other officer would distribute a small quantity of meat; the butter was also divided, which we found on the sea shore. I should say that the whole amount of provisions a day, to each man, did not exceed eight ounces. I think it was on the eighth or ninth day, when we arrived at a little port, Point Var. Some few of our company were so exhausted, that they were left by the way, and whether they were ever relieved, I am unable to say.

We were driven into store houses, and furnished with a kind of tea, which they called Labrador tea; this was well sweetened with molasses. This tea with ship bread composed our supper, but before the officers with the men of the place had got us housed, we had made free with some of the fish from the beach; this however was taken away as we entered the store house. I had the good luck or the presumption to conceal a small one under my jacket, and I found that others had done the same. I reserved as much for myself as I dared to eat, and distributed the remainder to others. They gave us a plenty of tea. I took Wilds for my messmate, got under a large bench, and we ate our supper with great caution and comfort, being very careful to masticate our fish thoroughly, and to eat and drink very slowly. We were, probably an hour in eating our suppers, and we then had a dry floor to repose on, and had a comfortable night's rest.

The next day we had to walk four or five miles to Placentia, and we who were prisoners were deposited in our old station, the guard house. A Mr. Sanders,

the principal merchant in Placentia, gave me and others some clothes. Gov. Hawkins and lady were very friendly, and the soldiers with whom we had contracted a friendly acquaintance, congratulated us on our return, after having gone through such a scene of suffering in two short weeks. We continued here about a month. Mr. Baggs got his discharge, and the crew were sent in shallops to St. Johns.

How incomprehensible and astonishing are the ways of divine Providence! If Mr. Baggs had not been in our company, we should probably most or all of us have perished in the wilderness.

At the expiration of about one month, the Fairy, sloop of war, of eighteen guns, came into the harbor to convoy a few merchantmen to St. Johns, which were not ready to sail when the Duchess of Cumberland sailed. The merchantmen were bound to Lisbon, and were short of hands. Mr. Loyd, Babb, and Annis, were put on board them, and promised that they should be reported to the consul, and set at liberty in Lisbon, which was a neutral port. Whether they ever found their way to their native shores, I cannot say. Wilds and myself were destined to serve his Majesty, on board the Fairy, sloop of war, commanded by Capt. Yeo, a complete tyrant. I began to fear that my fate was sealed to serve his Britannic Majesty, on board a man of war, all my days; a service which I had detested from my infancy.—Before I was six years old, I had heard my parents speak of some of their friends who had been impressed on board of men of war. I can perfectly remember when Hollon took a chart of our coast and harbors. My father at that time lived on Frost's point, near the mouth of Portsmouth harbor, where we could see every vessel that went out and in. Our sailors and fishermen used to dread the sight of a man of war's boat, as a flock of sheep would dread the appearance of a wolf. I presume that Gov. Hawkins was ignorant of Capt. Yeo's design. Hawkins put us on board of the Fairy, to be conveyed to St. Johns. Wilds and myself were called upon the quarter deck, and after having been asked a few questions by Capt. Yeo, he turned to his officers and said, "they are a couple of fine lads for his Majesty's service. Mr. Gray,

see that they do their duty, one in the foretop and the other in the maintop." Wilds replied that he was afraid to go up so high; that he was subject to fits; he was afraid he should fall down and kill himself. I replied, that I was a prisoner of war, and that I could not consent to serve against my country. With very hard words and several threats, we were ordered off the quarter deck, and commanded to do our duty in the waist.

Mr. Gray was the first lieutenant, and the tops were much more honorable stations than the waist; but we were determined not to serve his Majesty in either station; we therefore left the quarter deck in haste, and went immediately into the cable tier, which is the prisoners' station: but we did not know, as yet, what fellows we had to deal with. In a day or two, all hands were called; this is performed with a certain ceremony. The boatswain's mate stands at the fore hatchway, and with a call, or pipe, blows a loud and a long blast, and then halloos out "all hands, ahoy." He performs the same ceremony at the main hatchway, and at the after hatchway. It is only to blow his whistle and say "hands ahoy." For myself, I did not see any occasion for all hands being called at that time. I have always thought that it was for no other purpose than to ferret out these two poor little yankee lads. After suitable time is given for the men to get on deck, the boatswain's mate goes down, and goes fore and aft between decks, to see if there are any skulkers. On this occasion, having performed on deck the proper ceremony, he came down below, blustering and swearing, (as is common on those occasions,) and finding none indifferent to the summons, except Wilds and myself, who were snug in the cable tier, he began to rave at us like a bedlamite, and hastening towards us, commanded us on deck. We informed him that we were prisoners of war; that we were American prisoners. "Tell me nothing about prisoners," said he; "upon deck immediately." We still kept our stations, and remonstrated: he uttered a number of most horrid imprecations, and at the same time commenced a furious attack upon us with his rattan. We for a while sternly adhered to our purpose, while he alternately threshed the one and the other; (we should have resisted, but were afraid of the consequences.) He became more and

more enraged, and determined to conquer; and we not daring to resist, thought it best to clear out. We mounted the deck, but with no small degree of reluctance, with him at our heels repeating his strokes. Having got on deck, I saw but very little to do. The carpenter and boatswain have each a birth, viz. a kind of small room by themselves, forward of the fore hatchway. The carpenter, whose name was Fox, was sitting in his birth and looking on while the boatswain's mate was whipping us. The thought of serving his Majesty on board a man of war was so painful to my feelings, that I directly left the deck and again went below and sat down, and with a very heavy heart was reflecting on my forlorn condition. I could not endure the thougt of being deprived of liberty, and spending my days on board an enemy's ship of war. Mr. Fox was still sitting in his cabin, and I believe there was no other person below at that time. The carpenter called to me, and beckoned to me to come to his birth; I went in and he kindly asked me to sit down, which I did, and he addressed me as follows: "I see my lad, that you are obliged to do duty."

Yes, Sir, said I, but very much against my inclination.

Said he, "it is wrong, but it would not do for me to interfere; but I was thinking to do you a favor. His Majesty allows me two boys, but I have not any; if you will come into my birth and take a little care here, I will excuse you from keeping watch and all other duty." I hesitated, fearing to perform any voluntary service, lest it should prove unfavorable to me. Mr. Fox noticing that I was in suspense about the matter, said "you need not fear its being unfavorable to you; you will be much less exposed if you stay with me, than you will be if you have to do your duty before the mast, and it is in vain for you to think to escape that, for Capt. Yeo is a very arbitrary man; he is not liked by the crew, and his officers do not set much by him. I intend to leave the ship myself when we get home, but I wish you not to mention these things, and you may be assured that I will be your friend." He seemed so affectionate and friendly that I put confidence in the man, nor was it misplaced; he proved a faithful friend. The boatswain and gunner, both messed with Mr. Fox; the boatswain had

a boy, whose name was William Ming, and the gunner had a boy, whose name was Henry Hack, besides a son, seven or eight years old; so that our service was very light, for one smart boy would have been amply sufficient to have done all the work that there was to do in the mess. Within a day or two after this, the ship arrived at St. John's, where I soon ascertained that the cartel had sailed several weeks before, and that there were no prisoners on board the prison ship. This was appalling to my feelings: although I had little ground to expect that the sailing of the cartel would have been delayed until that time. We found, therefore, that we were destined to see old England, if we should live, and the ship should succeed in getting home. While lying in St. John's, we had an opportunity of seeing some of Capt. Yeo's character exhibited. It was contrary to orders to bring any spirituous liquors on board; it was the usage to hoist in the boat at night, lest any of the men should elude the guard, steal the boat and run away.

One evening as the boat was hoisted in, there was a bottle of rum discovered in the boat. No one of the boat's crew would own the bottle; and the next morning the whole, six in number, were seized up to the gangway, with their shirts stripped off, and each received a dozen lashes, with a cat-o'-nine-tails, on his naked back.—It was very common for this captain to have his men thus whipped for very trifling faults, and sometimes, when faultless. At a certain time the cook gives out word to the men, and officers' waiters, that they may have hot water to wash their dishes, &c. One day a midshipman's boy called on the cook for hot water. The cook had none; and reprimanded the lad for not coming in proper season. The boy complained to his master; whose rank on board is no higher than the cook's and who was himself but a boy: the midshipman came forward and began to reprimand the cook; who told him that had the boy come at the proper time, he would have had hot water enough; but that he should not now furnish him, or any one else. This young blood made his complaint to the captain that he was insulted by the cook, who was a man in years, and who, for this affront, offered to a gentleman's son,

must be brought to the gangway, and take his dozen. I believe that the laws of the navy do not admit of a warrant officer's being punished, without he is first tried and condemned by a court martial. I understand that the captain had violated the laws of the navy, in a number of instances. He had a number of men in irons, on the whole passage to England. He had a son who was a midshipman on board, and I think it very probable that he was the same who commanded on Lake Ontario, in the late war with England. We had a short, but rather a rough passage to England; and were several times called to quarters; but it so happened, in kind Providence, that neither Wilds or myself were stationed at any quarters. Whether we were overlooked, or whether it was design in the officers, I am unable to say; at any rate, we thought it a very fortunate circumstance on our part. There was no fighting however on the passage. We arrived at Plymouth, I should say about the last of November, 1781. It excited some peculiar sensations to lift up my eyes and behold the land of my forefathers. I must confess I felt a certain kind of reverence and solemnity, that I cannot well describe. Yet when reflecting on my situation, and bringing into view the haughtiness of her monarch and government; their injustice and cruelty to her children; I felt an indignant, if not a revengeful spirit towards them. Several days passed away, and I saw no prospect of my release from the ship. The ship had not been a week in port, before there came three fourths as many women, as men, on board; and the number every day increasing. This was the universal practice with the British navy: it was not common for the men to be allowed to go on shore, to stay over night. My worthy master proposed to me, that in case I could not get released from the ship, to adopt me as his son. He had a wife, I think, in Bristol, but had no child: he said he did not intend long to follow the sea; he could, if he pleased, quit the ship and work in his Majesty's yard. I could not but express my grateful sense of his kindness; but informed him that it was my design to use every endeavor to get to America again. He said he did not blame me; and that if he could see any opportunity in my favor, he would apprise me of

it. There was some prospect of Capt. Yeo's being removed from the command of the ship: she was, however, preparing for sea again. The men, and especially the officers, lived high while the ship was in port. In our mess we had a plenty of fresh beef, mutton, fowls, and vegetables; which were very acceptable to me, after having been seven or eight months destitute of every kind of vegetables and fresh provisions except fish.

We had been several weeks in port; the ship had taken her beer on board, and was in a manner ready for sea again. Capt. Yeo took his leave of the ship, without any ceremony of respect being shown him from the crew. Shortly after, the new Captain came on board, and was saluted with three cheers from the crew. There was now a mere possibility that my friend Wilds and myself, might find favor in the sight of our new Captain. (I very much regret that I have forgotten his name.)

In a day or two after he had come on board, Mr. Fox came into his cabin, where I was, and said to me: "Sherburne, the Captain is walking alone, on the quarter deck, I think it is a good time for you to go and speak to him; it may be, that he will consider you as a prisoner of war." I trembled for fear we should be unsuccessful, and this was our last chance, and if we should fail in this, our fate would be sealed, unless Mr. Fox could get discharged from the ship, and take me with him; and even in that case, I must be a British subject. This idea was by no means grateful to my feelings. There was no time, however, to lose, I went and informed Wilds of my plan, and requested him to accompany me, he readily consented; (we had talked on the subject before;) and we walked aft, went up the lee gangway and crossed over to the weather side of the quarter deck, with our hats under our arms, and met the Captain as he was walking forward. He appeared very willing to give us a hearing. "What is your wish, my lads?" said he; I replied, "we are American prisoners, Sir, we were taken on the coast of Newfoundland, and imprisoned all the last summer in Placentia, and in September we were put on board his Majesty's ship, the Duchess of Cumberland, to go to St. John's, expecting to have been sent from thence to Boston, and

have been exchanged; but the Duchess of Cumberland was lost on Cape St. Mary's, soon after she sailed. We were taken to Placentia again, and there put on board this ship; it is our wish, Sir, to be considered prisoners of war, and to go to prison." Said he, "you may go forward, my lads, and I will inquire into your cause." We bowed and retired. Mr. Fox anxiously waited our return.

In about half an hour, word was given out from the Captain, for Sherburne and Wilds to get ready to go into the boat; and at the same time, the jolly boat boys were called to man the boat. We felt almost ready to leap for joy, that we were likely to have the honor and privilege of going to prison. I saw the tears stand in Mr. Fox's eye, and I am certain that they ran down my cheeks freely; he gave me some shirts and stockings, and his best wishes. So we parted.

Wilds and Sherburne were ordered to go on board the boat; in this business there must be a little ceremony. A midshipman must accompany us, sword in hand, also a sergeant, and several marines with fixed bayonets; thus prepared, we left the Fairy in Plymouth sound, and shaped our course for Hamoaze, near Plymouth dock, where lay the Dunkirk seventy-four, the harbor Admiral's ship. All the prisoners who were brought into port, are put on board this ship, which is properly a guard ship. All the men who are impressed in and about this port, are also put on board this ship. All his Majesty's ships when they come into port, report to the Admiral, and he reports to the board of admiralty; he also receives and gives all orders to his Majesty's ships.

When a crew of prisoners is brought on board this ship, a list of their names is deposited in the Admiral's clerk's office, which is kept under the poop, on the quarter deck.

I cannot now say with whom the phrase originated, which denominated a British man of war, "a floating hell." If such a name is applicable to the ships of the British navy generally, I think it was as applicable to the Dunkirk, as to any other.

I had been on board but a few minutes, before I fell in with an old ship-mate; he was an English lad, a little older than myself. His name was William Lamb. He

was captured by the Ranger, on the first cruise I sailed in her. William Lamb put himself an apprentice to Elijah Hall, Esq. who was first Lieut. of the Ranger. This gentleman had one or two other apprentices on board that ship; he was as universally beloved and respected by the crew, as any officer with whom I was ever acquainted. William fell into the hands of the British again, was recognized as a British subject, and put on board a man of war; he abhorred the service and deserted; he was impressed, and put on board another; deserted from her also, and was now impressed again. This information he gave me in a whisper, requesting me, for God's sake, not to call him by name, he having assumed one.

I was grieved for the poor young man, he was very agreeable and much respected. I knew, that if he should be detected in all this, he would in all probability be hung at the yard arm.

There were no American prisoners on board the Dunkirk, when we went on board, but in a few days a dozen or fifteen were brought on board, and shortly after, a few more; and there would scarcely a night pass, in which there were not more or less brought on board by the press gangs, as they are called. This ship would sometimes have out five or six gangs at the same time. These gangs consisted generally of a petty officer, and six, eight, or ten, unprincipled sturdy fellows; they generally have the greatest success at the houses of ill fame, where most of the sailors resort, when on shore. They sometimes, however, have a hard time, and are overpowered, and get a severe drubbing, nor is it uncommon for those who are impressed, to be brought on board shockingly bruised and mangled.

When a ship comes into port, and is in want of hands, she gets a supply from the Admiral's ship. The prisoners who were first brought on board, were in a day or two, called for and sent ashore, to pass an examination before the Judges of the Admiralty, and be committed to Old Mill prison. I felt surprised that those prisoners who came on board subsequent to us, should precede us in going to prison. The day after, another company

were called and sent ashore. We began to feel alarmed, for we had understood that prisoners were sent ashore in rotation, as they came on board. We began seriously to fear that there was some evil design against us. At length we put on fortitude sufficient to go to the office and inquire why we were not sent ashore in our turn. The clerk inquired what vessel's crew we were of, and what our names were; we informed him, but he knew nothing about us. Our very souls began to sink; we had seen enough of a British man of war to satisfy us, that it would be worse than useless for us, in our situation to talk about "sailors' rights."

We began to fear that we should be turned off to the first of his Majesty's ships which might want hands, for there was no distinction there between impressed men, and prisoners. It was only a temporary station for either. We made bold to go to the office again, and oh! how appalling to find that we were not known as prisoners. One circumstance, however, seemed to inspire us with a faint hope. The clerk was a man, yes, he was a gentleman; he patiently heard all we had to say, and promised to make diligent seach for our names.

By this time, we had lost every article of clothing, except what we had upon our backs; every thing else had been stolen. I suppose that it might with as much propriety be said of our ship's company, that we were the offscouring of the earth, as of almost any other company in existence. The ship being near the shore, and there being so much passing and repassing from the ship to the shore, it was almost impossible to prevent their having spirits on board. There was, therefore, drinking, gaming, swearing, fighting, stealing, scolding, brawling, &c. &c. going on almost continually, and especially in the night. But I will desist from any further description of this degraded and wretched company.

Wilds and myself were now the only prisoners on board, and we made application the third time to the clerk, who appeared to sympathize with us; he presumed that as there were but two of us, that the paper on which our names were, was so small that it must have

been lost. There were eleven more prisoners brought on board, and when the time came to send the prisoners ashore, we were greatly rejoiced to hear our names first called.

Whether our list had been mislaid and had now come to light, or whether the clerk sent on board the Fairy for a new one, or whether he made us out a new one, I never inquired.

There were thirteen prisoners ordered on board the boat and were landed at what is called Plymouth Dock, said to be the best dock in England. I had the opportunity of seeing the Royal George laying in dock, at that time the largest ship in the British navy. We were escorted from the wharf to the court of Admiralty, by a guard of soldiers, and conducted into a room by ourselves. And here we waited some time in awful suspense; we had one more trying scene to endure. The judges in their examinations were careful to select all Englishmen and Irishmen for his Majesty's service; and it was sometimes the case then, as well as in after times, to challenge Americans, and to insist that they were British subjects, and send them on board one of his Majesty's ships of war.

We had now to pass an examination individually and separately.

I being the first on the list, was first called in before the judges. They were elderly gentlemen, and all wore large white wigs; there were several other persons present. My examination follows as nearly as I can recollect.

"Is your name Andrew Sherburne?"

"It is, Sir."

"Where were you born?"

"In Portsmouth, in the state of New-Hampshire, in North America."

"What is your age?"

"I was sixteen on the last day of September, Sir."

"What is your father's name?"

"He is dead, his name was Andrew Sherburne."

"What was his occupation?"

"A carpenter."

"What vessel did you sail in?"

"The privateer schooner Greyhound."

"How many guns did she mount?"

"Eight four pounders."

"Who commanded her?"

"Capt. Jacob Wilds."

"Where did she belong?"

"To Salem, in Massachusetts."

"When did she leave Salem?"

"Some time in the month of April last."

"What were you taken in?"

"I was taken in a Newfoundland shallop, a prize to the Greyhound."

"By what were you taken?"

"A small armed schooner from Fortune bay, in Newfoundland."

"Where were you taken to?"

"We were first taken to a place called Grandbank, in Fortune bay, and from there we were sent to Placentia, and imprisoned in the garrison until September. I was then put on board his Majesty's ship, the Duchess of Cumberland, bound to St. John's, and she having been lost on Cape St. Mary's, I returned with part of the crew to Placentia, where I was put on board his Majesty's ship the Fairy, and brought to this port."

"How many are there of you?"

"Only two, Sir; there were three men of our crew put on board of merchantmen, at Placentia."

I was then conducted back again to the rest of my shipmates, and Wilds called in, and had nearly the same questions asked him. I do not now recollect whether the remaining eleven all belonged to one crew or not; they were however examined separately, if my memory serves me.

After all had been examined, I was called in before the judges a second time, and most of the questions were asked me again.

This circumstance very much alarmed me: one of the judges asked a gentleman who was sitting in another part of the room, whether my statements agreed with what I had before said; who answered in the affirmative.

I recollected to have heard a pen going while I was answering their questions, but little thought at that time that they were writing down my answers. I felt fearful that they were laying a snare for me. However, it proved more favorable than I expected. The other twelve were then called in and their honors were prepared to pronounce an awful sentence.

We were *severally and individually committed to Old Mill prison, for rebellion, piracy, and high treason on his Britannic Majesty's high seas, there to lay during his Majesty's pleasure, until he saw fit to pardon or otherwise dispose of us.*

This I believe is about the substance of their honors' address to us, as near as I could recollect. We were then conducted to the door, that opened into the street, and found a guard of soldiers waiting to receive us and conduct us to the prison. I was then pressing the soil of Old England, in a walk of about a mile and a half.—I had not walked so much on the land before since my tedious march through the dreary wilderness of Newfoundland. I felt a high degree of animation that my prospects were so flattering. It was indeed a peculiar gratification to think of entering Old Mill prison. At length we came to the outer gate, which groaning on its hinges, opened to receive us into the outer yard.

The commissary's office and the cook room made two sides of this yard, and it was separated from the large prison yard, by a strong wooden grate. In this yard a sentinel stood continually; and "old Aunt Anna" was here constantly, with her hand cart, (drawn by a boy,) to supply the prisoners with bread, butter, tobacco, needles, thread and every other article for which they might call. Several milk men had their station here occasionally. Before the inner gate was opened, we heard the outcry from within, "more prisoners! more prisoners!" The inner gate was opened, being well guarded with soldiers with fixed bayonets. Without further ceremony we were urged forward into the great yard, and saw the prisoners rushing towards the gate from all directions, to see if any of their acquaintance were to be found amongst the new comers.

CHAPTER IV.

Enter Mill Prison—Friendship of townsmen—Goes to School in Prison—Manners and Customs—Prisoners escape—The Guards deceived—Sent to the Hospital—Ben Hunt—Mr. Lawrence—Discharged from Hospital—Returns to Prison—Jack Briard—Sent on board Cartel—Long passage—Arrives at Marblehead—Travels home a beggar.

I had not time to look about myself in my new, and so much desired quarters, before I was accosted by one and another, (seizing me by the hand,) "how fare ye shipmates, where are you from?" I hailed, from Piscataqua; (that is the name of the river dividing Maine from New Hampshire; Portsmouth laying on the west, and Kittery on the east side. The Piscataqua men were called and drew off towards the centre of the yard, and formed a circle round me; I being the only one who came from that river. No one who was not from that river presumed to intrude. I very soon ascertained that a number of my townsmen had left Portsmouth several months subsequent to my leaving it; consequently I had nothing to tell them from home.

From Portsmouth I found Capt. John Seward, Andrew Tombs, Daniel Huntress, Badger, Michael Hooker, R. S. Tibbits and Nathaniel Kennerd.

From Kittery, Capt. Mark Firnald, Capt. James Brown, Thomas Brown, B. Dum, Aaron Goodwin, Enoch Clerk, Edmund Fornald, Benjamin Moore, James Hooper and Richard Perry, and probably some others whose names I have forgotten. Most of those persons were afterwards masters of vessels. Mr. Tibbits, of whom I shall have occasion to speak hereafter, was the only person amongst them with whom I had had any acquaintance, though the most of the Portsmouth people had known my father. It was now near night; I had eaten nothing since the morning, and had now got to a hungry place. Daniel, who was afterwards Capt. Hun-

tress, brought me a penny roll and a half penny worth of butter, which was very acceptable.

It was now January, and I had not a single article of clothing except what I had upon my back. I had a sufficient number of contemptible animals about me, which I had unavoidably brought from the Dunkirk. If I do not mistake, his Majesty provided hammocks and a blanket or two for the prisoners. The next day my townsmen gave me some old shirts and stockings, and advised me to dislodge my domestic enemies if possible. There was a pump in the yard, and a trough to wash our clothes in; nor was there much danger of their being stolen while drying; for the prisoners, notwithstanding they were located within the absolute dominions of his Britannic Majesty, adventured to form themselves into a republic, framed a constitution and enacted wholesome laws, with suitable penalties. My friends held a consultation amongst themselves respecting me. Some one spoke after this manner: "It will be a pity if this young countryman of ours should spend his time while here as many of the boys do, at gaming; he is fatherless, and has no education; perhaps he might be prevailed with, to go to school." "If he will," said one, "I will give him some paper;" said another, "I will give him some quills and ink." Said R. S. Tibbits, who was afterwards Capt. Tibbits, "I will undertake to instruct him." They appointed a committee to confer with me upon the subject; this committee communicated to me the substance of their consultation, and advised me to comply with their wishes. I could not but feel a grateful sense of their benevolence, and although I was fond of cards, &c. I promised to deny myself, altogether, and adhere to their advice.

I had never had six months' schooling in my life, nor had even one month's schooling after I was seven years old. I could, however, make out to read a chapter tolerably well in the New-Testament. Roderick Random, and several other novels had fallen into my hands; I was pleased with their contents, and they improved my reading considerably. But I could not write my name. I do not know that I had ever written a line in my life,

nor could I enumerate three figures. I commenced writing with Mr. Tibbits, and made rapid progress; my mind was entirely taken up with the business, and my friends were much gratified with my improvement, and even if their encomiums excited my vanity, they also prompted to unwearied application, and persevering improvement. I very soon became entirely indifferent to all kinds of gaming, and found sufficient amusement with my pen and pencil; and even when nature required some relaxation from my studies, it was more agreeable to me to walk alone in the yard, than to join in any kind of play. Although more than forty-eight years have gone by since my confinement commenced in that prison, I shall here, so far as my memory shall aid me, give a description of the place, together with some of the maxims, customs, and employments, &c. of the prisoners.

This prison was situated on a promontory, projecting into the sound, between Plymouth and Plymouth Dock, two considerable towns; it lies on the right hand, as you go from Dock to Plymouth, and about an equal distance from either. Formerly there stood wind mills on this eminence, which circumstance gave it the name of "Mill Hill;" hence the prison was called "Mill Prison." There were three buildings, one of which had been built in queen Ann's time, as tradition informs us. The largest building was a hundred feet long and about twenty feet wide; situated at the north end of the yard. It was two stories high, built with stone and lime, having no windows on the north front. There was a space of about twenty feet between this building and the commissary's office, which stood to the west, but had no windows in the east end. A wall on the north as high as the eaves of the prison, extended from the prison to the office; a similar wall on the south, joined the two buildings. In this wall was a gate leading into the main yard.

It will hereafter appear why I am so particular in describing this little yard. I have already spoken of a small necessary yard in front of the commissary's office; south of this yard was the cook room on the ground floor. In the north end of one of the other buildings, which stood in a line, making the west side of the yard. A

space between the prisons answered as a yard for both. On the south of our common yard was a stone wall, fourteen feet high, with broken glass bottles set in lime mortar on the top, to prevent climbing over. There was a similar wall on the east; altogether enclosing something like half an acre. In this yard was set a lamp post, and near the cook room was a pump of good water.

By day I think there were but one or two sentinels in the yard, but by night I believe there were at least four, and as large a number without the walls; together with four in the long prison, two above and two below, with a proportionable number in the other prisons. I think the whole number of American prisoners was between eight and ten hundred. Our south wall divided between us and the French prison yard. The hospital, consisting of thirteen wards, as I understood, and the guard house, were situated south-west of our yard, at a convenient distance. There was no way of communication between them except by the great gate.

There had been no release, or exchange of prisoners from this place for many months. At different times, numbers had deserted and some had shipped on board his Majesty's ships, and thereby were absolved from the heinous crime of 'rebellion, piracy,' &c.

At an early period it was found necessary to have some mode of government among the prisoners. I believe I have heard their articles read; but I do not now recollect the particulars. However, if any person was found guilty of any transgression, he had a legal trial and was punished according to the crime. There had been one or more instances of tying up to the lamp post, and putting a dozen lashes on the bare back.

The provision while I was there, was in general, pretty good, but we had not half enough of it. I think we were allowed twelve ounces of bread, and twelve ounces of beef, per day. We were divided into messes, four in a mess. At eleven o'clock, we drew a three pound loaf to each mess. The bread was very dark colored, and was supposed to have been composed of rye, oats, barley, and peas; the members of each mess would generally convene when the bread was served out. One

person would divide the loaf into quarters, as exactly as he could; then one of the mess would turn his back, and another, in the presence of the rest, touch a piece of the bread, saying to him who had turned his back, who shall have that? 'John,' who shall have that? 'myself,' and who shall have that? 'you shall have it;' of course, the fourth quarter must fall to the one not named.

There had in time past, been some serious difficulties about the division of the beef. The beef is weighed out to the cook in the gross, and an allowance made for the turn of the scale to each mess; it is, therefore, divided into as many lots as there are messes; as equally as possible. The messes in rotation, send one of their number into the cook room every day. The mess which sends the man, is called the blind mess. This man superintends the division of the beef, which is stuck on the long iron skewers while raw. This blind mess has its part by weight, without bone, and a sufficient quantity of fat out of the common stock to fry it in. The blind mess generally calculated to have a feast on this day, something like a yankee thanksgiving. There is no door from the yard into the cook's room, but there is a small window, through which the bowls of soup are passed. The beef is brought round through the commissary's yard and set under a shed by the cook's room window. While the man of the blind mess, who superintended the cookery is cooking his portion for himself and messmates, another man of the same mess is blindfolded, and kneels down over the tub of meat, and one of the cooks, who is not a prisoner, begins to call the numbers of the messes in order. These numbers are one day called forwards, and the next day backwards. When the cook calls a mess by their number, the blind man, with his fore finger, touches a lot of the meat, and, notwithstanding all their punctiliousness, some lots will be worth as much again as others. Those who get a very poor lot, generally stand by until all the messes are called, and if any small pieces are left in the tub, it is judiciously divided amongst those whose lots were deficient. While they are serving the meat, another of the cooks is passing out the bowls of broth; the bowls are

all numbered on the rim. In each bowl is about two quarts of broth.

One of each mess attends to get the meat, and another to get the soup. They form two ranks from the cook's room window, and pass the bowls along from one to another, and when a man sees his own, he takes it, steps backward and carries it to the mess station where the meat is also brought and divided.

Some of the people would eat all their allowance as fast as it came to hand, others made two parts of it, and some would divide it into three parts.

The bread was universally called *Brown George*. This was a compliment paid to his Majesty. I used generally to eat a small quantity of bread with my soup, and divide my meat and the remainder of my bread in two equal parts, for my supper and breakfast; this was scanty living; when in health our appetites were pretty keen.

Mr. John Wentworth, the last Governor of New Hampshire under his Majesty, was at that time in England, and some of the Portsmouth people borrowed small sums of money of him and were to refund the money to the Governor's mother who lived in Portsmouth.

Some of the Kittery people had sailed in privateers from France, and had some money with them when they were taken. There were individuals who would furnish themselves with a kettle, a few pounds of coffee, and a small quantity of fuel, (bones were carefully collected for fuel,) and make coffee and sell for half a penny a pint, and if they could realize the gain of three or four pence, or even but one penny a day, it was an inducement to continue the business.

Mr. Bodge, of Portsmouth, was an artist in making punch ladles, of appletree wood. I believe he made some which were sold for nearly a half a guinea; wooden spoons, busks, and knitting sheaths, were very curiously wrought. Capt. James Brown, of Kittery, taught navigation, and employed his leisure hours in manufacturing nets for drying glue.

Ship building was the most extensive business which was carried on. I have no doubt there are ships now in England, which were built in Mill Prison. An old Mr.

Hudson was indefatigable in building sloops and schooners; and would generally have some on hand; he generally supplied the boys, whose curiosity led them to take a peep at the yankees. The old gentleman would sell them from a penny to two or three shillings. There were sloops of war, frigates, two deckers, and even three deckers built or manufactured there. A Mr. John Deadman of Salem, a brother of William, (whom I before mentioned) exceeded all others in this business; he built one which was not more than a foot in length, which I think he sold for four guineas; he built a three decker and rigged her completely, which, (if I do not mistake,) he sold for twenty guineas. She was between three and four feet in length; she showed three tier of guns, had her anchors on her bows, and her cable bent; by pulling gently on one cable, the parts on one deck would all fly open; by pulling on another, the guns would all run out of the ports: the same process would have the same effect on the other decks. My impression is, that he was twenty two months in building her. There was nothing left undone, to obtain a little money, in order to augment our small stock of provisions.

Dr. Franklin was at that time our minister at the court of France: he took a deep interest in the concerns of the prisoners in England: previously to my going into that prison, he furnished each prisoner with a shilling sterling a week. It was so very difficult for the Doctor to obtain funds, that this donation would discontinue for weeks and sometimes for months. After I had been there a month or two, this donation was received, and I found that one shilling per week added much to our comfort; it served to supply us with a tolerable comfortable meal each day.

Various arts were employed to obtain the news. A newspaper would sometimes be obtained in a loaf of bread; I believe that news of the capture of Cornwallis was obtained in this way, not long before I entered the prison. The prisoners were not a little animated on this occasion. I was informed that a considerable number furnished themselves with the American ensign, painted on half a sheet of paper, having the English ensign also painted below the Union, and sticking this half sheet in-

to their hat bands, paraded the yard, huzzaing in such a manner as to alarm the commissary; his name was Cowdray. He was a petulant old fellow, and the prisoners, and especially the Marblehead men, took pleasure in affronting him. On this occasion the whole guard came into the yard, and some of the prisoners had the hardihood to insult the guard, and dare them to fire upon them; but, by the interposition of some of the American officers, the tumult subsided without any mischief.

Every evening before the sun went down, the officers who were on guard, came into the yard with a number of soldiers, and gave orders for every man to go into the prison. An officer stands at each door, and counts the men as they walk leisurely into the prison, the doors are then locked. In the morning they are counted out again. One evening while I was there, a prisoner in the upper story had been picking a bone, and threw it out of the window through the grates; it fell on the sentinel's head. He immediately walked up to the lower window, directly under that from which the bone fell, clapped his gun into the window and fired up through the floor; the ball went through a hammock in which a man was lying, but no one was injured. The report of the musket immediately alarmed the guard, who came mustering into the yard; the prisoners were much enraged, and swore they would kill that soldier if he was ever placed as sentinel in the yard again. There was one regiment occasionally on guard, against which the prisoners were very much prejudiced. I do not now recollect the number of the regiment.

There were about a dozen prisoners made their escape one night while I was there.

They effected it in the following manner. They by some means, got one of the grates out of the chamber window which was directly over the west end door of the long prison; they took a loose beam and ran it out of the window in an oblique direction, so as just to make it reach over the north wall of the necessary yard; they lashed hammocks together, suspended them from the end of the beam, and lowered themselves down; and I believe they all made their escape. I do not recollect that any of

them were brought back again as was frequently the case. When deserters were detected and brought back, they were doomed to suffer a certain number of days in the dark hole, so called; they were liable also to be impressed and put on board a man of war. The beam was taken and carefully replaced, and the grate was also replaced in the window. In this window the grates ran up and down, there were no cross grates to it.

It was an object with the prisoners, when any mischief had taken place, to conceal it until the before mentioned regiment mounted guard. They must, therefore, have recourse to the stratagem which they had before invented, and practised on such occasions.

It will be recollected, that I have before mentioned a gate which opened out of the necessary yard into the main yard. In this gate there was a hole about four feet from the ground; (I have understood that this hole was designed to pass cans of water through;) it was not sufficiently large, however, for a man to get through, unless he was very small. When the morning came, it was necessary that the officers should number as many persons out, as they had numbered in the evening before; there must, therefore, be some management on the part of the prisoners to conceal the fraud. There were a number of boys in this prison, as well as in the other prisons, and dependance must be placed on those lads to make up the number; they must, therefore, be got out as soon as practicable. A group of the prisoners who are first out, station themselves about this gate; they take up a lad and crowd him through the hole in the gate; there are suitable persons within to receive him, he goes in at the end door, and presents himself to the officer at the fore door, and is numbered a second time. Shortly after, a second lad is crowded through the hole, and sometimes the same lad has to pass through the hole the second and third time, for want of a sufficient number who are suitably small: in this case he will probably wear a cap, instead of his hat, or he may go out the first time bareheaded. They may sometimes borrow a boy or two, who, by another officer has been numbered out of some other prison. Sometimes the poor fellows have a hard

time in getting through the hole, and will squall a little; but the shouting and laughter of the prisoners in every direction, in the prison and out, prevent the boys' being heard by the officer.

This trick, (and I presume it might pass for a "Yankee trick,") must be played over and over again, until our friends shall have had opportunity to escape or conceal themselves, and the hated regiment should come on guard. It was to me a matter of surprise how those men should get away and I have no knowledge of it, though I lay at the time within ten yards of the window. It was yet more astonishing that they should elude the notice of the sentinel.

At length the regiment before mentioned came on guard, (I do not suppose that the whole regiment mounted guard at once,) and there was no more squeezing the boys through the hole in the gate. There being twelve or thirteen missing, the prisoners must all be numbered again and again, and when it was fully ascertained that there were so many missing, "There was no small stir among the soldiers."

Colonel Laurens, of Charleston, S. C. had been appointed by Congress our minister to Holland; but on his way, was captured by the British, and as a rebel, imprisoned in the Tower at London. After his Majesty had received the news of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, the Colonel was released from the Tower upon a parole of honor, and visited Mill Prison. The prisoners considered this visit as a high compliment, and treated him with every mark of respect; indeed, the gravity and dignity of his appearance commanded respect.

I diligently pursued my studies of arithmetic and geometry, with a design to enter upon navigation; but when the spring came on, it was very sickly among us; several of my townsmen were quite unwell, and needed my assistance. They had been so very kind to me, that I cheerfully devoted myself to their service.

From this circumstance, I suspended my studies, expecting to commence them in a few days; but it proved far otherwise. A material change was taking place amongst the prisoners; many were drooping here and

there, and numbers were daily sent off to the hospital. My little services were daily more and more needed. At length I became quite indisposed myself, but did not complain: the next day I was more unwell yet, but continued to attend on my messmates. On the third morning I rose up in my hammock, feeling very unwell, but determined not to be confined; my head ached violently, I thought I would lie down a few minutes, and then get up and attend on my sick friends. I rose up again, but my sight left me; I was soon surronded by my neighbors, and I now recollect having heard some of them say, "Sherburne is out of his head." I attempted to get out of my hammock, but was prevented by my friends, James Hooper, and Benjamin Moor. I bled at the nose, and my mind was unsettled. The physicians, at this time, visited the prison every day, (though at other times, they did not visit the prison once in several weeks,) one of them called to look at me, and ordered me immediately to the hospital. I recollect that I was led to the hospital by two men, that I was extremely distressed while vomiting, and while I was undressed. From that time, I was almost entirely deranged for several weeks. I do not recollect, that I was ever informed what my disease was denominated by the physicians; at any rate, they, for a while, despaired of my recovery.

In the course of my confinement, I had short lucid intervals: and realized extreme depression, both of body and of mind. I was fearful I should not recover, and was filled with horror. I had a deep sense of my responsibility to my Creator. I brought to view my previous sickness, dangers, deliverances, and my solemn promises to God, that I would reform. My own conscience weighed me in the ballance, and I was "*found wanting*." I endeavored to send up my cry to God for mercy, but O! wretched, wretched was my state; I feared an awful hell! After a few minutes pensive reflection, my mind would relapse again, and I would find myself all in darkness and confusion. On the return of my reason again I had some recollection of the whimsical notions that were upon my mind while I was deranged.—I lay in the sick ward, in which there were, perhaps,

twelve or fifteen others, who were very sick, but none of them deranged, to my knowledge.

Our beds were about three or four feet apart, in two tiers, their heads to the wall on each side, and a space of six or eight feet, between their feet. The floor was a brick pavement. One night in my phrenzy, I imagined I was shipwrecked on Cape Ann, and exerting all my strength to get on shore, and frequently succeeded so far as to get my body half on shore, but the strength of the waves while receding, would drag me off again, and after very hard struggling with the waves, I would regain the shore again, and would so far succeed as to inspire a confidence that I should escape: but alas! I was drawn off again and again.

Without doubt I was as much distressed in mind, as though it had all been real; I was at length delivered by an unseen hand. Some time after this, (probably the next day,) I had my reason for a while, and perceived that the inside of my hands was exceeding black; I was surprised. At first, I had the weakness to suppose that the skin on the inside of my hands had died, and was pealing off. But on closer inspection I perceived it to be dirt, and spoke to some of my room-mates on the circumstance, who informed me that I had wallowed on the floor; and I found my knees were in a similar condition with my hands. Whether I got off of my bed designedly or accidentally, I cannot say; but finding myself off, I endeavored to get on again, and would get upon my knees and lay my breast upon my bed, then raise up one knee upon the edge of the bed, and as soon as I lifted the other knee from the floor, I would fall back on the floor again. How long I was in this situation or by what means I was relieved, I cannot say; thus my shipwreck and deliverance is interpreted.

This circumstance occasioned watchers to be sent into this ward. My bed was moved from the corner of the room to the centre, and two young men from the prison volunteered to watch me. I presume I was quite troublesome. I have at this time a perfect recollection of some of the occurrences which took place at the time. I supposed myself to have been placed on a bed on the

broad stair of the long prison; the two young men seemed to have been bed-fellows with me; and we seemed all to have got into a mutual humorous scuffle. But I thought I discovered partiality in them, and was soon convinced that they were both against me, and they arbitrarily insisted on my continuing there, while they (after they had worried me out) would seat themselves at a little distance and laugh at me. This treatment I very much resented, and as soon as I had recovered breath, would make another attempt to leave the bed. They would immediately rise and prevent, and even hold me down. This they did several times.

At length, one time while they were adjusting the bed clothes, I cautiously and suddenly drew up my knees over my breast, and clapped my feet against the breast of one of those young men, and directly laid him sprawling on the floor; the other young man was so engaged in laughter, that he could pay but little or no attention to me. I was directly on end in the bed, determined to quit this unpleasant confinement, and vainly imagining that I had more than half gained the victory; but the young man very soon rose from the floor, met me, caught me by the shoulders, and gave me a pretty severe shake, and laid me down again. This brought me to myself; I perfectly understood the whole business, and for the then present time gave them no further trouble. I felt extremely weak, and was glad to lay still. Said Dick to Jim, "I think he sheeted you home nicely." "Yes," said Jim, with a very hard word, "who would have thought he had been so strong."

This humorous circumstance excited no levity in me at that time: I was so exceedingly exhausted, that it seemed as if soul and body must very shortly part. The doctor had ordered a blister on my neck and shoulders, six or seven inches square. When Ben Hunt, my nurse, put the blister on, I was tolerably rational, and said to him, "Ben, how long before you will dress my blister?" "In twenty-four hours," said Ben. I was very careful to notice where the sun shone in on the wall at that time, so as to know whether I should be neglected. I soon got into a drowse, but in less than an hour I arous-

ed up again and my first business was to ascertain whether the twenty-four hours had elapsed, for I thought my blister demanded attention. I carefully noticed the shining of the sun on the wall, and so far as it had gone from the mark, so long in my imagination I had been neglected; and therefore thought it necessary to remind Ben of his duty, and began to call out for Ben Hunt, and in order to be in readiness for him, I got up in my bed, and continued my vociferations for Ben Hunt.

I was preparing to get off my shirt, some of my room-mates interfered by remonstrating against my proceedings; (for they were unable otherwise to interfere) I gave them what at that time I supposed to be a suitable reprimand, and continued to prepare for Ben. I unbuttoned my sleeves and collar, took off my shirt, carefully rolled it up, lifted up the mattrass, and laid it upon the sacking bottom; I also took off my blister plaster and laid it away with my shirt, still singing out for Ben Hunt. I cannot say how my room-mates were entertained with my management. They however assisted me in rallying Ben. At length Ben came staving into the ward with his eyes wide open, and his yellow hair waving on his shoulders, not a little alarmed at hearing so many calling out to him at the same time. His attention was directed and immediately turned to Sherburne. He came at me in haste and in a great rage. He had no sooner opened the door, however, than I assailed him with a severe reprimand for neglecting a fellow at this rate. He caught me by the shoulders and gave me a shake, nor was his address to me more delicate than mine had been to him. He had no sooner shaken me than my senses returned, and I immediately sunk into his hands. He inquired for the plaster and shirt, I readily told him; he put them on again, and covered me over, swore pretty hard at me and left me. I made no reply.

I believe I had watchers that night, but they had less cause to complain than before, for I believe that I rested tolerably well. In the morning when Ben dressed my blister I was quite relieved from the pain which had tortured my breast, and Ben was in a much pleasanter mood than when he caught me with my shirt off. But I was extremely languid, and so continued for some time.

I do not now recollect the name of our hospital physician; but I believe his name was Ran. At any rate he was one of the best of men and paid especial attention to the sick. Uncle Lawrence (as every body called him) was overseer; he was a prisoner, and had been from the commencement of the war.

Under very peculiar circumstances he went into the hospital at an early period, and there become a convert to the Christian religion; and such was his deportment, that he commanded the respect of all who knew him. The physicians had so much confidence in him that they made him overseer of the nurses and the sick.

It was a great blessing to the sick in those hospitals, that they were under the care of such a physician as doctor Ran, and that the nurses should be under the care and direction of a man so affectionate and faithful as was Mr. Lawrence.

When it pleased God to restore my reason, I discovered that I was exceeding weak and continued so for some time. I was not able to raise myself up in bed.—I ascertained that my cure was doubtful in the judgment of the physicians: and when I began to mend it was very slowly.

One day two of my young friends came to me and said, "Sherburne, why do you lie here? come you must get up." I told them I should be glad if I could. They said they would help me, and that the doctor had directed them to help me up. They got my clothes and put them on. This was probably sometime in the month of May.—They led me into the yard; one on each side, holding me up by the arms. As soon as they had led me into the sun, I fainted: they took me up and carried me into the room where there were two outer doors which were opposite to each other, in which were several couches to accommodate the convalescent. Here they laid me on a couch. I spent most of the day in this place, and felt some refreshed. The next day I was taken out again, and in the course of the day I was able to stand alone, with a staff in my hand. I was treated very kindly by the doctor and uncle Lawrence, but I gained but very slowly.

Several weeks before this time, the prisoners had received the intelligence that shortly there was to be a general exchange of prisoners, and about the time I got on to my legs again, the Lady's Adventure, a ship of four hundred tons, commanded by Capt. Mitchel Humble, had actually got into the sound or harbor. There was joy indescribable among the prisoners. My doctor, in order to raise my spirits, told me the ship had arrived to take us to our own country; that she would sail in two or three weeks, and that I must take the best possible care of myself, that I might go in her. A week or ten days passed away and I mended very slowly.

The ship before mentioned was bound to Boston, and in a week or two another was going to Philadelphia, and in a few weeks after a third would sail with the remainder of the prisoners for some port of the United States.

Finally the time arrived for the doctor to discharge from the hospital all that were sufficiently recovered.—Every man went to his own bed and sat until the doctor passed him. He passed by me with some pleasant ceremony. But I perceived he had not taken down my name. My heart almost sunk within me. I arose and followed him, and as he was about leaving the hospital, I said to him "Doctor, I believe you have not got my name." He replied, "God bless you, my son; it will never do for you to think of leaving the hospital in your situation. You are a more suitable person to enter a hospital than to leave one." "Sir," said I, "you promised me that I should go in this ship." Said he, "I was in hopes you would have been able to go in her, but you are so sick that it will never do: you would not live to get outside the Eddystone; there are four hundred or more going in her, and they will be so crowded, that you would die directly. I should be very happy to discharge you if I thought it would do. We have had such a hard time in raising you so far, that I should be very sorry to lose you now, and especially through imprudence.—You would never live to see America, and your blood would be on my head. There is another ship going in a week or two, have patience, and stay until she is ready, and by that time I am in hopes you will be strong enough

to go." "But, Sir," said I, "the other ship is going to Philadelphia, and I should be a great way from home." "No matter for that," replied the doctor, "you will be in your own country." "But, Sir," said I, "all my acquaintance and townsmen are going in this ship, and she is going near my home, and if I do not go in her, I shall never get home. I have a number of good friends up in the prison, who are going in this; I am sure they will take good care of me; but if they all go and leave me, I shall never get home." Uncle Lawrence, and twenty others were listening to the doctor and me, and as I turned my eyes toward uncle Lawrence, I saw the tears trickling down his manly face. The beloved doctor was in the same condition, and my readers must judge for themselves, how it was with me. Uncle Lawrence then spoke and said, "Doctor, I don't know but that you may as well discharge him, and as I am going in the same ship, if you will discharge him I will give you my word, that I will pay particular attention to him." "O well, well," said the doctor, "in that case, uncle Lawrence, I will venture to discharge him; for I can trust him in your care, and I hope he will do well, but if he dies, his blood must be upon his own head." "O, Sir," said I, (feeling almost well,) "the sea always agrees well with me, and I believe I should gain faster on board the ship than I should here." The good doctor placed my name on the list of the discharged, gave us the best wishes, and left us. The same day we were guarded from the hospital to the prison.

I shall now venture to detail some peculiar occurrences which I had heretofore resolved never to express either with my tongue or pen. But having receded from that determination, I shall narrate the circumstances as correctly as my memory will admit. When our company from the hospital entered the prison yard, the first of my townsmen who spoke to me was John B—r. He was a respectable young man, but rather profane, and at this time he had been drinking rather freely. As they were to leave the prison that afternoon, they allowed themselves some strong beer, which at any time might be had at the gate; and although most of them were

destitute of money, those who had it would supply the destitute, and indeed they were all lively and rather noisy, but this was not to be wondered at on the present occasion. John B—r accosted me as follows: "Why d—n ye, Sherburne, are you alive? We heard you were dead. Why I thought the d—l had got you before this time. We did'nt know tho' but that you might go to heaven. Why they said that Sherburne was as crazy as the d——l, down there in the hospital, and that he prayed like a minister. I don't know but that you might have gone to heaven."

If I had been detected in the grossest villainy, I should not have felt more mortified. I did not know that there was a creature in existence that had ever heard me pray; and was ashamed to have it known among my shipmates, that I prayed.

Such is the depravity of the human heart, that we are ashamed to have it thought that we have any true reverence for God or any regard for the eternal welfare of the immortal soul. I hurried out of Jack's sight as soon as possible, and began to reflect on the scenes through which I had passed in the hospital, and in addition to those which I have already related, the followiag came fresh into my mind.

I recollected that while in the hospital, I had the impression, that myself, and many others, were on an extensive bay of broken ice, some miles from the land; that myself and hundreds were making our flight toward the shore with great precipitation, springing from one piece of ice to another; some pieces seemed to be several yards in diameter, and others not more than a foot. In some instances the spaces were so great between the pieces that it required the utmost effort to leap from one to another: and to increase our distress, Satan was pursuing hard after us. I have no recollection of having seen him, but I have of hearing the shrieks of others whom he caught, and was every moment in fear of being caught myself. I did not dare to look behind me, lest it should retard my flight. It is utterly impossible to describe the terror I then felt. My strength was so much exhausted that it did not seem possible that I could much

longer continue my flight, and my foothold seemed more and more precarious, and to add to my affliction, the land was receding. Consternation and despair got hold on me: I thought if I could fly, I might possibly escape, and at the same moment I lifted my eyes, and in the air I saw a place of safety two or three hundred feet high; and at an angle of about forty-five degrees. But I had no wings unless I could substitute my arms for wings. Immediately my arms became wings, and I found myself fluttering and rising. The place which I beheld, was a sort of a cupola or gallery; the part towards me was of a simicircular form, in which was the appearance of three persons, apparently of angelic form, the middle figure or person rather advanced, and all appeared perfectly stationary. But I found myself by no means an artist at flying: however I continued to rise, and thought best to endeavor to shape my course so as to rise higher than this gallery, lest, in consequence of my awkwardness in flying, I should make some blunder and fall short of my desired object. I therefore rose several degrees above this object, and when I changed my course, it proved according to my fears, and I was beginning to sink, but this gallery left its station, and gently waved toward me, so that I just reached the foot between the middle person's feet. I seemed to myself to be quite a small animal. When I first began to exercise my wings and rise, my distress and fears began to subside, and my joy increased; yet I was not without fear, and when I began to come short, I began to despair; but when I obtained my object, I was perfectly happy. I felt something as I did when I landed on Cape St. Mary's, from the wreck of the Duchess of Cumberland.

For some time after John B. expressed himself as before related, I was very fearful that he or some other would bring the subject forward again; but I never heard any more of it.

The time was now come for us to embark for our native land, and the people generally were all life on the occasion. Some of them had been there more than six years. I felt quite revived on being discharged from the hospital; but after all could make out to walk but poorly,

with two small canes. With difficulty I made out to get to the water side, about twenty rods, but was unable to get on board the boat without help, and when we got alongside of the ship, my friends put me on board. My Portsmouth and Kittery friends released my good friend Lawrence, from his charge.

Capt. John Seward, Capt. Mark Firnald, Ephraim Clark, Aaron Goodwin, Mr. Bodge, and Nehemiah Weymouth, having some money, procured sea stores, viz. coffee, tea, sugar, &c. which together with the ship's allowance admitted of their living very well.—They very kindly took me into their mess, and promised to take care of me upon the condition that if I got able, I should wait on the mess: that was to boil tea-kettle, &c. I believe the ship did not lie in port many hours after we got on board, before we were under way for the land of liberty. My good friends took care of me, and I was very careful of myself, and found that I gained very fast; and in the course of a week was able to wait on the mess. This was only to boil the tea-kettle night and morning; and in a fortnight I was able to get to mast head. The ship's crew had but very little to do, for there were so many smart sailors among the prisoners, who had been so long confined, that it was diversion for them to work the ship.

We had not been out many days before there was a revolution on board. His Majesty allowed us only two-thirds allowance; but it was ascertained that there was a great plenty of provisions on board. The yankees were determined to have enough to eat, and there being a number of active officers among us, they and the sailors laid the plan, and at a certain signal being given, the men were to rush upon the quarter deck, and take the helm, and our officers were to inform the Captain that they had command of his ship. They made no resistance, nor would it have been of any consequence for them, for they were under forty, and there was something like four hundred of us. All that we requested was full allowance. And having obtained our purpose, the ship was given up to Capt. Humble again.

We had rather a long, though a very pleasant pas-

sage. The ship was ordered to Boston, but having fallen in to the east of Boston, and there being a large proportion of Marblehead men on board, they insisted upon going into Marblehead. Myself and my friend Wilds among the rest.

Thus by the mercy of God, we once more set our feet on the American shore, after having been absent about fifteen months. It was truly astonishing to me when I recapitulated and brought again to view, the various changing scenes through which I had passed since I first went on board the Greyhound. It was now about two years since I landed at Rhode-Island, from Charleston, S. C. I had then a guardian, but now I had none; and was moneyless, but I recollected that by Capt. Wild's recommendation, the crew of the Greyhound had appointed a Mr. Foster, of Salem, our agent. I inquired out the gentleman and found him in Salem, which adjoins Marblehead, where we landed. But Mr. Foster knew nothing of us personally, though our names had been returned to him as belonging to the crew of the Greyhound.

He was therefore inquisitive with us, for both Wilds and myself had entered the privateer after she left Salem. When in conversation with Mr. Foster, Mr. Tucker, who was first Lieutenant of the Greyhound, came in, (it is probable Mr. F. had sent for him,) and the conversation continued some time before either Wilds or myself recognised Lieut. Tucker; he being at this time genteelly dressed, he made a very different appearance from what he did when on board the privateer.

We learned by Lieut. Tucker that nothing was known of our fate since we left the privateer, and it was supposed that we were lost at sea. We also learned by him that the Greyhound after we left her had taken a valuable prize: a brig laden with English goods, stationary, and provisions, bound to Quebec; and that the said prize got safely into Salem, and the Greyhound was captured by the enemy, taken into Halifax, and the crew after a short confinement were exchanged, and all got home. Captain Tucker also informed us that the owners of the Greyhound had built another privateer

with the avails of their prize, which was worth as much again as the old Greyhound, and gave her the same name, and that she was at that time at sea.

Mr. Foster informed us that our share of the prize was sixty-three pounds sterling each, and that the goods had been divided according to the invoice. I had left a power of attorney with my mother, and she had employed my uncle Timothy Weymouth, (whom I have before mentioned) to draw my share of the goods and of the money for which the brig was sold. Wilds' father had also drawn his share; consequently there was nothing coming to us. However, Captain Tucker and Mr. Foster had the goodness to give us two or three dollars each to bear our expenses home.

We took our leave of our generous friends, and betook ourselves to our journey with a pleasure not easily described. We had been companions in our travels for about a year and a quarter, and had always been in perfect harmony and friendship, and had now about forty-five miles further to journey with each other; and having no other company, it came in course for us to review the various trying scenes we had passed together, and to anticipate the joys we shortly expected in meeting our friends.

My mother, brothers and sisters had despaired of ever seeing me again, until some of my shipmates who were ahead of me gave information of my being on the way home; so that I did not come upon them unexpectedly. I was, nevertheless, to them almost as one rose from the dead. But "each pleasure hath its poison." There was no intelligence of Thomas, and my mother's joys were mingled with pain, as my return excited a more anxious concern for her first born.

Wilds tarried a night with me; in the morning I accompanied him to the wharf, where he found a coaster going to Saco, which was within four miles of Cape Perpoise, where he lived. He went on board, and there we parted,—and have never met each other since.

CHAPTER V.

Shipped Boatswain of the Brig Scorpion--chased by British Frigate—Hove off deck load—Escape her—Goes to Guadaloupe—Chased by the Bee, a British privateer—Goes to Mount Saratt—Sails for Alexandria, Vir.—Chased by a frigate—Captured by the Amphion—Put on board the old Jersey—Sick on board hospital ship—on board a second hospital ship with his uncle--Went in a cartel to Newport, R. I.—Travels home a sick beggar.

I was at this time blessed with good health, and felt as though I had never been otherwise. It was now unspeakably pleasant to visit my several uncles, aunts and cousins, who had all despaired of ever seeing me again.

It would seem as if nothing could be more entertaining to my uncles and their children, than to hear Andrew's stories about a British man of war, shipwreck, imprisonment, &c. But this business would not do to live by. Andrew had now health and some ambition, and probably no small share of pride. Men who may have patience to read these pages, will remember that they were once boys.

It was now the question with me, what I should do. How "to dig," I had almost forgotten, and "to beg I was ashamed." There was a letter of marque brig of eight carriage guns, called the Scorpion, fitting out for the West-Indies, to be commanded by Capt. R. Salter; and my good friend Richard S. Tibbitts, who was my tutor in Mill Prison, was going one of the mates, and I had the offer of going boatswain, and the privilege of four thousand of lumber to the West-Indies, and as much as I wished from the West-Indies te Alexandria, in Virginia; and from thence to France, I was to have the privilege of two hogsheads of tobacco. The brig was soon ready for sea; and I must soon leave my mother and sisters again in tears. With eighteen hands we shaped our course for the West-Indies. We had been out about five days, and were descried by one of his most

gracious Majesty's frigates, which chased us from ten, A. M. to three, P. M. under what the sailors would call a stiff and increasing breeze, and though our brig was an excellent sailer, she rather gained upon us. We were, therefore, obliged to heave off our deck load, and then very easily escaped her.

Nothing especial befel us after this, until we arrived at Guadaloupe. Our Captain being dissatisfied with the market, shaped his course for Montserrat. The British cruisers at this time kept a sharp look out among the West-India islands for the Yankees, and as we went out of the bay, we discovered a brig which had concealed herself behind a point of land. She appeared to be in rather a careless situation, until we had got so far from the harbor, that she could intercept our retreat; she then began to make sale and gave us chase. We had a fresh breeze, and were running almost before the wind; the masts and spars of each vessel would about bear all the sail we could crowd upon them. It was an eventful period with us, for we saw that she was determined to come up with us, and we had every reason to believe she was an enemy, and that she had too many guns for us. I presume there never was a fairer chase.

I do not now recollect the distance from Guadaloupe to Montserrat, but be it more or less, she chased us from one island, even into the harbor of the other. The chase continued from eight or nine o'clock in the morning, until three or four, P. M.

Our pursuer was the brig Bee, mounting sixteen guns, and reputed a very fast sailer. She was within a mile of us when the chase began, and after having chased us several hours, a heavy squall, (in which she was obliged to douse a considerable number of her sails) brought her within forty rods of us, yet she did not fire a gun.

We had as many hands as were necessary to work our vessel, and I question whether there was ever a vessel worked in a more masterly manner.

The same squall which struck the Bee, in turn struck us also; but we having had opportunity to observe its weight and effect upon the privateer, were better prepared for it. We being in complete readiness, every

man having a perfect knowledge of his business—we took in our studding-sails, clewed up our topgallant-sails, and let run our top-sails, jib and stay-sails, and immediately commenced setting them again. The Scorpion now left the Bee as fast as the Bee had gained on the Scorpion in the time of the squall.

The Bee, notwithstanding, daringly continued her chase even into the harbor of Montserrat. The Bee kept French colors flying during the whole chase; but I am not certain whether we showed any colors. We ran as near the shore as we durst, and let go our anchor. She came within a hundred yards of us, wore ship and hailed us. While laying under our stern, broadside too, she had opportunity to have done us considerable injury, by raking us; but her commander had the humanity and generosity to refrain from injuring us, except to affrighten us, and more especially the French pilot and his boat's crew, who by this time had got on board, and seeing the Bee laying broadside to us, her ports up and guns out, were in expectation of receiving a broadside.

Some of them jumped below and others fell upon their faces, crying out "foutre d'Anglais." The Bee stood to sea again, under all the sail she could set.

The fort immediately commenced firing upon her, but she seemed to bid them defiance, by hauling down her French colors and displaying the English flag, and made her escape without receiving any injury.—This extraordinary chase and manœuvreing must have been highly interesting to a disinterested spectator.

This was my first voyage to the West-Indies; consequently there were new scenes presented to my view. It was appalling to my feelings, to see the hungry and almost naked slaves, toiling, and sometimes almost sinking under their burdens, and suffering the cruel scourges of their drivers. Some of them having iron collars about their necks, with a chain suspended from it: others with an iron collar, with four hooks, fifteen or twenty inches long each; one extending over each shoulder, one extending forward, and another behind. Others, again, with a heavy chain fastened to the leg; and in other in-

stances, two chained together. Their children in general were entirely naked. The men generally had no other clothing than a coarse apron, reaching nearly to their knees; and the females no other clothing than a kind of petticoat of coarse cloth. The females are frequently seen carrying a tub of water, or a large basket of fruit, or of bottles, upon their heads, so completely ballanced, as not to have occasion to put their hands to them.

Their oranges, pine apples, and other fruits, were to me a luxury indeed; but their water was by no means agreeable, and it was the advice of our officers, that we should drink none, without rum mixed with it.

As yet I had been very temperate. I had never been partial to grog; it was indeed offensive to me; but while working in the vessel's hole getting out lumber, and it being exceedingly warm, I perspired abundantly, and had frequently occasion to drink, so that by degrees, grog was less offensive to me, and I may say with propriety, that I never really loved it; but I could not say so with respect to punch.

I had been very hard to work one day, and had drank freely; in the evening I went ashore in the boat after the Captain and with my shipmates went up to a grocery and drank freely of punch, and to be in fashion, I took a lighted cigar and walked down to the beach; but felt very light headed. I felt very glad to get seated. The Captain was ready, and we pulled off to the vessel; I could handle my oar well enough, but found it rather difficult getting on board the brig. Mr. Tibbits noticed my situation, and the next day was careful to admonish me. I was not a little mortified at the thought of having been intoxicated, and resolved to guard against this destructive practice.

Having discharged our cargo, and taken the avails in West India produce, we shaped our course for Alexandria, in Virginia. I had on board a hogshead of rum, a barrel of sugar, and a barrel of limes. We met with nothing extraordinary, until we came near the coast of Virginia, we then experienced a dreadful gale of wind, in which we felt ourselves in jeopardy. We got down our top gallant yards and masts, and settled our top masts about the

middle of the day; about midnight the gale abated. In the morning, we had little wind but a heavy sea; and we discovered three large ships within a few miles of us, and perceived that they had experienced the effects of the gale as well as ourselves. We had no doubt that they were British men of war. They, as well as ourselves, got up topmasts, &c. They made sail, and gained upon us; the wind was light; the sea abated; but there was a very heavy swell.

Our vessel being much smaller than any of them, by pitching at every swell, deadened her way. They gained upon us quite fast. We very much feared we should fall into their hands. We were disposed to use every effort to escape them. We got out our long oars at about eight in the morning, and rowed all day; we did not leave off even to eat.

Our pursuers did not gain much upon us after twelve o'clock. When night came on, the wind increased to such a degree that our oars were no longer to be employed to advantage. We made all sail we possibly could, intending to stand on our course until ten o'clock, and then heave in stays, hoping thereby to aviod our pursuers. At ten o'clock we had quite a fresh breeze, and our Captain concluded to stand on until twelve. At twelve o'clock we hove about, and kept a bright look out until one, supposing that we had completely escaped our pursuers; and indeed we had, but they were not our only enemies.

At two o'clock we fell in with his Majesty's ship Amphion, of forty guns. We were standing directly for each other. As soon as we discovered her, we hove about; but all our endeavors to escape her were abortive, for we were within musket shot.

It is said of the ancient Amphion, that by the music of his harp he built the city of Thebes. The music of the modern Amphion, though not charming, was powerful: although she failed to bring us to by firing muskets, the discharge of a few of her heavy cannon accomplished her object. We were then within two days sail of our port, and we had fancied ourselves almost safe, but our hopes of a prosperous voyage were now all blast-

ed; our property gone, and we had no other prospect than that of taking up our quarters on board the old Jersey prison ship, in New-York harbor.

This was now the third time I had fallen into the hands of the enemy. I had but just escaped with my life from the two preceding imprisonments, and my prospects were more dubious than they had been before. It was now about the middle of November, 1782, about one year from the time I was released from the Fairy, in Plymouth sound. It being night, the sailors plundered us of every thing we did not hold fast in our hands. Our Captain, Mr. Tibbits, and three others continued on board the Scorpion, which was afterwards cast away, but I believe no lives were lost.

Thirteen of us were put on board the Amphion, and put down in the cable tiers under two decks, where we found near a hundred of our countrymen, who had fallen into their hands. We were very much crowded, and having nothing but the cables to lay upon, our beds were as hard and unpleasant as though they were made of cord wood, and indeed we had not sufficient room for each to stretch himself at the same time.

After about two weeks, (in which time we had a violent storm,) we arrived at New-York, and were put on board that wretched ship, the Jersey. The New-York prison ships had been the terror of American tars for years. The old Jersey had become notorious in consequence of the unparalleled mortality on board of her. She was said to have been rated and registered as a sixty-four gun ship, but had mounted seventy-four guns. She was moored in the East river, at or near a place called the Wallabout, on Long Island shore. Directly opposite, there was a high bank of loose sand. It used to be called the "Volley bank."

I will here give my readers an extract from an oration pronounced by Jonathan Russell, Esq. on the 4th of July, 1800, in the Baptist meeting-house, in Providence, Rhode-Island.

"But, it was not in the ardent conflict of the field only that our countrymen fell. It was not the ordinary chances of war, alone, which they had to encounter.

Happy indeed, thrice happy, were WARREN, MONTGOMERY, and MINER. Happy those other gallant spirits, who fell with glory in the heat of battle; distinguished by their country, and covered with her applause. Every soul sensible to honor, envies rather than compassionates their fate. It was in the dungeons of our inhuman invaders! it was in their loathsome and pestiferous prison-ships, that the wretchedness of our countrymen still makes the heart bleed. It was there, that hunger and thirst, and disease, and all the contumely which cold hearted cruelty could bestow, sharpened every pang of death. Misery there wrung every fibre that could feel, before she gave the blow of grace, which sent the sufferer to eternity. It is said that poison was employed. No—there was no such mercy there. There, nothing was employed which could blunt the susceptibility to anguish, or which, by hastening death, could rob its agonies of a single pang. On board one only of those prison-ships, above *eleven thousand* of our brave countrymen are said to have perished. She was called the *Jersey*. Her wreck still remains, and at low ebb, presents to the world its accursed and blighted fragments. Twice in twenty-four hours the winds sigh through it, and repeat the groans of our expiring countrymen; and twice the ocean hides in its bosom those deadly and polluted ruins which all her waters cannot purify. Every rain that descends washes from the consecrated bank the bones* of those intrepid sufferers. They lie naked on the shore, accusing the neglect of their countrymen. How long shall gratitude, and even piety deny them burial."

I entered the Jersey towards the last of November. I had just entered the eighteenth year of my age, and had now to commence a scene of suffering almost without a parallel. The ship was extremely filthy, and abounded with vermin. A large proportion of the prisoners had been robbed of their clothing. The ship was considerably crowded; many of the men were very low spirited; our provisions ordinary, and very scanty. They consisted of

*These bones were collected and interred by the Tammany Society, of New-York, in 1808.

worm eaten ship bread, and salt beef. It was supposed that this bread and beef had been condemned in the British navy. The bread had been so eaten by weevils, that one might easily crush it in the hand and blow it away. The beef was exceedingly salt, and scarcely a particle of fat could be seen upon it. The prisoners were divided into messes, and each mess made a division among themselves of the provisions which fell to them. The beef was all put into a large copper, perhaps five feet square and four feet deep. The beef would fill the copper within a few inches of the top; the copper was then filled up with water, and the cover put on. Our fuel was green chesnut. The cook would commence his fire by seven or eight in the morning, and frequently he would not get his copper to boil until 12 o'clock, and sometimes when it was stormy weather, it would be two or three o'clock. I have known it to be the case that he could not get it to boil in the course of the day. Those circumstances might sometimes be owing to a want of judgment in the cooks, who were freqently exchanged. Those misfortunes in the cooks, would occasion many bitter complaints and heavy curses from the half-starved, emaciated, and imperious prisoners.

Under those circumstances, each mess would take its meat, thus half cooked, and divide it among themselves, as it was. A murmur is heard, probably in every mess, and from almost every tongue. The cook is denounced, or perhaps declines any further service: another volunteers his services, and probably in a few days shares the fate of his predecessor. There was a company of prisoners who were called the working party: they used to go under a guard, to bring water, wood, provisions, &c. Those persons, as well as those who had served a certain time as cooks, were to be privileged by being first exchanged. There were three or four other old ships lying about the Jersey, which were used for hospitals, and the working party attended on them also.

When I had been about four weeks on board, to my astonishment, my uncle, James Weymouth, who was captured with me at Charleston, S. C. was brought on board. He also had been on a voyage to the West Indies, and

was captured on his return home. It was with emotions of deep regret, accompanied with some small degree of joy, that we met together on board this dismal ship. We had not seen each other since we were captured together in Charleston. I shall have occasion to speak hereafter of this man, on the list of my best friends, viz. Powers, Fox, Tibbits, and those other gentlemen before named, who bestowed so much care on me in Mill Prison, and on board the Lady's Adventure.

The British were at this time so strong at New-York, their frigates and other armed vessels were so numerous that they scoured our whole coast, and exceedingly annoyed our commerce. Some time in the first of the winter, they took the Chesapeake frigate of about thirty guns, (from Philadelphia, if I do not mistake) and think she had as many as three hundred hands. About the time her crew were brought on board, it began to be exceedingly sickly among the prisoners. The hospital ships began to be crowded. The Chesapeake's crew died exceedingly fast, for a large proportion of them were fresh hands, who had never been at sea before; they were out but a few days before they were taken, and the contrast between their modes of living, at home, and on board the Jersey, was so great, that it was thought from this circumstance they could not endure hardship so well as those who had been more inured to poor living. Our daily fare was this miserable salt beef and dry wormy bread; except once a week, we had a mess of what is called burgoo, or mush, (the Yankee would call it hasty pudding,) made of oat meal and water. This oat meal was scarcely ever sweet: it was generally so musty and bitter, that none but people suffering as we did could eat it. Most of the prisoners, however, had more or less money with them when captured, and there were boats from the city along side every day when the weather would admit, with various kinds of provisions to sell.

As long as one's money lasted, he could have better fare than his most gracious Majesty allowed him. I believe I had but five or six dollars when I was captured,

and with this small sum I endeavored to use the strictest economy.

There were large quantities of provisions brought from the city and sold to the prisoners, of the following description. The livers and lights of sheep, cattle, &c. were well boiled, chopped fine, seasoned with pepper and salt, and filled into the small intestines of those animals; and a piece from seven to nine inches long, sold to us for sixpence, York currency; that is, six cents and a fourth. The most of my money went for those meat puddings, and for bread.

Some time in January, 1783, I was taken sick, and sent on board one of the hospital ships. This circumstance occasioned a distressing scene, both to myself and my uncle. My money was entirely gone; my uncle had yet a few dollars: I think he gave me a dollar or two, and we parted, with little expectation of ever meeting again. The ship on which I entered was called the Frederick, and was very much crowded; so that two men were obliged to lie in one bunk. I was put into a bunk with a young man whose name was Wills; he belonged to Ipswich, in Massachusetts. The bunk sat fore and aft directly under the ballast port, opposite the main hatch way. Wills was a very pleasant young man; of a serious turn, and was persuaded he should not live. At this time my mind was very fluctuating, and occasionally deranged. My bed-fellow was running down very fast, but I was not at that time aware of it. We were obliged occasionally to lay athwart each other, for want of room: and I found the poor fellow very obliging and accommodating. He appeared to have his reason until he was speechless, and finally died stretched across me.

The death of a man in that place, and at that time, excited but little notice; for a day did not pass without more or less deaths. I have seen seven dead men drawn out and piled together on the lower hatchway, who had died in one night on board the Frederick.

There were perhaps ten or twelve nurses belonging to this ship, and I should say there were about one hun-

dred sick: the nurses lived in the steerage, and whatever property or clothing the deceased left fell into their hands. If the deceased had only a good head of hair, it was taken off by the nurses and sold. The depravity of the human heart was probably as fully exhibited in those nurses, as in any other class of men. Some if not all of them, were prisoners; and I believe they had some compensation from the British government for their services. They could indulge in playing cards, and drinking, while their fellows were thirsting for water, and some dying.

There were more or less of them among the sick the greater part of the day; but at night the hatches were shut down and locked, and there was not the least attention paid to the sick or dying, except what could be done by the convalescent; who were so frequently called upon, that in many cases they overdid themselves, relapsed and died.

After Mr. Wills, my bed-fellow was dead, I called to the nurses to take him away, as he lay partly across me, and I could not relieve myself: but they gave me very hard words, and let the dead man lay upon me half an hour before they removed him; and it was a great favor to me that they took away the blankets that was under us. I had now two blankets left me, a great coat, and a little straw within a sack, under me; but even with these, I suffered extremely with the cold. I have frequently toiled the greatest part of the night, in rubbing my feet and legs to keep them from freezing; and while I was employed with one, it seemed as if the other must absolutely freeze. I must then draw up the coldest and rub upon that; and thus alternately work upon the one and the other, for hours together: I was sometimes inclined to abandon them to their fate, but after a while I would feel excited to bestow a little more labor upon them. In consequence of those chills, I have been obliged to wear a laced stooking upon my left leg for nearly thirty years past. My bunk was directly against the ballast port; and the port not being caulked, when there came a snow storm, the snow would

blow through the seams on my bed. In one instance, in the morning, the snow was three or four inches deep upon my bed; but in those cases there was one advantage to me, when I could not otherwise procure water to quench my thirst. The provision allowed the sick, was a gill of wine, and twelve ounces of flour bread per day. The wine was of an ordinary quality, and the bread made of sour or musty flour, and sometimes poorly baked.

There was a small sheet-iron stove between decks, but the fuel was green, and not plenty; and there were some peevish and surly fellows generally about it. I never got an opportunity to set by it; but I could generally get the favor of some one near it to lay a slice of bread upon it, to warm or toast a little, to put into my wine and water. We sometimes failed in getting our wine for several days together: we had the promise of its being made up to us, but this promise was seldom performed. With the money which my uncle gave me, I sent ashore by one of the nurses, and bought a tin pint cup, a spoon, a few oranges, and a pound or two of sugar; but I question whether I got the worth of my money.—The cup, however, was of infinite service to me. We were always careful to procure our cups full of water before the hatches were shut down at night; but there was frequently a difficulty attending this: the water was brought on board in casks by the working party, and when it was very cold it would freeze in the casks, and it would be difficult to get it out.

The nurses had their hands full of employment generally by day, and often depended upon the convalescent to serve the sick with water. At the close of the day, a man would sometimes have half a dozen calling upon him at the same time, begging to be supplied. I was frequently under the necessity of pleading hard to get my cup filled. I could not eat my bread, but gave it to those who brought me water. I have given three days allowance to have one tin cup of water brought to me. I was under the necessity of using the strictest economy with my cup of water; restricting myself to drink such a number of swallows at a time, and make them very small: my

thirst was so extreme that I would sometimes overrun my number.

I became so habituated to number my swallows, that for years afterwards I continued the habit, and even to this day, I frequently involuntarily number my swallows. There was one circumstance which I must by no means forget. A company of the good citizens of New-York, supplied all the sick with a pint of good Bohea Tea, (well sweetened with molasses,) a day, and this was constant. I believe this tea, under God's Providence, saved my life, and the lives of hundreds of others. There was no person of my acquaintance on board this ship: some of our crew had gone on board some other hospital ship before I left the Jersey. In the first of my sickness I was delirious a considerable part of the time. I am unable to say what my sickness might be denominated; at any rate, it was severe.

The physicians used to visit the ship once in several days: their stay was short, nor did they administer much medicine. Were I able to give a full description of our wretched and filthy condition, I should almost question whether it would be credited. I have but little recollection about the state of my mind while on board this ship. This much, however, I still recollect; that I was fearful I should die, and that hell would be my portion. I prayed for mercy, and promised amendment of life, if God would spare me.

How justly do such wretches deserve the lowest hell, who being so frequently and so powerfully admonished, still persist in transgression.

It was God's good pleasure to raise me up once more, so that I could just make out to walk, and I was again returned to the Jersey prison ship.

My first object, of course, was to find my uncle. As I went below, all things looked melancholy. I inquired for, and found my uncle: but alas! he was sick—he was very sick, and was called to go on board the same boat that I had come in. We could not, therefore, be indulged with each other's company for five minutes. This was indeed an unspeakable treat to me: he seemed very much discouraged, and with tears in his eyes, he bade

me adieu, with little expectation of ever seeing me again in this world. I will leave my readers to judge of my feelings. Stephen Nichols, a lad about my age, was the only person I could find of our crew, and his circumstances were much like my own. He had been sick, and was at that time quite poorly, and low spirited. He informed me of the fate of Mr. Daniel Davis, our gunner; his feet and legs had been frozen; and finally, he was no more.

Nichols and myself were quite attached to each other. He was the son of Capt. Samuel Nichols, who was a brother to Capt. Ichabod, the owner of the Scorpion. We stalked about the decks together, lamenting our forlorn condition. In a few days there came orders to remove all the prisoners from the Jersey, on board of transports, in order to cleanse the ship. We were all removed, and directly there came on a heavy storm. The ship on which I went on board, was exceedingly crowded, so that there was not room for each man to lay down under deck, and the passing and repassing by day, had made the lower deck entirely wet. Our condition was absolutely distressing. After a few days we were all put on board the Jersey again. A large number had taken violent colds, myself among the rest. The hospital ships were soon crowded; and even the Jersey herself shortly became about as much of a hospital ship as the others.

In a day or two after my return to the Jersey, I was sent off again on board an hospital ship; (her name I have forgotten,) and on descending the main hatchway, the first person I noticed was my uncle Weymouth. We were in some sense rejoiced in meeting each other once more. We could indeed sympathize with each other in some degree, but our situation seemed very precarious. My uncle was very low spirited, but he was favored with his reason; and it pleased God to continue my reason while I remained on board this ship. In the space of a week, my uncle began slowly to amend: he had a most excellent head of hair, but it had become so entangled, that he despaired of clearing it, and gave it to a nurse for cutting it off.

While on board this ship, I had some trying scenes to pass through. A man who lay next me had been a nurse, but was taken sick, and had had his feet, and even his legs, frozen. I had several times seen them dressed: at length, while they were dressing his feet, I saw the toes and bottom of his feet cleave off from the bone, and hang down by the heel.

On board this ship, I found John and Abraham Fall, who were brothers. John was about twenty-three, and had a wife; Abraham was about sixteen; they were both of the Scorpion's crew, and were very sick. They laid at some distance from me; I could not go to see them, nor could they come to see me; they laid together.

One night Abraham made a great outcry against John, requesting him to get off from him. Some of the men who were near, swore hard at John, for thus laying on his brother. John made no reply: when the morning came, John was found dead, and Abraham but just alive; I believe he died the same day. Finally, there were but five out of thirteen of our crew who returned. The remainder left their bones there. I believe that a much larger proportion of some other crews died than of ours. For more than twenty years past, I have not known any person but myself, to be living, who sailed in the Scorpion, except Mr. John Stone, of Limington, county of York, Maine; and whether he is now living or not I cannot say. While I was confined with my uncle on board the second hospital ship, we had intelligence of *peace*.— This intelligence would have been joyful to us if we had been able to leave this dreadful place.

I have the impression that a considerable number of the prisoners were released from the Jersey some weeks before, but on what terms I cannot say. It was exceedingly trying to our feelings to see our shipmates daily leaving us, until our ship was almost deserted. We were however convalescent, but we gained exceeding slowly. There was a small schooner sent from Rhode-Island, as a private cartel, for the especial purpose of taking home some who belonged to that place, and the commander of our hospital ship had the humanity to use

his influence with the master of the cartel to take us on board, and to our unspeakable joy he consented. I think there were but seven or eight left on board the hospital ship when we left it, and I think the most of them were convalescent. On our departure we had to sign some kind of an instrument with a promise to report ourselves at the Commissary's office in Rhode-Island. We willingly bade adieu to the old Jersey and her hospital ships. For that time of the year we had a favorable passage down the sound to Rhode-Island. In the morning, before sunrise, we very gladly set our feet once more upon the land of liberty. We walked up to the Commissary's office and according to promise gave in our names as prisoners from the Jersey.

I must here beg the indulgence of narrating a circumstance which occurred on the morning of our landing at Rhode-Island. However trifling it may appear to others, it has left an indelible impression on my mind. As we were passing by a bake house, we saw a fine heap of fresh coals just drawn from the oven. We being quite chilled, went in to warm ourselves; we had not had the indulgence of such a favor the whole winter. While warming ourselves, the baker came running down stairs in haste, but noticing two such odd figures, he halted a while on the stairs. He approached us slowly, inquired whether we were from the prison ship, we answered in the affirmative. "Really," said he "you look as if you want some friend; are you not hungry? come go with me." He led us up stairs where his family resided.—I found myself so weak, that it was with difficulty I could ascend the stairs. I was obliged to reach forward and support myself by putting my hands on the steps like a child. Having entered the room we discovered a beautiful young lady with a young child upon her lap. The room was furnished in decent style, the floor carpeted, brass andirons, handsome furniture, and a nice looking young woman as an attendant. "My dear," said the gentleman, "can't you give these men some breakfast? they have come from the prison-ship." "O yes," said the lady, with a very sympathetic and modest air, and immediately gave directions to the girl to

make ready. The contrast was great between our present situation and our former abode, and between our apparel and theirs. "Come, sit down, sit down," said the gentleman, "and make yourselves as comfortable as you can; you must have had a hard time of it; you have been sick, but you have now got among your friends again." My conscience almost forbade my complying with his very friendly invitation. I therefore replied, "Sir, we are not fit to be where clean people are." "O never mind that," said the gentleman, "sit down, sit down." "But to tell you the truth, Sir, we are lousy!" "O well," said he, "if you should drop a few of them, we shall not be so bad off as you are; sit down, sit down."

The very modest and friendly deportment of this charming lady, deeply affected me, and I could not prevent the tears flowing freely from my eyes; for instead of shewing a haughty, disdainful temper, which some would on a husband's introducing a couple of dirty, lousy fellows, her deportment was the most amiable; and indeed if I had not seen the tears in her eyes I do not know that I should have shed any myself.

I scarcely know of any one circumstance of my life that has more frequently occurred to my mind than this. I have often, very often, said within, "a thousand blessings on thee rest."

That babe, if living, must now be more than forty-four years old. I very much regret that I do not know the name; I have never been on Rhode-Island since, but I believe if I were in that street again, I could point out the house. Our breakfast consisted of chocolate, ham, eggs, and warm bread directly from the oven. It was a consolation, that we had no other company at the table, for if there had been, it must have been offensive to them and mortifying to us.

For months we had not had one comfortable meal; our appetites were sufficiently keen, and we were now in danger of eating too much.

My uncle supposing that I had eaten as much as was prudent for me to eat at that time, gave me a jog as a hint for me to forbear. I perfectly understood him, but

as he continued eating, himself, I had the politeness to bear him company; and when he left off, I quit also. We could but say to our host and hostess, "we are quite obliged to you;" without in the least doubting but that we were as welcome as we were thankful.

Our next object was to get up to Providence. We were moneyless, but the master of the packet boat agreed to take our hammocks, which we had packed up and brought from the hospital-ship with us. It was nearly night when we arrived at Providence. We had each of us a dirty blanket, on which we depended for our bedding, as we should go through the country, for we did not indulge the thought of sleeping in a bed, in our condition. We had a few articles of clothing and having rolled up our blankets for packs, and strung them to our backs, we stepped on shore. We had now about a hundred miles to travel before we could get home. We stalked up the street, in Providence, querying where we should find a lodging. We could not but exult in the thought that we had once more set our feet upon the land of liberty, beyond the reach of British oppression.

We had not walked twenty rods from the wharf, when passing a druggist's shop, the gentleman standing in the door hailed us. "Where are you from, friends, from New-York?" "Yes, Sir." "Don't you want some refreshment? stop in at that gate and go into the house." We went into the kitchen, and the gentleman met us with a bottle and a glass in his hand, gave us a cordial, and ordered some victuals on the table, and requested us to eat. Having refreshed ourselves, we thanked our benefactor, and went on our journey.

We had gone but a few rods, when a gentleman met my uncle, who was a few rods forward of me, and viewed him very closely; and after passing him looked round upon him; he then cast his eye upon me and looked steadily until he passed me and looked back upon me also. He having passed me several rods, he turned quickly and followed me, and put a dollar into my hand, saying, "You are from New-York, I suppose—here, divide this between you." He turned again in haste and

left me; he would hardly hear me say, "I thank you." I thought he seemed half inclined to give something to my uncle when he met him, as he had his hands in his small clothes' pockets, and he seemed much inclined to bestow something on me when he passed me.

I verily thought that there was a contest in his bosom between *charity* and *covetousness*, and at length charity prevailed. This I also considered as an interposition of Divine Providence.

We walked perhaps half a mile, the sun was near setting, we thought it time to try for a lodging: we calculated only to lie upon the floor, by the fire. I called at a door and knocked: a young woman came to the door, looking quite astonished. I asked her whether we could be permitted to lay by their fire that night? She gave me no answer, but exclaimed, "Mother, I really believe these men came from the same place where Jack Robinson did." The old lady came rushing into the entry, followed by one or two more well grown girls, and began rapidly to question us. After answering a few of her questions, I began to urge some of my own; and in the first place was inquisitive to know where this Jack Robinson lived; for as soon as the girl mentioned his name, I recollected that there was a lad of that name (if I am not mistaken in the name) came down in the cartel. Though we had no acquaintance with him, I had the impression that if we could find him, we should be sure of a good harbor for that night. They pointed us to the house, it was but a few rods distant. We almost broke away from the good woman and her girls, and called at old Mr. Robinson's shop door. He was a hatter. The good man came to the door himself, and as soon as we enquired if Jack Robinson lived there, the old gentleman exclaimed, "God bless you! why here is some more of them—why he is my dear son; come in, come in. Why Jack has just got home; we thought he was dead; we heard he was dead; we never expected to see him again. Come in, you dear souls, come in." He was a little old gentleman, and wore a small black wig; the tears ran freely down his cheek. His heart and his house were open to receive us; his wife and daughters were equally friendly. Jack was as

lively as a bird, for he had not been sick. By this time the sun was down, and we were sufficiently tired to lie down.

It was now a question how and where we should lodge. The old man was for having us get into bed. We refused, and requested that the carpet should be taken away, and that we might lie down before the fire with our blankets. "O no," said Mr. R. "you must go to bed." "Why, dear Sir, we are lousy." "O well, so was Jack; we have all his clothes out in the garden; I don't know that he will ever wear them again." "Just let us lie on the floor, by your fire, and it will be a more comfortable lodging than we have had since last fall." (It was now the last of March.) The old gentleman consented, but he would not agree that the carpet should be removed. In the morning after breakfast we took our leave of the good man and his happy family.

The next day I believe we did not get on more than three or four miles, and one day we got on but about one mile. The weather was cold and we very sensibly felt the consequences of eating too freely. I recollect that we called at Dr. Man's tavern, and his sons gave us some money.

Within about ten miles of Providence, we called at a large red house, on the left hand side of the road. We wished to know whether we could stay over night, and found that we could, but that we must expect to pay for our entertainment. It just now occurs to my mind, that we had been inquiring where we could get some horses to take us along, for we made such slow progress that we were quite discouraged. We found that we could get horses at this place. The old gentleman was a wealthy farmer, he had two sons who were bachelors; they were not very bright men, but I think they were exceedingly fond of money. I believe there were one or two maiden ladies in the family, and I perfectly recollect there was a family of negroes.

We were plain enough to tell them our situation; we only wished to lie by their kitchen fire. The landlady furnished us with a frugal supper. She dealt out

to us our portion much more sparingly than did the baker, the apothecary or the hatter. In the course of the evening we contracted with the old man and his son to take us to a village, whether Walpole, Attleborough, or Dedham, I cannot now say, but I think that the distance was about twelve miles.

I had with me a new duck frock, which was worth a dollar or more; this, with the money which the young men at Dr. Man's gave us, would pay our fare at this place, and our horse bill, &c.

After the family had all retired except the negroes, the old black woman began in a whisper to be very inquisitive to know whether the negroes were to have their liberty. She had some such intimations and hoped that that would be the case.

She had a family of children, some of them pretty well grown; she told how faithfully she had served her "masser and missey, and how deblish covetous they were. They would starve de poor negro; that old masser and young massers had money enough and were afraid to lay out a copper; that de poor negro had to steal de bittles, or else dey would starve." The old woman had granted herself the liberty to procure and lay aside some provisions for herself and children's supper. After the family were asleep, she got some supper and made us welcome to take some with her, and we were very willing to accept her offer.

In the morning we mounted our horses and pursued our journey. I rode a small gentle beast, but I could not bear that it should go out of a walk. An old bachelor went on with us to take the horses back. We went quite slowly, and the old fellow was anxious to hurry us a little, in order that he might return in season. We were obliged frequently to dismount.

In the course of the day he gave my horse a clap and started it on a trot. It seemed as if it would take my life away; in a moment I doubled down upon the saddle, caught hold of the reins under the neck and checked the horse as soon as possible.

As soon as I recovered my breath, I assailed the old fellow with such a volley of hard words in seaman's dia-

lect, that he turned pale. He no more attempted to drive my horse. When we arrived at the village it was late in the afternoon. There was a town meeting there that day, and of course there were many there who did not live on the great road, and were not accustomed to see such objects pass their doors. I saw none that appeared to be intoxicated, but a number, and indeed most of them appeared to be a little merry, nor would it be much wondered at, for this I presume was the first town-meeting they had had since the joyful news of peace. Here were many old men, who for the last seven years had assembled in town-meetings, when dark clouds were brooding over the nation.

They formed a circle round us and were inquisitive to know how we had fared, &c. We answered them while the bowl was going round, but not at our expense, for we were very cautious about drinking, and if we had been more so about eating, it would doubtless have been in our favor. At length an old patriot made a motion that a little contribution should be made to assist us on our way home. A handful of silver change to the amount of two or three dollars was collected, and the londlord on his part, would give us our supper and lodging in his bar-room, &c.

I well recollect one circumstance that occurred before we got to Boston. I think that it was in Roxbury, we called at an elegant house to warm and rest ourselves a little; the good lady came into the kitchen richly dressed: (she had company from Boston to dine with her that day) "Bless me!" said she, "why where did these poor creatures come from? why you must be in a suffering condition; don't you want something to take? do get some wine for them, get me some eggs, let them take an egg with a little wine, it will be comforting to their stomachs. They must have some victuals to eat; girls, do set the table." My uncle had had a violent pain in one of his eyes, and lost the sight of it for a while. This good woman pitied him very much on that account; prescribed for him, and had it bound up. Her table was bountifully furnished with roast turkey, &c.

We had many good wishes bestowed on us by this

friendly lady; and went on our journey. When we got to Boston we called on Mr. Drown and received every attention we could wish. I should say that he was not in affluent circumstances, he had suffered in his estate by the British while they held Boston. He was between seventy and eighty years of age, and a high whig. The old gentleman said he was born fifty years too soon to see the glory of America. He did not suffer us to depart moneyless. I believe he called upon some of his friends to assist, and furnished money sufficient to bear our expenses home, and we had yet most of the money that was given us at the town-meeting.

We hired horses to take us on by short stages, and when we got to Hampton falls, I had to part with my uncle. I had then about fifteen miles to journey, and he about twenty, to take him to Epping. My brother Samuel, (who was twenty months younger than myself) hearing that I was on the road, met me some miles from home and I was supplied with a horse, but I could not bear that a horse should go out of a walk.

Thus it pleased God once more to return me to an afflicted mother. She wept most bitterly to see her poor emaciated son. She was yet a mourner for Thomas, her first born. My dear sisters were all affection.

My brother Samuel took me into another room to divest me of my filthy garments, wash and dress me. He having taken off my clothes and seen my bones projecting here and there, he was so astonished that his strength left him. He sat down on the point of fainting, and could render me no further service. I was able to wash myself and put on my clothes. Having indulged my friends with a little conversation, I must retire to bed, and I believe I did not set up again an hour at a time for twenty days. The next day Dr. Ammi R. Cutter was sent for, who paid every attention to me in his power.

I have before mentioned this philanthropist. It is surprising how I could have performed such a journey under such circumstances; not having strength to raise myself over a door step, without a cane or supporting myself in some other way; constantly afflicted with a severe diarrhœa; and soon as relieved from such toil, cleansed

and put into a good bed, that I should so relapse. I was also extremely peevish. As soon as Mrs. Fall, (whose sons, John and Abraham, died on board the hospital ships,) heard of my arrival, she called on Miss Jane Muchamore, (who afterwards became my wife,) to accompany her, and called to see me. I was very unwell. She enquired very particularly about them; and I told her every particular which prudence allowed. The poor woman was in an agony. She almost fainted. She was a widow; I think that her husband died about the time that my father did. My mother and all present sympathized with her; she seemed almost bereft of her reason. She queried whether it could be possible they were *both* dead; and asked me many questions over and over again; at length I made some petulant reply and this very much distressed me; I could hardly forgive myself in a long time. The poor woman made several attempts to withdraw, but it seemed as if she could not leave me. As the spring advanced, I began to amend, but very slowly.

CHAPTER VI.

Sails in the Sloop Randolph for the West-Indies—Short of provisions—Arrives at Portsmouth—Trip to Dover—Sails in the ship Lydia, Capt. R. S. Tibbits, who was his tutor in Mill Prison—Sails to Wilmington, N. C.—Escape from an Algerine galley—Lisbon—St. Ubes—Gales of wind—Short allowance—Trying time on the coast—Arrives at Portsmouth.

The war being now ended, there were more seamen than the merchants had occasion to employ; and of course seamen's wages were very low. For a while I turned my attention to fishing; my strength was not sufficiently restored to attempt to take hold on farming; and indeed there were but few farmers able to hire.

I had proposed to doctor Cutter, to do some work for

him, as I had no other way of paying his bill. I went to work for the doctor; he had some gardening and some farming to do. I continued seven or eight months in his service; he paid me my wages, and would never take any thing for doctoring me.

In the spring of 1785 I went a voyage to the West-Indies, on board the sloop Randolph, commanded by Capt. Samuel Gardiner; the vessel was owned by his brother, William Gardiner, Esq. We had a very long passage of more than sixty days. We discharged our cargo at Trinidad. On our return we touched at Barbadoes and at St. Eustatia, to purchase provisions, for our passage out was so much longer than usual, that we had exhausted our provisions. They being very high, the Captain put to sea from St. Eustatia with a scanty supply, and before we got in we came to very short allowance.

In coming on the coast in November, we had several heavy storms, and being rather weak handed, we were much exposed, and in several instances I narrowly escaped being hove overboard. This sloop was about one hundred tons and was very unhandy to work; there were but four hands before the mast. We arrived at Portsmouth some time in November, having been more than two weeks upon very short allowance.

I purposed not to go to sea again that winter, but to allow myself some little pastime in visiting my friends. Soon after my return, I made a visit to Newington, (which adjoined Portsmouth) to spend a little time with my uncle Furber, who married my father's sister. He was an independent farmer, a very humorous man, was pleased with my company, and was highly entertained in hearing me tell over my adventures, &c. His only son Jethro, was about my age, his eldest daughter Phebe, had recently married a Mr. Woodman Coleman, of Dover. Mary was about to accompany me on a visit to Mr. Coleman's and invited Mrs. Hannah Nutter to accompany us. We walked to Fox point, which is a half a mile above the celebrated Piscataqua bridge, (this bridge, however, was not built until some years after) with a design to procure a canoe: I obtained one about twelve feet long and we set off. The river being more than a half a mile

across at the place just below where the Exeter river forms a junction with Durham river. We had got one third of the way over, when I discovered a heavy snow squall coming down the Durham river, and a small schooner coming down in it, scudding under the head of her foresail. I saw but little chance for us; I did not apprise the girls of our danger, but I paddled with all my strength so as to get in the wake or range of Goat Island, which lay near the middle of the river, over which, the aforesaid bridge now lies. We were a quarter of a mile above this island when the squall struck us. I was careful to put away in season, and was very glad to find that by my exertions, I had brought the island dead to leeward.

After I had put away for the Island, I never lifted my paddle out of the water; but with the utmost caution steered my little ship until she had struck. We had shipped considerable water, and had the distance been greater, we must have sunk. The weather was pleasant when we set off from the shore, nor was there any appearance of a squall.

The ground was now covered with snow, and we were all wet and cold: but there happened to be one small house upon the island, and we were kindly received, and having warmed ourselves, the weather became pleasant, we pursued our voyage and had a pleasant time. We very narrowly escaped with our lives; those who saw us from the shore had no hope of us, and the schooner that passed us, could have afforded us no relief. I am filled with astonishment, when I consider how many dangers the Lord has brought me through.

I spent a considerable part of this winter with my cousin, Jethro Furber, in company with Mr. John Coleman, studying navigation, and the art of surveying.

In the spring, I shipped on board the ship Lydia, commanded by my old friend, Capt. R. S. Tibbits, bound to North-Carolina, then to Lisbon. Mr. G. Horn was first mate, and Mr. John Brear second mate. We went to Wilmington, N. C. and took on board a cargo of planks, staves, pitch, tar and turpentine. In Wilmington, I was quite unwell for a time, but on going to sea, I recovered.

Nothing uncommon occurred, until we made the land on the coast of Portugal. We stood along the coast under easy sail; it being towards night, we did not wish to approach very near the land. The weather was very pleasant and the wind light.

The Algerines at this time were committing depredations on our commerce. It was but little before this, that Capt. O'Brien had been taken, who, with his crew, were in slavery among them a number of years. We were in some fear of them, and kept a bright look out. I had gone below at twelve o'clock and turned in, but was not yet asleep. I thought I heard the distant sound of a human voice; the Captain was on deck, and busy in talking. I heard the sound again, and began to feel alarmed, and was turning out, but discovered that they heard the sound on deck, and were listening, and looking out. The sound neared us fast; all hands were immediately on deck; there was now no question but the sound was from an Algerine galley, which was by this time within fifty yards of us. She hailed in several different languages, and Capt. Tibbits having the helm, (there being a plenty of work for every one else,) gave them indirect answers. Never were people more alarmed than we were now. Never did a crew make sail quicker: we set our topgallant-sails, hauled our wind a little, and got out our studding-sails, &c. and by this time our pursuer was within twenty yards of us. She feigned herself in distress, and designed thereby to decoy us. She had laid under the land, without having any sail set, and by that means could not be discovered by us before night; while at the same time she could very plainly discover us, and having ascertained how we were standing, shaped her course to run athwart our fore foot, (as the sailor would say;) but she being to leeward, was obliged to depend upon her oars. She had designed, no doubt, to have boarded us, but when she saw that we were likely to shoot by her, endeavored to decoy us.

She did not show a rag of sail until she had completely gained our wake, and then began a chase with a full press of sail. But our ship being an excellent sailer, we soon began to leave her. And thus, by the mercy of

God, we escaped capture and slavery. She chased us but a very little while, and finding she was no match for us in sailing, gave up the chase, took in her sails, and we soon lost sight of her. The next day we got into Lisbon, and reported the circumstances of this chase.—There immediately went out a government brig in pursuit of her, but I did not not understand that she ever found her.

We had now got to Lisbon, the capital of a kingdom, where there are many interesting things to be seen. Had I the ingenuity of Carter, and possessed his powers of description, I could write a few pleasant pages in a description of Lisbon: but this I must leave to abler hands, and barely notice a few particulars, which to myself were somewhat interesting. I had heard of the destruction in Lisbon by earthquakes. Our ship lay near a large castle, surrounded by water. It was said to have been sunken; and in our boat we frequently passed over those places which were said to have been sunken. With peculiar solemnity, I noticed some places on shore, where there were evidently the tokens of that calamity.

The market square excited my curiosity. It was astonishing to see the vast quantity of fruit: hundreds of wagon loads were piled here and there: grapes of different kinds, were abundant; as well as figs, oranges and lemons. I have seen companies of hundreds of females at once, riding on jacks, with large hampers slung on each side, filled with fruit, going to the market. It was equally curious to walk in the fish market, and see the great variety and abundance of fish. The fishermen, I believe, generally had their families in their boats; and I question whether they had any other habitation. In their boats, they had a small tub, with some gravel in it; and a small iron grate, in which they placed their coal for fire, and cooked their fish in earthen pots. When they came from selling their fish in the market, they would bring large water melons under their arms. These melons they used for bread, and ate them with their stewed fish. I perceived that they also made free use of raw onions; but I did not see them have any bread, or any other vegetable at their meals. Many of these

onions were very large: some of them as large in circumference as a common saucer, and not more than an inch and a half thick. They were very mild, much more so than any I ever ate in America.

I was very much surprised, when, with some of my shipmates, I entered a street which was called Rag Fair. The shops were altogether clothing shops, and occupied by Jews. The moment one enters this street, his attention is arrested by the vociferations of the seed of Israel, standing in their shop doors on either side of the street, beckoning to you, &c. with almost all kinds of gestures; endeavoring to win your attention, and get you into their shops. As you approach the door of one, you are surrounded by half a dozen of his neighbors, using their endeavors to get you into their shops. He who succeeds, is exceedingly accommodating. You are shown articles in abundance, and this and the other is shown you, and urged upon you, and cheapened again and again, and it is almost impossible to get away without buying something: and on your leaving that shop, you are met at the door by several others, who use all their endeavors, pulling you by the clothes, to get you into their shops; and you feel happy to escape their importunities, and get into the street again. We several times passed this street, for no other purpose than to see those antic fellows display their talents.

One evening, about sunset, as I was going on board the ship, I saw perhaps fifty men carrying a large cable upon their shoulders; and when a certain bell began to ring, a considerable number of the men left their burden to others, and for the space of a minute attended to their devotions, crossing themselves, telling their beads, &c. I could but notice how patiently the others stood under their burden, until the worshippers returned.

The streets in general were very narrow, but there was here and there a kind of open square, and at one of the largest in the city, at a certain corner, the Blessed Virgin, in wax, as large as life, was placed about ten feet from the ground, inclosed in glass, with the infant Savior in her arms.

All the Portuguese, whether gentle or simple, when

they passed by on the side where the image was, were careful to take off their hats. I carefully avoided passing near her. At one time I observed a funeral procession behind me, and having the curiosity to examine it, I stepped into a shoemaker's shop; but before I was aware, there was a fellow fumbling about my head, with a long pole; he nearly uncapt me, and would have succeeded had I not put my hand to my head and held it on. This circumstance only caused him to be more resolute; and he gave me some pretty hard thumps on my head. The man of the shop gave me the hint to take off my hat, which I immediately did, and the fellow desisted thumping my head. I ascertained that it gave them great offence if one had his head covered in presence of their sacred images and pictures which preceded a funeral procession. I shall narrate one circumstance more and finish with Lisbon. I being on the square near the market, noticed a collection of people. I had the curiosity to see what it meant. I drew near and observed a dead corpse lying on a bier, with a bald headed friar standing at the head, in a very grave and apparently solemn tone, repeating over and over again a long sentence in an unknown tongue.

There was a large earthen basin on the stomach of the corpse, which was a female. Her bosom was bare, and just above the left breast there had been a very deep wound inflicted with a large knife. It was more than two inches in length and near the same in width. It was a mortal thrust. The priest and Portuguese who stood round about, looked sad. I saw that one and another would drop a little change into the basin, which contained probably two or three dollars. The priest appeared to me to be soliciting the people to give.

These affairs wanted some explanation, and it was natural that we should inquire what all this meant. We were informed that it was the husband of this woman who had committed this horrid act; that he suspected his wife's chastity; and it seems he had some cause. As she was walking in the evening with another man, he followed them undiscovered, and as he passed by on the left hand of his wife, with a large knife, which was con-

cealed in the sleeve of his coat, he gave her the deadly thrust. It was said the murderer fled to the church, and put his finger into the key hole, which act protected him. Whether the money was to pay her funeral charges, or to pay the priest for getting her soul out of purgatory, or for any other purpose, I shall not undertake to say.

We took in a part of our cargo at Lisbon, and had to go to St. Ubes for the remainder, and were with a number of other vessels convoyed off the coast by a Portuguese frigate. On our passage to America, we had several heavy gales of wind, and our ship being very heavily laden with salt, laboured exceedingly. As we approached the coast, late in November, we had heavy winds against us, and were several times driven back, split our sails, got very short of provisions and fuel, shipped many heavy seas, our quarter boards were stove, our caboose was carried overboard, and our long boat several times knocked out of her chocks.

I had on board two boxes of chocolate, which I had carried for an adventure; but the duties were so high in Lisbon, that I could not sell it to any advantage. I found a market for it on our passage home, and it seemed to be the means of saving both the ship and our lives, for we were reduced to less than a quarter allowance of provision, and we used to have a pint of chocolate twice a day. Our ship was so heavy laden that in bad weather we had to pump, to keep her free. At one time in a heavy gale, she leaked so much, we almost despaired of ever freeing her, and were very fearful that in a few hours we should all make our graves in the ocean; but God was graciously pleased to preserve us, and bring us once more into our much desired haven.

Shortly after our arrival, my uncle James Weymouth made us a visit at Portsmouth. He had not been at sea since our imprisonment on board the Jersey. He had bought a lot of good new land in the plantation of Francisborough, (now the town of Cornish.) He was an uncommonly stout man; he had not been on board the Jersey so long as myself, by nearly two months, nor was his constitution materially injured.

He had made rapid progress in clearing his farm, and

was one of the richest settlers in the place. He insisted much on my making him a visit and spending the winter with him. He thought my education quite sufficient to keep a country school, he did not doubt but that he could get one for me. I was rather reluctant in complying with his request; but as he insisted that I must make a visit at least, I promised I would come and see him in the course of four or five weeks, but would not promise any further. Heretofore I had been tolerably temperate for a sailor of those times. There had been few instances in which I had been disguised with ardent spirits. There were several young men in Portsmouth with whom I was particularly intimate; and we had got into a habit of drinking quite too much; although we did not get drunk. This circumstance alarmed me, for I found it to be a growing evil, and resolved on a reformation, but yet continued the practice with the determination that this should be the last time. But while continuing to associate with those comrades, it was very difficult to forbear. It is too often the case among sailors, that when one proposes a reformation, he is ridiculed and combatted by his shipmates, and they use greater exertions to increase his corruptions than they would have done had he made no proposal for a reformation.

It seemed to be a gracious providence in my favor, that at this time, I should leave Portsmouth for the country. Cornish lies in the state of Maine, (then district of Maine) on the west side of Saco river, in the county of York, about thirty miles from the sea, and fifty-five miles from Portsmouth.

CHAPTER VII.

Goes into the country by the solicitations of his Uncle—Embraces Universalism—Reproved for using profane language—Reformation in Cornish—Religious impressions—Reads the New Testament—The preaching of Doct. Hezekiah Smith—Becomes more anxious—Mr. Thomas Lord, an old shipmate—Goes to New-York to settle his naval account—Visits Limerick—Entertains a hope in Christ.

I set out for Cornish probably after the middle of January, 1786. I was resolved to drink no ardent spirits, for I was not a little troubled that I had made so free with it. I had heretofore stood high in the estimation of my acquaintance, and had been much applauded for the attention I had paid to my mother and her family, and was not a little pleased at having a good name.

I was not so much perplexed about the concerns of my soul as I had been when in the storms at sea, in sickness, &c. for I had endeavored to persuade myself that all men would eventually be saved; and ventured to declare myself an Universalist; yet I had never attempted to examine into that system, nor indeed had I attempted to investigate any other. From my own folly and ignorance, I now think I can understand the want of caution in others, who in so many instances, like myself, have become sticklers for this or the other system, which they have never seriously, carefully and prayerfully investigated. I arrived at my uncle's on the morning of the third day after I left Portsmouth. He was very glad that he had succeeded in getting me into the country, and was determined to keep me there if he could, although he had not yet disclosed to me his purpose. I found him keeping bachelor's hall, in a decent log cabin; he cooked for himself, but got his washing done by some of his neighbors. At cooking I was probably his superior, having had much more experience in that business while I was a waiter to officers.

I had but a small school, principally of young men,

and the principal branch which I taught was arithmetic, in which I was tolerably well versed. My uncle had a large team of oxen, a cow or two, and a number of young cattle. I had made my calculation to return to Portsmouth in the spring, and go to sea again. My uncle remonstrated against the measure; seamen's wages were low at that time. Probably our treaties of commerce were not sufficiently digested, to satisfy the merchant as to the measures which he should pursue. Our country was just emerging from the state of confusion which was occasioned by the war. The present constitution was not then adopted, and our principal capitalists were cautious about risking their property in navigation.

Those merchants who were concerned in navigation, rarely made suitable provision for their vessels. The two last voyages I had been, we suffered extremely for provisions. The vessels and our lives were much in danger, in consequence of those vessels not being well found. But it is well known that the yankees will run great risks, and that common seamen are generally too inconsiderate, and there were more of this class at that day than the merchants could employ. These subjects, however, were not taken into view by me at that time. It seemed to me that I must plod along in the way to which I was most habituated.

My uncle observed to me that no man was more to be pitied or more despicable than an old worn-out sailor. He argued that my constitution was much impaired already, that I could not stand it long to follow the sea, and insisted that I should continue with him. He knew that I could not do half of a land-man's labor, but he offered to give me full wages, and even as much as I could get at sea. Eventually I concluded to continue with him that season, but I did not relinquish the idea of going to sea again.

In the month of March, Mr. Simon Johnson, whose wife was my uncle Weymouth's sister, moved from Epping, in New-Hampshire, into my uncle's house with us, and in April, my brother Samuel came from Portsmouth; and hired with my uncle Weymouth. My brother was twenty months younger than myself, and it was

not a little mortifying to me, that he and every other man should so much out do me in work.

I had not suspected myself of being behind the stoutest of sailors. I had considerable strength, but I did not know how to employ it in this new business, and although the sailor is called to great exertions, those exertions are generally but for short spells. My uncle was aware of my infirmities, and frequently cautioned me not to try so hard to do as others did; and would set me about the easiest work. I had not yet relinquished swearing, but I found very few to join me in this presumptuous practice.

One of my scholars, a young man about my age, was considerably habituated to it. I was one day in company with some old men, and inadvertantly made use of some profane expressions. One asked me what authority I had for using such expressions. I was speechless, and exceedingly mortified; and perceiving that it hurt their feelings, I was determined to forsake the pernicious practice. From that day I abandoned that vice without difficulty, but rather from a principle of politeness, than from a principle of piety.

Peter, a servant of Jesus Christ, required of his Christian brethren, that they should always be ready to give to any one who should ask them a reason of the hope that was within them, with meekness and fear.

I have already, in a number of instances, spoken of some of the impressions and exercises of my mind, on the subject of religion, and the events of Divine Providence, dependance on God, and the responsibility of his rational creatures. I shall now, as briefly as is practicable, narrate some of the most peculiar interpositions of Divine Providence, which excited in me an anxious concern for the salvation of my soul.

In the spring of the year after I went to Cornish, I heard my uncle say "there was an awakening among the old professors, and that Mr. J. C—'s mind was in trouble about preaching." This language was not familiar to me, and I hesitated for a moment before I could comprehend him. I do not know that I had ever heard the term "professors" before, applied to a relig-

ious character: nor did I know that there had ever been a person whose mind had been in trouble about preaching. I felt rather disposed to trifle with the expressions; but they nevertheless, occasioned me many reflections. I observed that the heads of families in general were sedate, but did not know that there was a professor of religion among them, nor did I hear any swearing.

I soon ascertained that they had meetings for prayer, &c. but their meetings at first were not public. They however soon became public, and preachers began to come among them.

I was perfectly astonished when I first saw their preachers. They were dressed in coarse country cloth, nor did there appear any distinction between them and the men in general.

I had never before, except once at Chichester, heard any preaching, except from the pulpit, nor had I ever seen a preacher without a black coat, cocked hat, and a band; and frequently had not heard a sermon in several years; and probably paid very little attention to what I did hear. I was told that those people were Baptists, but I had no idea of what a Baptist was, and was desirous to know wherein they differed from others. The most I could ascertain was that they denied infant baptism, or sprinkling to be a gospel ordinance.

This rather disquieted me, for I had been sprinkled in my infancy, and at times it afforded a kind of consolation to me. Not long after this I had some conversation with an old gentleman who was a Baptist, and inquired of him why it was that they should disapprove of infant baptism? He told me that the gospel did not require it. He said, moreover, that baptism was a gospel ordinance, but that immersion or dipping, was the mode. The man seemed candid, but I did not feel so myself. I felt rather indignant, and viewed the Baptists as a deceived and conceited people. I was by no means equal in talking upon the scriptures with this old gentleman, and therefore determined within myself that I would carefully read the New Testament through, not in the least doubting, but that I should find sufficient proof in my favor; for I had never before this, had the

least intimation that there was any dispute about baptism. From this time I paid particular attention to the New Testament. I began it, and read with unusual attention, with a design to prove infant baptism from the scriptures.

It was my intention to notice with great care those passages that spoke of infant baptism; and in the course of my reading I paid particular attention to those texts which are generally urged in support of infant sprinkling, but I was very desirous to find something positive on the subject, and having read the Testament through, and taken a retrospective view of what I had read, I could not satisfy my conscience that there was a single text in its favor. I could not believe that infants were the subjects, or that any thing short of immersion was the action or mode.

By the time I had read the New Testament through, and even before, my mind was more particularly excited about the everlasting welfare of my soul, than it had ever before been, except when I viewed myself in imminent danger.

I continued to read the scriptures with peculiar attention; and instead of attending to the first rudiments of the gospel of Jesus Christ, I undertook to define the higher points or branches of doctrines. I found myself involved in great perplexity.

The meetings became more and more frequent, and individuals became anxiously concerned about their salvation, and were shortly set at liberty.

At almost every meeting some new cases of persons under conviction, were made known, and at almost every meeting some were brought out. I was a strict observer of all that passed, and tried to persuade myself that I was friendly to religion.

There were instances in which persons would cry out in meeting, apparently in great distress; others would audibly and with great rapidity express their joys, and exhort others to repentance. I was exceedingly disgusted at those exercises; and in one instance had great difficulty in suppressing my resentment; I was on the point of openly and violently remonstrating against such pro-

ceedings. It was in the evening, and I in anger withdrew, lest I should openly oppose.

I verily thought that the young man who cried out, made all the noise that he could, and it seemed to me altogether presumptuous in him. I thought he might have refrained. An old gentleman seeing me leave the meeting, suspected my case and followed me. He found me leaning over the fence at a short distance from the door, and very tenderly addressed me as follows:

"Andrew, I feel distressed!" "What is the matter, Mr. Barnes?" said I. Said he, "I hope you won't be offended, Andrew; I do not wish to hurt your feelings, but I hope you will suffer me to be plain with you; I was really afraid you were offended, which occasioned you to go out."

"Mr. Barnes," said I, "what occasion is there for so much noise, does that fellow think that the Almighty is deaf?" "O Andrew," said he, "if you only knew how that poor fellow feels, you would not talk so. I have no doubt but that he feels himself an undone creature, but I trust God will have mercy on him and on us too." I concluded to stay until the meeting was closed: but my mind was much troubled because I indulged such hardness against that young man.

I went home with a very heavy heart, and my mind was much employed in contemplation. The preachers, and professors, and young converts all insisted on the necessity of conversion; this business all seemed as mysterious to me as if I had never heard Mrs. Bell speak on the subject.

The young man above mentioned, I believe, found relief and comfort before the next meeting; he appeared very happy, and freely spoke of the goodness of God.

I became seriously impressed with the importance of possessing a new heart. The number of converts was increased almost every day. I attended their meetings every sabbath and often at other times. The work spread into the adjacent towns of Hiram, Baldwin and Limington, and converts multiplied.

I was much disquieted, and wondered why I was not called among the rest; for I had fully acceded to the

principle, that conversion was indispensably necessary in order to happiness in eternity.

My faith in Universalism fled like the baseless fabric of a vision.

> "This solemn truth did yet remain,
> The sinner must be born again,
> Or down to ruin go."

I was alternately friendly and hostile to the work. I sometimes resolved that I would go to meeting no more, and perhaps the next meeting I heard of, I would attend. I was looking and wishing to be converted; but I did not wish to have any noise about it, nor did I wish to have any one know it but myself.

I was unwilling that any one should know the exercises of my mind. I prayed often, but could not get near the throne. I endeavored to take a view of my whole life, and brought into view the various impressions which had been on my mind, from my early childhood to that time, in order to see if I could bring up any thing to ground a hope upon. But alas! my sins would come up, and I could cherish no hope.

As I have before observed, I had indulged a hope that my prayers had procured a pardon of my sins from day to day, as I committed them; but now I felt that all the long black catalogue of crimes was still against me, and would sink me to endless wo.

The second season I resided in Cornish, I lived with Mr. E. Barker. He and his wife appeared under very serious impressions of mind. They lived on the main road, and had better accommodations than any other family in the place. They frequently invited ministers to put up there. This circumstance gave me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with them. They would sometimes converse with me, and inquire into the state of my mind. I could only inform them that I was deeply concerned, but was without hope.

I frequently went a considerable distance into the woods to examine myself and pray. I would endeavor to tell the Lord my dreadful case; I wished to confess all my sins before him with the deepest humility. I

wanted the work of repentance to be thorough, to have my will completely bowed; I felt insufficient, utterly insufficient to perform the work. I pleaded with God for Christ's sake, to humble me, and grant me unfeigned repentance and pardon my guilty soul.

I felt myself a great sinner, I acknowledged myself to be justly condemned, and intreated for mercy; and after having prayed long and with many tears, I must return with my mind equally burdened and distressed as when I went. At some times I could weep freely, and at other times I could not shed a tear if it would save my soul.

I viewed myself to be the vilest of the vile. I cannot say that I felt so much horror and dread of hell as I have heard many express, but my heart was like a troubled sea, whose waters cast up mire and dirt.

At meetings I would often be on the very point of crying out, but I knew not what to say, nor did I wish by any means to say any thing; yet it seemed as if I should be involuntarily impelled to cry out; the voice seemed to say "cry!" but I did not voluntarily say, "what shall I cry?" I very much feared that I should cry something in consequence of which I should feel extremely mortified.

Such impressions occasioned most distressing struggles within my troubled breast. I have many times hurried at the close of the meeting to get out, fearing that I should of necessity make a noise; for I had not the least arrangement in my own mind what to say. After I had retired and was alone, I was frequently distressed for fear I had resisted and grieved the Spirit. I would then query whether it could be possible that those impressions were the movings of the Spirit, when there was nothing in particular dictated to me to say. I feared that it was the pride of my heart and the stubbornness of my will, and want of faith in Jesus Christ; and whether if I had opened my mouth, he would not have filled it.

On one of these occasions, on retiring from meeting, I went into the wood to pray that the Lord would convince me, in regard to this struggle, whether I should open my mouth or not: but the wind blew very hard in-

deed, and some limbs were broken from the trees. I was fearful lest the trees would fall on me, I could find no place in which I could compose myself to pray, while in such danger.

At length I discovered a very large tree, that had long before been turned up by the roots. It lay athwart another large tree, and lay two or three feet from the ground. I took my station under this tree as a place of safety. I had scarcely commenced my devotions ere I was disquieted with a train of reflections, which entirely baffled my design. I upbraided myself that I had so little confidence in God, that I could not trust myself to his protection in any place; for I was at once convinced that I was as insecure in my imaginary strong hold, as in any other place.

I forsook my retreat and for a while stood aghast. I may with propriety say "The tumult of my thoughts held me in sad suspense." I could not dispense with prayer, but I could not pray in that dangerous place.

I returned from the woods and secreted myself in a cluster of bushes, and before I could attempt to pray, it seemed as if some preparatory exercise was necessary; and I commenced a train of reflections. I viewed myself a sinner, yea, even the chief of sinners. I very much desired to know whether it was my duty to cry out in meeting, and I queried whether if the Spirit required me to cry out, if I should not have something impressed on my mind to say; but inasmuch as no particular expressions were presented to my mind, I was disposed to justify my forbearance; and yet I was not entirely satisfied. There was, moreover, at that time a heavy burden upon my mind, in consequence of my retiring from the woods. I viewed myself as justly deserving the wrath of heaven. I concluded that it was the devil who suggested to me my danger while in the woods, and that I had yielded to his temptations, rather than to place a confidence in God for protection.

It seemed as if I was weighed in the balances and found wanting, and indeed I felt in want. I freely confessed my many sins, was deeply sensible of my entire depravity; but there were actual transgressions, the guilt

of which lay heavy on my soul. I prayed that God would graciously give me repentance, and forgive my many sins; and release me from the heavy burden which so constantly pressed down my spirits; but I found no relief. I prayed again and endeavored to be more fervent, but all my efforts were abortive. My heart was yet hard, and my burden yet heavy. I felt a reluctance to leave the place and dreaded going home in my guilty, perplexed, and dejected condition.

I sometimes almost resolved not to leave the place; but having done all that I could do, and yet having done nothing effectually, concluded that it would be useless to tarry longer, and yet I felt a reluctance in going to the house in my forlorn condition; for as several of the family had also been to meeting, I concluded that there would, of course, be an enquiry where Andrew had been all this while; for it was probably near two hours after the meeting was closed before I got home. I have no recollection, however, that any questions were asked on the occasion.

Such is the pride of the human heart that I was ashamed to have it known that I was under anxious concern about my eternal state. There were, however, some persons who had very critically observed me, and had had some conversation with me; but I cautiously concealed the state of my mind as to particular exercises, yet I was willing to have it understood that I felt friendly to religion. I had long ere this, had some hard contests with my self-righteous pharisaical pride; but this sin still clave to me, or rather I to that; and even to this day it has been my almost constant attendant. But I thank my God that he has not only discovered this deadly enemy to me, but that he has also discovered to me the other inbred lusts and corruptions of my heart, and I trust he has also given me a hostile spirit to them all, so far as I have discovered them.

During the season in which I was employed by Mr. Barker, I had a fit of sickness, occasioned by working too hard, although he frequently cautioned me to forbear, knowing that my constitution was impaired; but I was ambitious to do as much as his other laborers, and

yet, with all my exertions, it was impracticable. I was obliged to send more than twenty miles for doctor A. Hall, of Alfred, to attend me; there was no physician nearer, and I was the first person who had called him into that town.

My uncle and other friends observed to me that I never should be able to get my living by manual labor. This was very trying to my feelings, and the more so as I had scarcely ever had been outdone while a sailor, after I undertook to do my duty before the mast.

My spirits were good and my limbs firm, my hands and arms uncommonly strong, and they had been frequently tried. Often had I been suspended by the arms and held my grip, in gales of wind, where others must have been plunged irrecoverably into the deep. But I had now a weakness of the stomach. Here I first failed: and a little severe exertion after the stomach began to complain, would debilitate the whole system. While unable to labor, I felt great depression of spirits, my prospects dubious. I was scarcely free from debt, for I had become responsible for my mother's house rent in Portsmouth, nor had I any capital to commence business. My education was quite limited, although much superior to any other person's in the town. Of course, when the winter came about, I had no difficulty in getting a school. Previous to my commencing this business, I put myself under the tuition of my cousin, Jethro Furber, who was quite a proficient in arithmetic and geometry.

In a few weeks I obtained a sufficient knowledge of the art of surveying, to enable me to do any business which was necessary at that time in the country where I resided.

It was no small gratification to me that I gave entire satisfaction to my employers in my school; and I had also the fortune to have the good will of my scholars: but these things proved a snare to me, for in regard to religion my mind relapsed in a measure.

But the liberties in which I indulged, planted thorns in my pillow. I found that I could not sin at a cheap rate.

When the spring came on, I commenced business by

myself. I was not able to buy any land, but undertook to clear eight acres for Mr. Boynton, and with what little money I could command, I purchased such articles in Portsmouth, as would command labor, and expended this labor in clearing the land. I had also considerable business in surveying; but I generally had to take my pay in labor; but this I could turn to good advantage in clearing my land.

I made my home at Mr. Barker's, and had to go nearly half a mile to my work, and chiefly through the woods.

The reformation had nearly subsided, to appearance, I yet remained unconverted, and feared that the day of grace was passed. I would sometimes relate the exercises of my mind, at other times I would affect to deny I had any anxious concern about my own salvation; and indeed I sometimes questioned whether all that had transpired in what was called the reformation, and my own exercises about religion were not altogether imaginary.

I have sometimes questioned the existence of a God, or if there was, whether in his providence he superintended the various events and concerns of creatures. But here I could not long dwell; I could not reason Jehovah out of existence. I could not deny his sovereignity, omnipotence or omnipresence; but I was not reconciled to his economy. I read many passages of scripture, which to me were "hard sayings." I had exceedingly hard trials with the sayings of Jesus in Matthew xi. 25 and 26, and Luke x. 20 and 21.

It was a trying thought to me that the names of any should be written in heaven if mine was not written there. I presumed that those whose names were written there, were written there before the foundation of the world, and that if mine was not written, I never should go there.

I was unreconciled to Jesus because he rejoiced and thanked the Father that these things were so. And I was equally unreconciled to the Father, that he should hide these things from some and reveal them to others.

The following passage was to me a hard saying. "And Jesus said, for judgment I am come into this world, that they that see not, might see; and that they that

see, might be made blind." John ix. 39, the tenth and the seventeenth of John; the eighth and ninth of Romans, and also the first chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, contained many passages that were very trying to me.

The reformation, as I before observed, seemed to have subsided, and there arose some disputations between the Presbyterians and Free Will Baptists, upon certain points of doctrine, for the preachers of each denomination frequently preached to the same congregation. The greater part of their preachers were Calvinists.

I was rather in favor of the free-will party, for I had not yet altogether given up the thoughts of doing something toward my own salvation; and yet it seemed that I had already done all that was possible for me to do.

I before said that I had some distance to go through the woods to my work. It was not often that any one but myself passed that way, and as I had for a long time been in the habit of praying, it seemed both convenient and necessary, that I should at least occasionally pray in these woods. But the greatest difficulty was to find a suitable place, where I should be sufficiently retired. I had probably passed a number of times through these woods without attempting to pray, it seemed so difficult to find a convenient place.

I at length apprehended that Satan did not design I should find a convenient place, if he could prevent me, for I could not pass through the lonely forest without having my mind exercised respecting prayer. I therefore made it my business to look out a convenient place for that purpose. I discovered a very large black birch tree, a few rods north of my path; the spurs of its roots put out from the trunk so high up, that on the north side between two of its largest spurs, a person might conceal himself, except on one side.

This seemed the most suitable place for me to commence my devotions, and here I attempted to pray, but my mind was considerably embarrassed; the adversary of souls was busy with me. I, however, was very constant in visiting this place; but I could not find that relief that my soul seemed to pant after, and I began to

question the propriety of my continuing the practice, for it seemed that I could not possibly get near the throne. My prayers seemed to be shut out; I felt my depravity; I lamented my iniquities, and plead for pardon. I plead with God to let me know why my petitions were rejected. I well knew that he perfectly comprehended me, and that I could not deceive him.

Probably I did not at this time realize that there was much of the scriptures to which I was not reconciled.—I finally concluded that it was useless for me to pray, and so I passed by my tree without attempting it. I had gone but a few rods, before I had very hard struggles in my mind: there was a query whether I should turn my back upon God. I halted, and inquired why I should pray, when I could realize no benefit from it? or why pray in that place, in particular? And, perhaps, if I had prayed that that might have been the time when I should have found relief; I could not feel at liberty to proceed, but must return to the tree, and attempt to pray. I prayed, and still continued to pray; and at times would have apparently some enlargement, but nothing which was fully satisfactory. This practice I continued pretty much through the season.

In the autumn of the year, Doctor Hezekiah Smith, of Haverhill, passed through Cornish, on his return home from a journey to the north. He was, doubtless, one of the most accomplished and most pious ministers of the age. He put up with old Mr. Joshua Chadbourn, who lived at that time in an ordinary log cabin. They had had some acquaintance some years before, in Sanford, where there had been a reformation. Dr. Smith was a fine looking man, and genteel in his deportment. I was surprised to see how perfectly at home he seemed to be in the humble cottage; but I was astonished when I heard him preach. He came late on Saturday evening, preached three times on the Sabbath, and left us on Monday morning. His preaching caused my very soul to tremble: I have a perfect recollection of his text to this day. At the close of the last exercise, I retired to the deep forest. I went a considerable distance, and with a full determination never more

to behold the face of a mortal, until I could find the Lord to be precious to my soul. I knew that in one direction it was five or six miles before I should come to any road or inhabitants. I resolved to unfold my whole soul to God, and plead for mercy; concluding that I could not make too great a sacrifice for the salvation of my soul. I prayed a long time: I made confession of all the sins I could remember, and plead forgiveness, and that God would pardon those which I had forgotten. —I prayed aloud—I exhausted my thoughts, and ideas—I exhausted my strength—I almost fainted. I awaited a smile from heaven; but I found no relief, and began to murmur against God. I argued that I had done all that was in my power, and that he would not help me. A deep remorse took hold on me: I wondered that God did not strike dead such a wretch: such blasphemous and presumptuous thoughts abundantly increased my guilt and distress. I then endeavored to become more fervent; and plead with God, that for Christ's sake, he would humble me: that he would grant me true repentance, and forgive my sins, and especially my recent blasphemous thoughts.

My soul was in deep anguish: I wished that I had never had a being: I felt as if I was the vilest of the vile; the very chief of sinners. It seemed as if my damnation was sealed, and that there was no hope for me; and I wondered why I was kept in existence. It was mysterious to me, why I should have been so long under such great distress; that I should have strove so hard and so perseveringly to get religion, and yet remain in such a wretched state. I plead with the Almighty that he would rectify my heart; enlighten my understanding; and convince me what he would have done, and enable me to do it. But after all I could think, say, or do, I still remained comfortless, and seemed to sink into stupidity, and felt as if I was "more brutish than any man." I queried whether I had not presumptuously formed the aforesaid resolution, to bring the all wise God to my terms. I was ashamed of myself, and concluded to retire from the woods.

Being acquainted with the ground, by the help of the

stars, I shaped my course for a road that led to my uncle's. It was probably past midnight when I crept into his hovel. I took a bundle of flax for a pillow: but before I could lay down to sleep, I must pray again. I felt more composed for a few minutes, and then felt a heavy trial on my mind, presuming I had fallen into a state of insensibility. I lay down, and began to look over the various scenes through which I had passed; the dangers I had escaped; and the many promises I had made to God, and broken. I recollected that my previous periods of conviction were of short duration, but that I had now been long under distress; and feared that I should never find favor with God. I believe that I slept a little, but left the hovel as soon as it was light; for I was very unwilling to have it known how or where I had spent the night.

In returning to Mr. Barker's, I met my uncle. The preaching had very much affected him, and he had tarried all night with one of his friends.

We had but a very few words together, probably equally unwilling to disclose the state of our minds, or make inquiries of each other. We had passed through hard trials together, but they were very different from the present. My mind was more solemn than usual for some days, and I thought much on Dr. Smith's discourses.

Shortly after these things, I was informed that there was an office opened in the city of New-York, and commissioners appointed, to settle naval accounts. I resolved to go personally and settle my own; and I obtained ten or more letters of attorney from my shipmates, to settle theirs also.

Mr. Thomas Lord, who was cooper of the Ranger, lived in Limerick, about seven miles from Cornish: he wished me to take a power of attorney from him. This circumstance occasioned me to spend a night with him; and as we had been old shipmates together, it was to be expected that we should converse upon our adventures. My friend was yet in the habit of using some of the seaman's dialect, but I had entirely laid it aside. In the course of the evening, our conversation turned

upon this subject. My friend acknowledged it to be a useless and a wicked practice, and that he had several times resolved to quit, and for a short time had abstained from it; but that he had become addicted to it; his neighbors in general practised it, and that it was difficult for him to avoid it.

I gave him some account of what had taken place in Cornish for near two years past, and how disgusting it had been to me, and the different views now entertained on the subject; although I was far from thinking myself a Christian. Mr. L. had heard rumors of the work in Cornish, but had paid little or no attention to it. It was now late in the evening: there was no candle burning, and the fire was low. Mr. Lord discovered his wife falling from her chair; he being near her, caught and supported her. Much surprised, he desired me to support her while he should get a light: he stepped into a back room where he had been at work, and stooping down in haste to get a handful of shavings, struck his forehead violently on the post of a chair, which occasioned so much pain that at first he was in fear that he had lost his eye; (the blow was on the edge of the bone, directly above the eye;) he hove the shavings on the fire, which immediately afforded a good light. Mrs. Lord had partially recovered, and Mr. Lord soon ascertained that his eye was not materially injured, and observed that it was of the Lord's mercy that it was no worse.

It afterwards appeared that Mrs. L. had fainted, or something like it, in consequence of the observations and reflections on the reformation in Cornish. I shall have occasion to refer to this subject hereafter.

It is very natural to suppose that I felt a strong attachment to my two uncles (Timothy and James Weymouth,) who sailed with me in the Ranger, and who were in captivity with me in Charleston, South-Carolina. Timothy had settled himself comfortably in Meredith, New-Hampshire. While a lad, he lived with my father, when I was but a small boy: he was therefore to me as a brother, and as I was going to New-York on the business before mentioned, I thought it to be highly expedient to give my uncle Timothy an opportunity to get his account settled.

I therefore took a journey to Meredith, about fifty miles, on foot; as I was unable to afford myself a horse. I was prepared to commence my journey from Portsmouth, New-Hampshire to the city of New-York, about the first of January, 1783.

On my arrival at the city of New-York, I presented my papers at the office, and was informed that my business might be adjusted in about ten days. I observed to the gentlemen who were clerks in the office, that it would be very inconvenient for me to be detained so long: that I had come more than 300 miles on foot; that I was in low circumstances, and had but little money; and should feel very much obliged to them, if they would hasten the business; and they seemed quite accommodating. I cannot say whether they were Yankees or not; at any rate, they were as inquisitive as Yankees generally are, and asked me a great many questions.

I presume they had been officers in the army themselves. They requested me to call again in three or four days, and said they would do all they could to facilitate the business. A Mrs. Ayres, of Portsmouth, with whom I was intimately acquainted, had a son (by her first husband) then residing in the city of New-York, whose name was Pierce: he sailed from that port master of a vessel. I called on this gentleman and delivered him a letter from his mother. Capt. Pierce expressed himself very glad to see an old townsman. Although he had never seen me before, he treated me with particular attention, and very cordially invited me to, and even insisted, that I should make his house my home, while I continued in the city. There is a spirit of philanthropy generally among sailors, which is not always to be found in men of other professions.

This circumstance I view to have been a peculiar interposition of a gracious providence in my favor; and especially as I was indigent, and the money which I was to receive from government, was a very poor currency. While I continued in the city, I had sufficient leisure to walk round the docks and wharves with Capt. Pierce.

While paying some attention to the beautiful looking vessels which I visited in company with my friend, I felt

such an attachment to my old employment, that I had some difficulty in overcoming the temptation to embark, and follow my former business. However, I brought into view the situation in which I was placed; the responsibility I was under to my employers; and various other considerations, I saw at once the impropriety of such a measure. I had also an opportunity more than once to cast a look across the East river, where yet lay that wretched old prison-ship, the Jersey; where, five years ago from that very month, day, and hour, I had suffered almost every thing but death. The Volley bank, (so called,) on the Long-Island side, under which a large majority of my shipmates had left their bones, lay full in my view! I shall not undertake minutely to describe the sensations of my soul on those occasions, for they are beyond my powers of description: I must therefore leave my readers to draw their own conclusions.

When I called the second time at the office, I found my business settled. I received near a thousand dollars for myself and shipmates: my own wages for fifteen months' service, (after deducting several articles of clothing which I had drawn,) amounted to about seventy-three dollars; worth at this time about two and eight pence on the pound, or between twelve and thirteen cents on the dollar. The whole sum was paid in paper, which was called "Walker's final settlement." I took my money, such as it was, and in an office adjoining, under the same roof, I was offered the *cash* for the whole sum, at two and eight pence on the pound. I felt indignant; dropped a few words probably rather severe or insolent; and directly after, taking a grateful leave of my host, cleared out from New-York the second time, abundantly more sea-worthy than when I cleared out from the satellites of the old Jersey, five years before. I returned as far as Boston, and was under the necessity of replenishing my purse: I therefore sold one of my final settlement certificates. It was about thirty-three dollars, and belonged to John Hooper, who agreed to let me have it at the "going price." I found these certificates to be in demand at Boston, Salem, Newburyport and Portsmouth; and indeed there were runners in all parts of our country buying up those certificates, as well as soldiers' claims.

Walker's final settlements would bring but two and eight pence on the pound, however, at that time, and necessity compelled me to part with mine; so that for thirteen months' service on board the Ranger, (exclusive of the time of my imprisonment, &c.) I received something short of ten dollars; and even this was not paid until eight years after the service was performed.

Whether the time of our imprisonment was included in making up our wages, I am not able to say.—The time of our imprisonment, however, was not long; but it was my lot to endure three months' painful sickness before I was capable of service again. While taking my long and tedious walk to and from the city of New-York, a distance of near seven hundred miles, which was performed in about six weeks, I had opportunity to reflect much on the previous exercises of my mind upon the subject of religion, and I was resolved not to relinquish the pursuit of an object of such infinite importance. The excitement of my mind, however, was considerably abated. I continued to pray, and, alas! I also continued to sin. The reformation had apparently subsided, and meetings were not so frequent as usual. In the latter part of this winter I employed myself in studying arithmetic and geometry, in order that I might be a greater proficient in surveying; there being a probability that I should have considerable business in that line. I bought ten acres of land, and the summer following built me a small house. In this season I had another fit of sickness.

Early in September, Elder Zebediah Richardson, who had frequently preached in Cornish, made us a visit, and there were two women (a Mrs. Benton and a Mrs. Richardson) offered themselves for baptism. I attended the meeting and heard them relate their experience before the whole congregation; that being the custom in those days.

I had never before felt such an excitement on such an occasion. They had my undeviating attention through their whole narration. They appeared to me so angelic, that I was not in the least disposed to question the truth of a single word they uttered. They were strangers to

me, and lived in the adjoining town of Baldwin. With a perfect knowledge of my heart, they could not have expressed my exercises of mind for years past, more fully than they did; but they had obtained a peace, and they knew a joy to which I was a stranger. I thought, I verily thought, that if I could obtain the meanest place among the saints—if I could be but a door-keeper in the house of God, I should be happy. Yea, if the world was mine, I would cheerfully give it, if I might be permitted to be servant of all. This was in the fore part of the day; the preacher had an appointment at Limerick, a town seven miles south, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and I was resolved that if I could get a horse, I would bear him company, and tell him my whole heart.

For some time previous to this, I had become rather stupid and cold in my mind:—yes, I had even relapsed, and fallen into some of my former sins: had become very worldly minded; but I constantly found that

"Sin's promised joys were turned to pain."

I had no difficulty in obtaining a horse to ride to Limerick, but I must go half a mile to a pasture and take it myself. My case seemed urgent: I must go, and nothing except some peculiar interposition of providence could hinder. I had several hands engaged to work for me the next day, but I would not suffer this circumstance to prevent me. I must go with Mr. Richardson, and tell him my whole heart. I had also resolved to visit two other ministers, who had previously invited me to call upon them. My mind was under such excitement that I could eat no dinner, though repeatedly urged by my friends.

I was very impatient to have elder Richardson's company, but to my great disappointment and extreme mortification there was another person going in company; this completely baffled my plan. I could not possibly enjoy the liberty I had anticipated in conversing with elder Richardson. My mind was extremely perplexed, I felt myself to be the most miserable of all creatures, and wished myself at home again. I began to enquire what

my neighbors would say in consequence of my leaving my business and going off with a minister. I had made it up in my mind before I set out, that if any of my friends wished to know my business at Limerick, I could tell them that Mr. Lord was owing me some money, and that I wished to know whether it was ready for me.

Such was the pride and deceitfulness of my heart, that I was unwilling to have that known of me which it was out of my power to conceal, even from creatures, much less from Him who searcheth the heart and trieth the reins. I could not feel at liberty to talk either with Mr. R. or the other person present.

At length we came in sight of the meeting and saw many people collected. I felt like a malefactor, and would have preferred being alone in the wilderness; but it seemed as if I was almost involuntarily impelled forward. I had scarcely dismounted ere I saw my old shipmate, (Mr. Lord,) hastening toward me with a countenance unusually expressive of joy and friendship. He expressed himself in the following manner.

"How do you do, Mr. Sherburne, I am glad to see you, and I must tell you that God has converted my soul. Esther is converted too, and you were the instrument of it. I thought I must speak to you before meeting began, or else I should not enjoy the meeting.

I owe you some money, but I have not got it. I thought I would speak to you about it before meeting began, or otherwise it would be worrying me all meeting time. I hope you won't think hard of me, Mr. Sherburne, I suppose I can get it for you soon."

I could scarcely, (without interrupting him) tell him that he need not give himself any concern about the money. He was in haste to inform me what had recently taken place in his own family and among his neighbors, within two weeks; he referred to the circumstance which I have before mentioned respecting his wife's fainting. It was like a dagger to my heart that he should consider the conversation I had had with himself and his wife the winter before, as being the instrumental means of her conversion. "What," thought I, "can it be possible that a wretch so vile, so polluted and

abominable, could be the means of a soul's conversion?" I sunk into dejection and despair.

Again I viewed the scenes of distress through which I had been drawn, and the numerous instances of conversions which had taken place within the circle of my acquaintance since I had been deeply concerned, and in how short a time some had been brought to rejoice in Jesus. It seemed as if mine was a lost case; that it was God's design to send me down to regions of black despair; and I was, notwithstanding, constrained to acknowledge that God was just, and that I justly deserved his everlasting displeasure.

In this state of embarrassment, I went into the meeting; my perplexity continued throughout the services. At the close of the meeting the young converts surrounded the minister and appeared very happy. I stood aloof, and by the time I had resolved to follow the minister to his lodgings, and make to him the communications which I had formerly designed, my old shipmate came to me and insisted that I must go and spend the night with him: the congregation had principally dispersed. Mr. Lord and myself mounted our horses in company with six or eight others; a Mrs. Howard, a lady of decent abilities and a good education, with whom I had had some acquaintance, was riding beside me, and addressed me as follows:

"Well, Mr. Sherburne, what do you think of all this? do you think you have any religion?" Before I was aware I cried aloud, and the tears flowing copiously. I hastily replied, "O dear madam, I know nothing about religion; I am a poor miserable sinner."

In a moment I felt ready to upbraid myself for my imbecility. I was very much ashamed that I had exposed myself in such a company; it was some mitigation of my distress that they were all Christians, for wretched as I was, I felt a reverence for Christians. My friends seemed to wish to comfort me, and especially Mr. Lord and his wife.

Mrs. L. now felt a freedom to express the exercise of her mind at the time she fainted; though she had never felt willing to speak of it until she had entertained a

hope that she was converted. They both manifested a great degree of sympathy for me.

We passed the greatest part of the night in conversation, and I allowed myself the liberty of relating the exercises of my mind. Mr. Lord argued that I certainly must be converted; that I knew much more than he did, and he was confident that the Lord had converted his soul—that he had no desire to sin, that he felt love to Jesus, and had much delight in Christians, and had much satisfaction in reading the scriptures.

"You know," said he, "what a poor ignorant creature I was; I had never paid any attention to religion or to the bible, but God in his mercy to me, took me just as I was, and showed me that I was an awful sinner, and converted me; but I don't know half so much about the scriptures now as you do. I'll go down to Mills' with you in the morning; he can talk with you, he is but a young man, but he is very gifted in prayer, and is well acquainted with the scriptures."

In the morning we went down to Messrs. John and Jacob Mills; they both lived in one house, themselves and their wives had lately experienced religion, also Nancy Libbey, who was a sister to John Mills' wife.

My friend L. introduced me to them all, but I was very much shut up in my mind; they spent an hour in reading, singing, and praying, and I returned to Mr. Lord's again and took breakfast.

Elder Richardson, in returning home to Sanford, just called to the door to speak to the young converts. He said to me, "Well, young man, do you find any further satisfaction in your mind?" I replied, "No, Sir, nor shall I, unless the Lord helps me." "True enough," said he, "if the Lord don't help you, you will never get help;" and immediately clapped spurs to his horse and went on. For a moment I felt displeased with him, but I shortly felt distressed in consequence of indulging that feeling.

I concluded to go on, and call upon the two other ministers heretofore referred to. I was resolved no longer to conceal the state of my mind. Mr. L. could make a little business on the same road, and concluded to go several miles with me. In passing the house we

had visited in the morning, he had occasion to call, and he invited me to call, but I declined.

Jacob Mills was in his tan-house, or barn on the opposite side of the road, grinding bark. I stepped into the tan-house, while Mr. L. went into the house. As soon as Mr. Mills saw me, he left his work and drew toward me, and began to speak very freely in representing what a wicked state the neighborhood was in but a few days ago, and what a remarkable change had taken place with them.

He had my attention for a moment. He was seated on a ladder a few yards from me. Such a train of reflections ran thro' my mind, together with an "horror of great darkness," that I did not notice him. But in a moment I felt an extraordinary and powerful change, and ere I was aware, my whole soul was deeply employed in adoration. I conceived, saw, and felt more of Deity than I had ever done in all my life before: my darkness and gloom had fled, my burden was gone, my soul seemed as calm and serene as the summer evening, and my employment was adoration, adoration!

I adored the power supreme: I felt love, joy, peace. A little insect fluttered before my eyes, in which I saw more of God, or rather conceived more of God, than had been exhibited to me in all the preaching I had ever heard. I said within, what meaneth this? Is this conversion? I wist not what to call it, but I had no trouble; I had no pain either of body or mind; I had no guilt or fear; all was peace, and I must adore.

Perhaps two minutes had not passed away in this happy frame of mind, before I was interrupted by a trifling noise that seemed to come from behind me. I turned about, and to my surprise, saw five or six persons regularly formed in a semi-circle, all standing motionless, with their eyes fixed upon me, and I believe the tears were trickling down most, if not all their cheeks. They looked to me as angels, I loved them as my own soul; all was silent as death.

I was the first who broke silence, and said, "I feel differently from what I ever did before." Said one and another, "How do you feel?" I attempted some descrip-

tion; but neither tongue nor pen can describe it. Their countenances immediately changed, and they all seemed exceeding joyful, and very confident that I had passed from death unto life, and I could heartily rejoice with them, for my peace was like a river.

We all left the tan-house and went into the house, and joined in singing, prayer and praise to God and the Lamb.

I was desirous to know what circumstance induced them all to come into the barn just at that time. I was informed that on Mr. Lord's going into the house, the inquiry was made what had become of that young man? He answered, "that he had gone into the barn." "Why did he not come in," said one; Mr. L. replied, that he invited him to come in, but he declined. "Why, I want to see him again," said one and another. "Oh!" said Mr. L. "you never saw any poor soul more burdened than he is." "Why, we must see him again." Finally, they all set out and came into the barn together. It seems that they came there about the time that the heavy burden was removed from my soul.

They freely expressed to me what a deep sympathy they felt for me, and the great joy they felt on my deliverance.

All worldly business was suspended, and each appeared to be as happy as creatures could be in this state of existence. We sometimes contrasted our present views and feelings with what they had formerly been. For myself, I never before felt such perfect freedom in expressing what had been the exercises of my mind. My companions seemed to be the excellent of the earth, in whom was my delight. I could freely say,

"My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this;
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss."

Our interview commenced about 9 o'clock, and continued until past noon, before they seemed to think that they had any more to do with the world.

During this period I had such views and contemplations, that I was almost in astonishment and wonder that

a creature so vile and so unbelieving as I had been, should have been rendered capable of so much joy in God, my Savior. I could not conceive that any thing short of the interposition of the power and spirit of a gracious Savior could communicate such happiness to my soul. It seemed "like a young heaven on earthly ground, and glory in the bud."

While in this delightful company, I more than once had this question pass my mind, whether this joy would continue with me after I should leave this company? but the thought was momentary.

At length something was said about the time of day, (for we seemed all to have been lost in regard to time,) and it being past twelve o'clock, I purposed to be going; but my good friends would not consent that I should go until after dinner. They insisted on a promise, that I would call on them again in the course of the ensuing week. It was so late that Mr. L. concluded not to accompany me any farther, and for a moment I regretted leaving such delightful company.

Having taken dinner, and I being about to leave them, each one took me by the hand and bid me God speed. When I put my foot into the stirrup to mount my horse, a thought rolled over my mind, whether I should not leave all my comfort when I left this company; this occasioned a moment's depression only, and was gone, scarcely interrupting my peace.

I went on my way *rejoicing in God, my Savior*, whose power and glory was richly displayed in every object on which I cast my eyes. I had often heard young converts speak something of the glorious displays of Deity in the works of creation, but the half was never told me, nor is it possible that I should describe what I saw and felt of the displays of divine glory.

Old things had passed away, and all things had become new; I felt such love, joy and peace, that I could scarcely desire those graces of the Holy Spirit to be increased, for my cup was full. I was astonished when I contrasted my present feelings with any I had ever before realized. I was perfectly satisfied that nothing short of an Almighty power could have wrought such a change in me; a change wrought independently of any act of mine.

I being alone, had an opportunity for uninterrupted reflection and self-examination; and I endeavored faithfully to improve the opportunity.

I was very sensible that I had been one of the very chief of sinners, but I felt acquitted from all guilt, in view of what JESUS, my precious Savior had suffered for wretched sinners. I felt as completely justified as though I had never sinned. I could realize no more propensity to sin than I should feel to partake of the most deadly poison. My love was without dissimulation and my joy ecstatic. A criminal who had received a pardon under the gallows could not have felt more grateful to his benefactors, than I at this time felt to my gracious God, for the great deliverance he had wrought for my soul. I could verily say, "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings, and he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God."

CHAPTER VIII.

Especial enjoyment in religious company—Mrs. Barker—H. Chadbourn, Esq.—Reconciled to the Scriptures—Severe trials—Takes a school in Limerick—Visits Portsmouth—Baptized—Rev. Joseph Walton—Marries Miss Jane Muchamore—County Convention.

THIS extraordinary change took place with me on the ninth day of September, 1789; and this present day is the ninth of September, 1827; that is, just thirty-eight years ago.

I went on and called to see one of the ministers whom I have heretofore spoken of, but found no one in the house. I called on the other and found him deeply engaged in worldly business. This circumstance depressed my mind for a short time.

I shortly after fell in company with Mr. J. Chadbourn, a licensed Baptist preacher, under whose ministry I chiefly sat. He had frequently talked to me in times past, when I felt but little liberty to reply; but at this

time I felt great freedom and engrossed almost all the conversation. He seemed to be patient and attentive to hear from me a long detail of my previous and recent exercises. We rode five or six miles together quite slowly, it being night. He expressed a satisfaction in his judgment that I had passed from death unto life; nor did it, at this time, give me any uneasiness, as it had done many times previously, when respectable Christians had intimated to me that they hoped that I was a Christian.

I had to go forty rods from the road to turn out my horse, and having turned him through the gate, the distressed condition I was in when I took the horse through the same gate, the day before, to accompany elder Richardson to Limerick, occurred to me. I was then a poor, dejected, trembling, and perplexed mortal; but now possessed such elevation of soul, such tranquillity of devotedness to my blessed Lord, that I could scarcely desire to be happier.

I had at this time and place a blessed opportunity to render thanks and praise to my gracious and glorious God, and to pray that I might continue in his love, and worship and serve him in spirit and in truth, so long as I should live, nor did I neglect the opportunity. I came boldly, and I trust humbly to the throne of grace. I had great freedom, and joy inexpressible and full of glory. I arose from the earth and lifted my eyes toward the heavens, and saw as I never before saw. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth forth his handy work."

I walked towards the road, and it seemed as if my feet scarcely touched the ground. My soul was so filled with love, joy and peace, that I continued praistng and praying all the way as I walked, and yet I could not allow myself to go into the house, until I should more formally pray again; and I selected a place for that purpose where I had often attempted to pray before. It was under the side of a large rock, perhaps twenty rods from the road.

I went to this place cheerfully, and I enjoyed such freedom and happiness as confirmed me, at that time, in the thought, that my enjoyments would never decrease.

In this frame of mind I went to the house, it being near mid-night, the family were all in bed. I lighted a candle, and before I could retire to rest, I must look into the bible. I read several chapters in one of the Evangelists, and I feasted upon the word. I retired to my bed and prayed silently before I lay down. A multitude of thoughts rushed in quick succession upon me, and among others, my mother, brothers and sisters, came into my mind for the first time since I had enjoyed this freedom. I wondered that I had not thought of them before, and in a moment I charged myself with ingratitude.

It was instantly suggested to my mind that my religion could not be genuine, because I had not prayed particularly for my own family; but my trial was of short duration. I concluded that it was a suggestion of Satan, and that I might yet pray for them, which I did. I went to sleep praying and praising; slept sweetly, and awoke happy.

I arose immediately resolving to go and talk with some of the old professors. I went down stairs and passed through the room where Mrs. Barker was. Mr. Barker had just left the room, I only said "good morning" to her, as I passed, and went directly to old Mr. Joshua Chadbourn's. He and his wife were eminent Christians. Joseph, their son, lived with them; (he was the young man with whom I was so vexed, because he cried out in meeting.) I had a pleasant interview with this family, and returned to Mr. Barker's about ten o'clock.

I had previously engaged some men to work for me that day, and they came according to their promise; but I being absent, Mr. Barker employed them for himself, with a design to work for me again when I should be in readiness. It had been Mrs. Barker's usual practice to do her kitchen work herself, while her daughter spun; but under most poignant distress of soul, she had left her kitchen-work to her daughter, and went into the chamber herself. Such was the distress of her mind, however, that she spun but very little. I very much wished to see her, and to know the state of her mind; for I very well knew that she was under great anxiety when I left home. I went to see her, and inquired of her how she

did; she replied, "Andrew, you are converted." I asked her why she said so: said she, "as soon as I saw your face this morning, I knew that you were converted; but I am damned forever! It is just as I thought it would be: I had a dream not long since—I thought that you and Mr. Barker and myself were on a wreck at sea; and that a hand was reached down and took you off, and left us, and just so it is." I told her I entertained a hope and peace I never possessed before. "Well," said she, "I am gone forever, there is no hope for me!" "Why do you talk so, Mrs. Barker," said I, "there is hope for the chief of sinners." She replied, "I believe I shall be left to destroy myself, and hell will be my portion; there is no mercy for me. I have been afraid, the summer past, to take a knife into the cellar to cut meat; I was under such temptations to cut my own throat; and in several ways I have been tempted to put a period to my existence; and I really fear I shall be left to my own destruction." I waited, though impatiently, to hear the end of her story; and I felt as if I had authority from God to reply; my heart was enlarged and my tongue was loosed, and I spoke freely to her for some time, and besought her in the name of God, to desist from all such presumptuous thoughts and measures; and assured her that if a creature so abominably vile and polluted as I had been, could be saved; certainly there might be hope of her salvation. She appeared somewhat composed, and I heard no more on that subject.

I believe it was nearly a year after, before she had satisfactory evidence of her conversion. She soon after was baptized and added to the church; and as far as I know, remains a member of the church to this day.

Hitherto I had been very critical with professors, and suspected that a considerable number of them were either self-deceived, or hypocrites; but now I felt tender towards them all. I found that many of the professors had long prayed for the conversion of the young sailor; and they were not a little rejoiced, that in judgment of charity he was delivered from the kingdom of darkness.

I passed this day without paying any particular attention to my worldly business, excepting to engage two

Christian friends to work for me the next day at cutting corn stalks; one of whom was a sailor by the name of Aaron Hart, the other was Isaac Thompson, afterwards a deacon. I welcomed the return of night, that I might retire for secret prayer; and in this employment I had unspeakable satisfaction. I came boldly and humbly before the throne, and had sweet communion with my gracious and most merciful God: this gave me great encouragement; and I began to feel confirmed in the thought that however long I might live, I should never feel less inclined to pray, or less happy in the employment: but sad experience has long since taught me my great mistake:—Little did I conceive at that time, that a perplexing trial was at hand. The next morning Mr. B. went early from home upon some business, and I observed to Mrs. B. that I expected some help that day, and should like to get breakfast early. I took the bible into my hand and sat down looking into it the same as I had very often done before; little expecting such an event as immediately followed. Mrs. B. put her tea-kettle over the fire in haste, seated all her children, and sat down herself, with much gravity. I was immediately impressed with the thought that she expected me to pray, and my soul began to tremble. After sitting some time, I said to her, "why do you sit down, Mrs. Barker?" she replied, "Andrew, are you not willing to pray with us, poor miserable creatures?" I trembled, but dared not refuse. I read a chapter, and with difficulty arose and took hold of a chair; (it was the general practice to stand, in praying, at that time.) It seemed as if the joints of my loins were loosed .I am persuaded that if I had not had hold of the chair, I should have fallen: but it seemed that I must die at my post, rather than retreat. My soul was greatly straightened; but "I cied unto God with my voice, even unto God with my voice, and he gave ear unto me:" and my mind began to be enlarged. I felt as though I had access to the throne of grace, and all my embarrassments fled. But while I was thus rejoicing in God my Savior, a person knocked at the door, which very much alarmed me for a moment; but I was enabled to rally my powers, and soon surmounted the shock, and found the exercise

to be as pleasant and comforting as before. Having ended my prayer, I discovered that the person who had knocked at the door, had entered the room; and proved to be Mr. Aaron Hart, before mentioned; a full blooded son of Neptune; an intimate friend of mine, who had recently been converted.

With tears in his eyes, he thus acccosted me, "Andrew, I rejoice to catch you fighting the devil. O how good the Lord is to such wretched sinners as you and I have been." After breakfast he accompanied me to my field, where we met Thompson, before named. I had not seen those men the preceding day, but had sent word to them to come and help me. Thompson congratulated me on the news he had heard respecting my conversion, and we spent the day very agreeably. We performed as much labor as was usual, and found many intervals to talk to each other of the superabounding grace and mercy of God to sinners. I believe we enjoyed the fellowship of the Spirit. On this day I felt what I had long desired to enjoy, viz. an entire freedom to express my feelings to professors of religion; and had peculiar pleasure in hearing those persons relate the exercises of their minds. When night came on, we felt some reluctance in parting.

In the evening I retired for secret devotion, and was very happy in the employment, and felt more and more confirmed in my judgment, that the change I had experienced was a real conversion. And when subsequently perceiving that I did possess the least degree of inclination to practice, in any one instance, the sins to which I had been formerly addicted, I rejoiced in the anticipation of living a life devoted entirely to the service of God, whose mercy towards me had been so great, in delivering me from the power of sin, and giving me such peace and joy in believing. Whenever I thought of what had transpired at Limerick, and of that little group of heaven born souls, (as I esteemed them,) the following words of Watts would occur to my mind.

> "To Zion's sacred chambers, where
> My soul first drew the vital air."

They were to me the excellent of the earth, nor was I unmindful of my promise to them. But before the next week arrived, my friends, Lord and Mills, were so desirous to see me, and to ascertain how I was getting along, that they came on the next Sabbath to our meeting. I believe we were equally happy in meeting each other; and in my turn I visited them, and spent a night, and we were happy in each other's company; passing much of our time in prayer and praise to God. On my return from Limerick, I called on Humphrey Chadbourn, Esq. who then lived in the south west corner of Cornish. He was recently from Berwick, and an elder in the Rev. Mr. Mariam's church. Mr. Mariam was one of the most evangelical ministers of the Congregational church in that region.

This aged and eminent saint, was, by almost every one who knew him, denominated "old elder Chadbourn." He had two sons who were Baptist preachers, viz. Levi and William. I had been previously acquainted with this old pilgrim, while he lived in Berwick, and had great confidence in him. He was indeed one of the most eminent Christians of the age. He was very affectionate; and in his address very interesting—he had been a professor, I think, more than fifty years. He gave me some account of the early exercises of his mind on the subject of religion; told several interesting anecdotes; and rendered himself very agreeable to me. Towards the close of the evening, "Andrew," said he, "I account it my privilege to have you pray in the family: I will leave it with you to pray either this evening or in the morning." This gave me a severe shock, and I begged to be excused; but he could not consent to release me.

I had prayed but once in the presence of any person, and it was an exceeding heavy trial to think of praying in the presence of this old gentleman and his family. I therefore deferred the task until morning; but it occasioned me some wakeful hours that night: I was alternately exercised with hopes and fears until the morning, and I retired for secret prayer. I plead with the Lord to strengthen me to perform this duty, and when the

time arrived, I commenced with fear and much trembling: but my fears very soon vanished, and I found great freedom in this solemn service; and I took leave of the old gentleman and his family, with geat composure of mind. As I returned home, being on foot, I had to go some distance through a wood not much frequented; and being sufficiently retired, I sat down to reflect. No mortal eye could behold me, but I viewed the eye of Omnipotence to be upon me. I inquired, am I indeed a child of God? am I a real Christian? Then my life is just begun. But is this certain beyond a doubt? How am I to know that I shall be saved at last? That an important change had taken place in me, I could not doubt. I knew that I detested sin, and that I felt a love to God, so far as I knew him; and that I felt in my heart, good will to men.

I endeavored to take a view of my life, and could not but admire the good hand of providence that protected and guided me all my days. I was astonished that I had been preserved, when so many of my shipmates had fallen a prey to death. I reviewed the two years of painful anxiety I had felt, in consequence of my lost and condemned condition. I wondered at the forbearance of heaven towards so polluted a wretch as I had been; and I thought I felt truly grateful to God for his long suffering towards me, and especially for the rich displays of his pardoning mercy to my soul.

While thus reviewing the scenes of life, some of my partners in iniquity came into my view. I had no reason to think they were converted; and I was conscious that in many instances I had prompted them to sin; and that I had been a ringleader in iniquity. I felt my bowels yearn for them, and could not but plead with God that he would save them. I could have given worlds, had they been at my disposal, if I had never occasioned others to sin.

At this time the doctrine of election came to my mind, and I felt constrained to give it an investigation. This doctrine had very much troubled me, yea, even disgusted me, as I have already mentioned. I could never really disbelieve it; but I was vexed that the scriptures should contain such a doctrine. I could not now com-

prehend it, but had no murmuring in my heart against it. From this I was led to contemplate the being and nature of Deity; and with reverence and humility, reflected on his attributes and works, until I was lost in astonishment. The language of Zophar, in Job xi, 7, 10, would well apply in this case: "Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Amighty to perfection? It is as high as heaven, what canst thou do? deeper than hell, what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea. If he cut off and shut up, or gather together, who can hinder him.? And that saying also of Paul's; "For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead." Romans i, 20.

The substance of those scriptures I believe was at that time impressed on my mind by the power of the Holy Spirit. I was laid low at the foot of divine sovereignty, and was enabled to leave all with God, and pray for his protection and direction. I rejoiced that I felt reconciled to God, in the enjoyment of a peace that the world had never given me. Having spent some time in this lonely retreat, I thought proper to pursue my journey. I walked slowly, tranquil, and alone; but again those who had been my contemporaries in sin, came up to my mind. It appears to me, that if a brother should see a brother, or a parent a child, doomed to perpetual slavery or the gallows, they could not feel more anxiety for their release, than at that time I felt for the salvation of my fellow sinners. As I was pursuing my way homeward, before I was aware of the train of my thoughts, I was, in imagination, addressing an assembly on the importance of religion, and had gone some length before I detected myself. I then felt disposed to chide myself, as being on forbidden ground; and endeavored to employ my mind on some other subject; but before I was aware, my mind had drifted on to the same ground again. This occasioned me some trial, and led me to endeavor to suppress every thing of this nature. It was some trial that this subject would occur to my mind in my secret devotions

No portions of my time passed more satisfactorily, than those which were employed in secret prayer. I believe I may say for weeks, at least I may say for many days together, I met with no embarrassment in this important exercise.

As I write altogether from memory, (and that I find to be very much impaired,) I cannot be so particular as I could wish. I soon found trials and perplexities, that I never expected; consequently I was not prepared for them. I lost that sweet frame of mind, and that fervency before the throne, which I had not once suspected would ever abate. But alas! I found my mistake. I found myself in darkness, and sinking in despondency. I had scarcely confidence sufficient to come before the throne of grace, and the greatest desire I had to see Christians, was to inform them that I was a hypocrite; and that so far as they had entertained any favorable hopes of me, they were also deceived. In my own judgment, I had made no higher attainment in the Christian religion, than a way-side or stony-ground hearer; and I very much regretted that it was noised abroad that "Sherburne was converted." I seemed, most of all, to regret that my Limerick friends were so much deceived; and felt myself under special obligation to go and see them, for the express purpose of undeceiving them, and actually set out for that end, with a determination that nothing should divert me from my purpose.

I went a mile or two out of my way, to see Levi Chadbourn, (supposing that the old elder was at that time in Berwick.) I found him at work in his field, and readily told him my condition and my business. He observed that it was in vain to go to Limerick on such an errand; that they would not believe me; that it was noised all round the country, and that it was of no consequence to try to make people believe otherwise. He thought it not strange, however, for young converts to have such fears, and that Satan insinuated such things in their minds. He prevailed with me to go to the house and stay all night, (as it was near sun down,) and have some talk with his father, who had lately returned from Berwick. To this I consented; for however little I thought of my own piety, I had a high value for Christians.

Just as we reached the house, Wenworth Lord, another Baptist preacher, called there. . He made but a short stop, but took opportunity to talk a little with me; he having heard something of my case. He seemed anxious to comfort me; and in parting with me, he in a very solemn and impressive manner repeated a part of the 77th hymn of the 2d book of Watts.

"Stand up my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on."

This seemed to relieve my mind a little; but I was yet in great darkness. Levi having given his father some account of my situation, after we were seated, the old gentleman began to make some inquiries of me why I had made it up in my mind that I was a hypocrite. I told him my simple story, and waited for some reply. The old gentleman observed that it was many years since he entertained a hope in Christ, and he could not say but that he had more than once suspected himself to be a hypocrite. "I have long since concluded," said he, "that hypocrites were very dishonest people, and that they wished to deceive. I must therefore confess, Andrew, that if you are a hypocrite, you are, in my judgment, as honest a hypocrite as I ever saw."

He then went on to make a number of appropriate remarks and observations; such as that the Christian's journey through this world was a warfare, and that it was through much tribulation they were to enter the kingdom; and that if need be, they should be in heaviness through manifold temptations, for the trial of their faith, &c. &c. He also recited many of the promises contained in the scriptures, for the encouragement of the weak and tempted. In a word, he was the good Samaritan, pouring in oil and wine. After this interview, I indulged a hope that I was not a hypocrite in this matter, although I might be but a way-side or a stony ground hearer. I was confident I had feigned nothing in this thing. The reader will easily discover how dark was my understanding in regard to hypocrisy. On the next day, (being the Sabbath,) I accompanied Levi Chadbourn to Limerick, where he was to preach that day.

Without hesitation, I gave my friends a particular account of what had passed within me. They all appeared to sympathize with me, and were forward to encourage and strengthen me. I tarried all night and most of the next day with them. We had a pleasant interview, and I found my mind in some measure relieved from the embarrassments under which, for some time, I had been laboring; but I never again attained to such an uninterrupted joy and consolation, as I at first enjoyed, for several weeks together. I diligently improved my time in reading, (especially the bible,) attending meetings, and conversing with Christian friends. I paid an especial attention to preaching; and when meditating alone, would frequently, ere I was aware, find myself in imagination addressing an assembly.

It would generally depress my spirits, when I realized what my thoughts were upon. Eventually, I discovered a strange conflict in my own mind. I sometimes feared that I should be compelled "to preach to the people," but I felt as incompetent to the task, as one would feel to discharge a debt of thousands of dollars with merely a small handful of change. At other times, I would secretly wish to be engaged in that delightful employment. My impressiens at that time were, that no one could, without the utmost presumption, engage in that service, unless he had evidence as certain of his being called of God, as he had of possessing the sense of seeing or hearing.

This subject would almost constantly come into my mind, when I attempted to pray in secret; and I have often prayed to God that he would prevent such thoughts. I have often suspected that Satan presented them to my mind. Whatever spirit it might be that dictated them, they were certainly, on these occasions, unwelcome to me; but I did not dare to communicate those thoughts to any friend whatever. For a time, I thought all my sinful propensities were subdued; but I now discovered my mistake, for I was harrassed with the fear of man, and I readily discovered that I should not be troubled with this, if pride was entirely dislodged from my heart. I discovered by degrees, that I had to contend with all those sins under which I had previously been held in bondage. I

could, without hesitation say, with the apostle Paul, "that in me (that is in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing;" and with the prophet Jeremiah, "that the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." I found that if I would live a godly life, I must wrestle against principalities, and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places. I endeavored to watch with care, and pray in sincerity; and yet, on examination, I found myself remiss in those important duties: and yet I could not divest myself of impressions about preaching. I sometimes regretted that I was so deficient in education;—again I would query whether if I had an education, I might not adventure to go forward without being called of God, as was Aaron; for it appeared to me, at that time, that it was next to the unpardonable sin for one to engage in that office, unless he were absolutely called of God.

It was about two months after I entertained a hope, say about the middle of November, 1789, I experienced a most distressing trial. "An horror of great darkness fell upon me." I was exceedingly dejected, and I very much feared that I was altogether deceived in regard to my state. I could not compose my mind to read or to pray; and for a while I wandered from place to place as one half distracted. At length I went into the barn, went up on the top of the hay, which was considerably above the beam, and in this retired situation I endeavored to examine myself. I prayed for the kind interposition of the Holy Spirit, to teach me what I was, and what he would have me to do; and even in this glooomy and restless condition, I had perplexities in my mind respecting preaching. I seemed to myself to be one of the most inconsistent of all beings; for I was at this time doubtful whether I was a Christian.

Having spent some hours in prayers and tears, without any satisfactory relief, I went to the house, and having occasion to minute something in my account book, I took up my pen, and having written what I intended, there being a half sheet of loose paper lying in my book, a question arose in my mind whether I could, without hesitation, write a verse of poetry. The thought was immediately urged upon my mind whether, if I could write

a verse without stopping to reflect, and that the matter should be sound and consistent in my own judgment, I should take it for an evidence that I was a Christian?—but I dared not to pitch upon this mode. I feared that it was rather tempting the Lord. I thought, however, of Gideon's fleece; and I felt almost impatient to make the attempt.

I wrote a verse very readily, and stopped a moment to examine it. I thought it consistent and sound, and I was pleased that I had not rested the decision of my case upon it, as it might be but by accident I had written it. I then queried whether I could write another: I proceeded and wrote until night overtook me.

At the time to which I refer, a young man who could read tolerably well without spelling, (accent, emphasis, cadence and punctuation out of the question,) write a legible hand and cypher through the double rule of three, was considered as having had a good education; and indeed the number thus educated was comparatively small, except in the more populous towns and villages. To such an education I had also added some knowledge of geometry.

At that time, a knowledge of English grammar was not considered a prerequisite for a teacher of our common country schools. I had therefore an opportunity of being employed in a school at Limerick, in the winter of 1789—'90. I had then just entered my twenty-fifth year. It was peculiarly pleasant to be situated among my particular friends in this town.

About this time Hart's Hymns were put into my hands. One of these hymns, on the subject of pride, much excited my attention, and the following lines more particularly.

"Against its influence pray;
It mingles with the prayer;
Against it preach; it prompts the speech;
Be silent, still its there.

This moment, while I write,
I feel its power within,
My heart it draws to seek applause,
And mixes all with sin."

I ascertained that great and good men were not altogether free from pride, in their own estimation. I therefore need not think it strange, if I still discovered its remains in my own heart.

While I was engaged in this school at Limerick, an affecting circumstance occurred in the neighborhood. A Mrs. Gilpatrick, the wife of Joseph Gilpatrick, Esq. went to bed at the usual hour, in health. Some time in the night, she awoke, rose up in her bed, and said to her husband, "I am dying!" and expired immediately.

Death in such a country, where the people are comparatively few, excites much more general sympathy than death in a more populous region. Mrs. G. was of an amiable character, and was much lamented. The lamentations of her family and connexions at the funeral, were such as do not often occur.

This circumstance induced me to write a number of verses, addressed to Esquire G. and his children. I have since, on different occasions, written a few verses, but I must confess that when I review them, they in general appear so defective, and as there is an abundance of good poetry in circulation, that my mind sickens at the thought of presenting them to the public. I am very confident that they cannot afford much gratification to persons of refined taste and education, and yet I am aware that there may be a certain class of readers to whom such productions would be more acceptable, and probably as instructive as the productions of learned and flowery writers.

A learned speaker or writer may probably assure himself that if his writings or addresses are exhibited in such a style as to be fully understood by the more unlearned readers or hearers, he will not be as much admired by a very large proportion of the learned.

It will be granted, I presume, that the number is far too small, who, regardless of the applause or flatteries of their fellow worms, or their own reputation, are willing to endure frowns and censure for the truth's sake. We well know that man is an aspiring being, and we know also that our bounds are set, and that we cannot pass them. Whatever, therefore, may have been our attainments in

literature, fame, riches or grace, it will be no injury to us to look astern on our wake, and notice what we were ten, twenty, or forty years ago.

The apostle Paul, after he had made great acquisitions in wisdom and humility, recollected that when he was a child, he spake as a child, he understood as a child, and thought as a child; nor did he forget that he had been injurious to the cause of Jesus Christ, that he had kept the raiment of those who stoned Stephen to death, that he had persecuted the saints in every synagogue, and had caused many of them to blaspheme.

With the apostle, doubtless, those several circumstances were so many incentives to humility and self-abasement before his God, as long as he lived.

But I discover that I am steering wide from my original design. I had at first purposed to say all that I should say of myself, in about two hundred pages, 12mo. but I have already written considerably more than one hundred and fifty pages, and there yet being near forty years of my life to narrate, I perceive that I must be more concise, or I shall swell my book much beyond my first intention.

To return to my narrative: I should have observed that before I commenced my school in Limerick, I made a journey to Portsmouth, to see my mother, sisters and other relatives. I had seen none of them; nor had I made any communication to them since I had entertained a hope that I was converted.

I was not yet baptized, but was an advocate for immersion. I could not but communicate to them the reason of my hope, and I trust with "meekness and fear." But it seemed to them like an idle tale. Most of them were disgusted with my principles.

I visited the family of my uncle, Samuel Sherburne, on the plain which I have before mentioned. I had always felt a peculiar veneration for this place, which had been the residence of so large a number of my ancestors, whose remains were deposited in an extensive family burying-ground, on my uncle's land near his house. My father's remains were brought from the town and depos-

ited here a few years before, while I was a captive in Charleston, S. C.

Here I had a number of cousins, both male and female, about my age, who had always treated me with peculiar affection, and who with profound attention and deep sympathy, had formerly heard me narrate the particulars of my voyages, imprisonments, &c. But at this time, I could not join them in that hilarity which had heretofore marked our pleasant interviews. It was deeply impressed on me to tell them frankly what a state my mind had been in, and what I trusted the Lord had done for my soul. They sat aghast for a while, but when they ascertained that I was in sentiment a Baptist, they seemed to regret that I was inclined to depart from the tradition of my fathers.

In my uncle Furbur's family, with which I had been equally intimate, I met about the same reception. There was not at that time, to my knowledge, a single Baptist member in all the town of Portsmouth or any of the adjacent towns; I was therefore a kind of phenomenon among my friends and acquaintance.

I have the happiness, however, to hope that the greatest part of those families, my own included,) have since that time become real Christians; but a large proportion of them have gone the way "from whence no traveller returns."

A part of my business at Portsmouth was to visit Miss Jane Muchamore, to whom I had paid my addresses for several years, and should have married her long before this time, had it not been for our poverty. Her father, Mr. Nathaniel Muchamore, died about the time that my father died. He had been in easy circumstances, but misfortunes, together with his lingering in consumption a number of years, reduced his family to poverty.

His widow was a pious woman; she was one of Whitfield's converts. She was a member of the first Congregational church, of which Samuel Haven, D. D. was at that time pastor. In my previous visits, while I was under conviction, I had discovered something of my feelings to this good old lady and her daughter; it seemed to be highly gratifying to the old lady, but her

daughter, like Gallio, cared for none of these things. But on this visit I found that Jane was under great anxiety of mind; a circumstance, which to her mother and myself was very pleasant.

My brother Samuel, (who had been at work by the month, in Cornish,) and myself had resolved to remove my mother and the smaller children into the country. House rent and fire wood saddled a heavy bill on us and kept us poor. We accordingly took her into the country which was much to our advantage.

In the spring of the year 1790, after I had finished my school in Limerick, and before the spring work commenced, I made a circuitous journey to Portsmouth, through Epping, Exeter, New Market, and Strotham. In several of those towns there had been recent revivals of religion; and I was desirous to form some acquaintance with the young converts. I had a number of very pleasant interviews with babes in Christ, and older professors, and found my mind considerably strengthened. When I came to Portsmouth, I was extremely gratified to find there was a revival in that place. It was principally confined to the Rev. Joseph Walton's society; his church enjoyed some of the most edifying meetings in this place, I had ever realized.

I crossed the ferry into Kittery, where another revival had recently commenced. In this place I spent about two days in going from house to house, accompanied by young converts who appeared to be zealously engaged in their Master's cause. These were happy days with me. We parted with our feelings much excited, commending each other to God and the word of his grace.

As I journeyed homeward, on foot and alone, I reviewed the pleasing seasons I had passed, and I was much gratified in my interview.

In June, 1790, I attended the New-Hampshire association. This was the first association I had ever attended. I had the gratification of hearing the venerable Dr. Hezekiah Smith, whose preaching so much affected me in Cornish.

The people in Kittery made application to the association for some supply in preaching; and Elder Simon Locke was appointed to visit them in August.

My health was so poor that season, that I could do but little work, and I proposed to accompany elder Locke to Kittery, and to make a visit to Portsmouth.

I will now bring to view several subjects which occasioned me much perplexity, viz. baptism, close communion, the Lord's supper, and preaching.

I had paid such particular attention to the New Testament, on the subject of baptism, that I was perfectly satisfied that none were proper subjects of this ordinance, but such as believed in Jesus Christ to the saving of their souls, and were capable of answering a good conscience toward God. When I inquired of myself why I did not go forward, I many times screened myself under a doubt whether I was a real Christian; and even when such doubts subsided, yet the cross was so great, that it seemed I could not possibly do my duty, without some powerful impulse of the mind. But in regard to the manner, there was no question.

As yet I had not as particularly investigated the subject of communion as I had that of baptism. I devoted myself to the sudy of this subject, and was satisfied that it was an ordinance of Christ, which Christians should practice. In respect to close communion, although the scriptures said nothing expressly on the subject, I could not but question whether any had a right to partake of the Lord's supper, until they were immersed. I could not conceive that Baptists were the only real Christians, as I was fully satisfied that there were Congregationalists who were as really pious, as were the Baptists. With other denominations I had no acquaintance.

With regard to preaching, it was a matter not yet to be decided: whether it will ever be decided in time, I shall not now undertake to say.

Having ascertained from elder Locke, the time he would start for Kittery, I called on him the day previous to his starting, in order to have his company. I had a very pleasant interview with him and his amiable consort.

On the morrow we commenced our journey to Kittery Point, where he was to preach on the following day, which was the Sabbath. Here we ascertained that

there were a number of candidates for baptism. I left him at Kittery Point and took passage to Portsmouth; and to my inexpressible joy, I found Miss Jane Muchamore a bright and happy convert. Her mother had comparatively renewed her youth, as the eagles. I believe we enjoyed unsullied Christian communion, but I was so much attached to elder Locke and the converts at Kittery, that I must spend the Sabbath with them, and accordingly I returned to Kittery on Sabbath morning. It was concluded to have the ordinance of baptism on Monday, and the meeting was appointed at Mr. E. Hutchkins'.

His brother, Mr. S. Hutchkins, was one of the principal citizens of Portsmouth, and one of Mr. Walton's society. I having returned to Portsmouth on Sabbath evening, and given notice of the intended meeting on Monday, Mr. H. had the politeness to have a boat and hands to row it, and take his daughter, Miss Muchamore, who was now a member of Mr. Walton's church, and myself, to Kittery, to attend this meeting.

While Mr. Locke was preaching, I felt my mind very powerfully impressed with the idea, that it was my duty to be baptized. The impression was so powerful that I was confident I must speak as soon as there was an opportunity.

He had no sooner closed his sermon, than I arose. I felt as if I had authority from God to speak unto the people. I was much animated, and spoke with the utmost ease, for the space of ten or fifteen minutes. I then told them what God had graciously done for me and offered myself for baptism.

When I commenced speaking, Miss M. according to her own generous confession, felt as she supposed Michael felt when David danced before the ark. Her feelings were exceedingly wounded because I had not apprised her of my design to be baptized; but indeed I had not the remotest thought of it myself, until after Mr. Locke had commenced his sermon.

Before I had done speaking, her prejudice was removed; and when she saw me baptized, it so affected her that she could not stand. Miss Hutchkins, Miss Much-

amore, and many others in that congregation who had never seen the ordinance administered before, afterwards became Baptists.

Having returned to P. the next day, we had a visit from father Walton. The good man was quite unreconciled to what had taken place. He told me he believed I was deceived, and that he expected I would deceive Jane also. It may be thought that in our circumstances, this must be somewhat unpleasant to our feelings.

I seriously gave him the reasons for my conduct. He shortly became quite composed, gave us much good instruction, exhorted us to adorn our profession, and gave us his blessing.

I shortly after fell in company with deacon Moses, of Mr. Walton's church. The old gentleman very delicately introduced the same subject: he said he expected I would take Jane into the country with me among the Baptists, and he intimated that he thought it likely that my influence would induce her to become a Baptist also. I had before this resolved never to use any influence, directly or indirectly, to induce her to become a Baptist. I told the deacon that this was my determination; that I had myself been very much opposed to the Baptists, and that no mortal's influence had ever induced me to become a Baptist.

She shortly after this became my wife, and about five years after she voluntarily became a Baptist, and was always treated with marked attention by Mr. W. and his church.

By this time I had purchased ten acres of good land, had about half of it under improvement, and had made some provision for building a small house; but my constitution was so enfeebled that I could not perform half the labor that other men in general could. For three summers in succession, I was laid up for a considerable time in consequence of hard labor. I was also considerably in debt. Discouraging as these circumstances were, my spirits in general were good; for contrasting my condition with what it had before been, while gathering muscles on the muscle banks in Charleston,—steer

ing my little bark on a lee shore, on the coast of Newfoundland, in a violent gale of wind—my perilous condition among the breakers on the shore of Cape St. Mary's, &c. I saw that I had abundant reason to be thankful.

I had a firm footing on the peaceful shores of independence and liberty, located in the midst of a friendly and pious society, enjoying the confidence and possessing the suffrages of my townsmen, and above all entertaining a hope of eternal life through the merits of the Savior. Yet while in the body, industry, enterprise, perseverance and economy are requisite, in order that we may be useful to ourselves and one another.

I finally succeeded in getting my mother and little sisters under my own roof, covered with slabs. Our meetings were holden in private houses; my doors were opened, and it was my privilege to have preaching in my house the first Sabbath day after we moved into it. My mind had been some time tried in reference to family worship, for my mother was not at that time a professor of religion. I however commenced the exercise, and the trial subsided.

I kept house with my mother several months before I moved my wife home. By this time I had formed some acquaintance in the adjacent towns, and as the Baptists of that age and region, were much in the habit of "assembling themselves together," and "speaking often one to another," I enjoyed many precious opportunities at their fire sides, though generally in log cabins. Many of them, however, were more comfortable than my unfinished frame building

There were some difficulties however, when they called on me to stay over night. My mother had but two beds, and my wife but one. She had bedding, however, sufficient for two, and we had a spare straw bed, which we in cold weather, placed before a good fire, and our guest would find himself perfectly accommodated. If among our guests there were females, I could cheerfully stretch myself on a straw bed, by the fire, and reflect how much more comfortably situated I was than when lying on the cold deck of the old Jersey, or in the filthy bunks of her hospital ships.

I cannot easily express how much satisfaction I derived from such company. I was exceedingly fond of having preachers call on me, though desirous to be in circumstances to afford them better accommodations.

I much wished to set up an ashery, as there was none very near me, and potash was in pretty good demand at that time; but I had no capital to commence with. Josiah Pearce, Esq. of Flintstown, (now Baldwin) a half brother to the celebrated Count Rumford, was at that time doing considerable business in the mercantile line. He supplied me with goods; he was to be at half the expense of the building, &c. and was to share the profits with me. We had the misfortune to break a number of kettles, and make some bad debts. My circumstances were such that I became a considerable debtor myself.

After a number of years, I having made acquaintance in Portland, in consequence of a reformation taking place there, obtained goods on my own credit. I believe I continued in this business nearly ten years, until I commenced preaching in the year 1801. As I have no documents to assist my memory, I shall as concisely as is practicable, bring up my history to the date last mentioned.

My uncle Weymouth was one of the most influential men in the place. He was always in my opinion partial towards me, manifested great sympathy towards me in consequence of my ill health, and seemed more disposed to use his influence for my promotion to office in the plantation or town, than to sustain those offices himself. While the place was yet a plantation by the name of Francisboro', there was a military company organized, and my uncle was chosen captain. I never possessed much military taste after I went to sea, but to gratify him, I accepted the station of first sergeant and clerk of the company. This was the highest my military promotion ever reached; and this office I got rid of as soon as circumstances would admit; for after having the offices of town clerk and one of the select men conferred on me, I was exempt from military duty. Indeed my uncle had no military taste, he accepted the captaincy rather from necessity than from choice, and resigned as soon as he could.

With proper reflections we may see that a gracious and wise Providence often causes much good to grow out of an evil. Had I not been drawn or carried through the distressing scenes which I have already related, and been lodged in Old Mill prison, I had probably never acquired an education sufficient to have sustained those offices, and to have performed the business which has proved so profitable to me.

I am inclined to think that there is not one instance in a hundred, if there is one in ten thousand, in which after a lad arrives to the age of seventeen, entirely without a knowledge of the arts of writing and arithmetic, he ever attains to those arts.

I will notice a circumstance which eventually operated much in my favor. The county of York was the oldest county in Maine, and at the time I first went into the country, it extended probably eighty miles from the sea into the country. The court house and jail were in the extreme southwest angle of the county, in the town of Old York, within a mile of the sea, and about nine miles from Portsmouth, N. H. To the south west of a right line from York to Portsmouth, is a triangular piece of land, extending southerly, (including a part of York and a part of Kittery) ten or fifteen miles, bounded on the west by the Piscataqua river, and on the east by that part of the ocean called Wells' Bay.

As the country was increasing rapidly in population, and the public buildings were decaying, it was foreseen that public buildings must shortly be erected either in York or some other place.

A considerable number of the most influential persons in the county addressed a circular to the several towns, inviting them to appoint delegates to meet at Berwick, to take into consideration the interest of the county in regard to the public buildings. The town of Cornish appointed me as their delegate, but restricted me with respect to the county site. Most of the large towns sent three or four delegates; a number of other towns as well as Cornish, restricted the power of their representatives in their instructions.

When convened, there were probably sixty in number,

including a considerable number of the most respectable civil and military officers in the county. General John Frost, late of the revolutionary army, was called to the chair, and Daniel Sewall, Esq. clerk of the county court, was appointed Secretary.

I presume I was the youngest person in the company, and an entire stranger to almost every one present, and being sensible of my want of experience and talents, I resolved that my communications should be restricted to "yea, yea, nay, nay."

It was natural to suppose that the delegates from York and its vicinity, would do all they could to keep the courts at York, but it was soon discovered that we had a party also for Kennebunk, another for Brunswick, a fourth for Alfred, and a fifth for Waterborough. Moreover some of the members being restricted, as has been already mentioned, it was easy to see that nothing could be done at present, to give any thing like general satisfaction.

It was an object, however, for the several parties to sound each others' intentions. Some gentlemen endeavored to mature the business, while others were for procrastinating every proposal which was made. A Mr. N. who had been an officer in the army, and more recently a member of the Legislature, was extremely loquacious. He frequently contended that this or the other measure was "*unparliamentary.*" I was sufficiently vexed at this gentleman's criticisms and sophistry, and was very anxious that some one more capable than myself should make some reply to his quibbles.

To me it appeared, that there had been much time already wasted, and feeling an especial responsibility to my constituents, and a wish to secure their confidence, and being wearied with Mr. N's. long and continued speeches, I thought I would make an attempt to bring our discussions to a close.

I therefore arose and addressed the chair, observing to the President, that to me it appeared we were not attending strictly to the business for which we had been convened, that I came there with the impression that our only business was (if we could agree,) to fix upon a

suitable site for our county buildings. That the thought had never entered my mind that any part of our business was to decide upon "parliamentary" measures; I thought we had been sufficiently oppressed by such measures, and did not feel any great degree of deference towards them, and as we had become independent of them, it was to be lamented, if we could not transact the business then before us, without spending so much time in listening to the gentleman who last spoke, in learning what was or what was not "parliamentary;" but that inasmuch as in my instructions from my constituents I was restricted, and this being the case with a number of other members, I thought it was requisite that we should dissolve or adjourn to some future period.

These observations eventually led to a resolution to address a circular to the inhabitants, and to adjourn to the same place. The zeal and decision manifested in making the foregoing observations, excited the attention of the members generally, and some more especially, as I shall have occasion to mention hereafter.

I am aware that by this time the reader will be inclined to conclude that the writer has paid himself a compliment. I readily acknowledge that it is not always prudent, or perhaps safe, for a person to speak or write his own feats or performances, but according to Franklin, it is a peculiar trait in the character of old men. As the writer has gone far down the declivity of life, he would request his readers to admit this circumstance as his apology. I venture to say that it is rather difficult for one who writes a narrative of himself, when he reviews the great variety of circumstances which have attended him in the space of forty or fifty years, if he possesses but a moderate degree of sensibility, to avoid saying more of himself than is strictly compatible with his own feelings, and he will most probably appear, at least, in some degree, as an egotist in the view of others.

CHAPTER IX.

Engages to survey a township—First son born—Narrowly escapes drowning in Mad river—Lotted out the township of Success in N. H.—He is Agent for the Baptists in Limington—Becomes acquainted with Dr. Baldwin—Baptist petition not granted—Baptists and others succeed in obtaining relief—Manner of carrying on meetings—Reformation in Portland—Trials about Preaching.

To return to my narrative: The acquaintance which I formed with the principal persons of the county, through the medium of this convention, occasioned my appointment by an order of the court, to survey several tracts of land, the titles of which were in dispute in the county courts; I was also appointed an agent of one of the principal proprietors of the town.

All these circumstances I viewed as so many acts of divine Providence, in my favor; as my constitution was so impaired that I could perform but little manual labor, the emoluments arising from those little offices, in some measure supplied that defect.

My brother and myself found it to our advantage in removing my mother and sisters from Portsmouth to the country. After a few years, the girls were able to support themselves; we were nevertheless embarrassed in our circumstances.

We found it difficult to raise money to pay for our land. I had yet several sisters in Portsmouth, one was married. My mother became discontented. as aged people generally are when removed to a strange place.

I was therefore under the necessity of providing a horse and taking her to Portsmouth. At the time, I thought this a hardship; but a kind Providence overruled it very much to my advantage; it being at a season of the year when our work in the country demanded attention. I then did not calculate to make a visit of more than a day or two at the most.

I happened to fall in company with Mr. Joseph Akar-

man, a respectable citizen of Portsmouth, with whom I had but little acquaintance. This gentleman seemed to feel himself much interested in my welfare, was inquisitive to know how I employed myself in the country, &c. Amongst other employments, I mentioned that occasionally I had a job of surveying. Mr. A. observed to me that he was a proprietor in a township of land in the interior of the State, (viz. N. H.) that the proprietors must shortly have it laid out in lots, and that Col. S. Sherburne, Capt. I. Salter, and himself, were a committee appointed by the proprietors for this purpose. He thought I had better call on those gentlemen, observing, that if they were agreed, he should be willing that I should have the job. In short, I agreed with them to lay out the township called Success, into one hundred acre lots. This township lies twenty miles north of the White Hills, and is bounded on the east by the State of Maine. This was a serious undertaking for me, but there was no time to be lost.

It was expedient that I should make a journey of sixty or seventy miles into the town of Shelburn on the Androscoggin river, and laying directly south of Success, to procure provisions and make preparation for commencing the business. On the 12th September, 1795, my first son was born: he was named John Elliot.

As soon as I could conveniently leave my family, I commenced the journey. In ascending the Androscoggin, on the south side, I forded a number of streams which fell into the river. The last day's journey was generally through a dreary wilderness; and the road, if it deserved the name, was exceedingly bad. In Shelburn there were but few inhabitants:—Moses Ingalls, Esq. and Fletcher Ingalls, his brother, were the principal men of the place. From both of those gentlemen I received many signal favors. Their father, an aged and eminent saint, lived with Fletcher. Having made the necessary arrangements with the Messrs. Ingalls', I set out for home; but in crossing *Mad river*, I narrowly escaped with my life. This river is sixty or eighty yards wide; its bed is entirely composed of round smooth stones, of different sizes, from two to six or eight inches in diameter. When

I crossed this river a few days before, the water near each shore was about a foot deep, but several rods in the middle was entirely bare. There had been a heavy rain while I was at Shelburn, but my friends thought there would be no danger in crossing. On my return the bed of the river was wholly covered. The water was nearly four feet deep at the sides, and about two in the middle, and so extremely rapid as to move the stones on the bottom. I had nearly crossed the first channel, when my horse, although active and strong, stumbled and fell. I had taken the precaution to release my feet from the stirrups before I entered the water. I was thrown a little forward of my horse into shallower water, and by grappling to his head, I soon recovered my feet. The horse was unable to rise until I got foothold, among the stones and held its head up stream; it then, without difficulty, recovered its feet.

I then proceeded to the middle of the stream, where, as I before observed, the water was shallowest; and having halted a little to rest, I concluded to take my chance with my horse, on my own feet. As I approached the eastern shore, the water deepened; but I braced myself against the horse, who seemed to have improved from his misfortune, and taking more slow and firm steps, reached the eastern shore without further difficulty. Thus was I once more graciously preserved from a watery grave. Having ascended the bank of the river, I turned and took a view of the rapid stream, and thought the name given to it was very appropriate. Casting my eye a little to the right, the noble Androscoggin, with its majestic impetuosity, presented itself to my view, and caused my very soul to shudder in view of the danger I had escaped. This was the first instance of imminent dander I had realized since I left the sea; and I could not, with but gratitude, adore that gracious God whose merciful providence had been so often exercised to save me from the grasp of death.

On my return home, I found my family well, and I immediately engaged my brother Samuel for an axe man, Mr. B. Estes and Mr. J. Wormwood for chainmen, and repaired to the wilderness and commenced my survey.

Mr. Ingalls conducted us to the southeast corner of Success, which was also the northeast corner of Shelburn, and about six miles distance from his house. He was the nearest inhabitant to the south, and there were none on the north nearer than Canada. Our work daily carried us farther from the inhabitants.

It was our practice, at night, to fall a suitable tree, against which to build a fire, and prepare a sufficient quantity of fuel. At a proper distance from our fire, we stuck down two forked stakes, ten or twelve feet apart, placed a stout pole into these stakes, and then fixed a number of smaller ones on the first. The top ends ran back from the fire, and laid on the ground. On these we would place a quantity of hemlock brush, and lay a quantity of the same on the ground for our bed; resting on this brush, with our feet to a good fire, and covering ourselves with blankets, we generally slept comfortably.

Our business was very fatiguing; it being so late in the season that the streams were considerably swollen, and the swamps quite wet. We had also to endure several storms of rain, and one of snow, which fell six inches deep. This did not all disappear until the third or fourth day after. When we accomplished our business, we were nearly twenty miles from Esq. Ingalls'.

It was a very dark day, and we were each of us entirely willing to retire from this gloomy wilderness. We commenced our retreat early in the forenoon. It rained all day, and we were each of us heavily loaded with our camp equipage. We had entirely expended our provisions, and had but a scanty breakfast that morning. When night overtook us, we were within about five miles of Mr. Ingalls', on the weather side of a mountain. It was quite rainy, with a high wind, and we could no longer find our way by our spotted trees. For a while we got along slowly, by feeling the spots. One person would stand by a spotted tree, while another person would find a second, another a third, and so on. At length we concluded to strike up a fire, but every thing was so wet that it was very difficult. We happened to find some birch bark, and made a torch by which we traced the spotted line, until we descended from the

mountain to pine land. We then lost our course, but obtaining an abundance of excellent pitchwood, we made our way by conjecture, for some time. At length we became apprehensive that we were not pursuing the proper route. On setting my compass, I found that we were travelling nearly a north course, when we wished to go south.

I then sent two of the men forward with torches, keeping them in range of each other; and kept the other to light me, while I should occasionally set the compass. Though we advanced slowly, this was preferable to laying on the weather side of the mountain, in the rain. At length we heard the barking of dogs, (by no means an unpleasant sound,) and we shortly found our way to our friend Ingalls' house. It was about midnight; the barking of the dogs, and our approaching the house with several large torches, not a little alarmed the family. The Esquire and his lady arose and paid us every possible attention. Although Mrs. Ingalls was not in health at that time, she insisted on waiting on us herself. I can never forget their affectionate attention.

We were extremely tired and hungry; it was therefore necessary that we should rest a day or two, before we should pursue our journey homeward. In due time, we took an affectionate leave of these agreeable families, nor have I seen any member of them since. On our arrival at home, we had the satisfaction to find all well. It became necessary to make a plan and a return to my employers. They expressed entire satisfaction, and honorably paid me. After paying off all my bills, I found I had made about two dollars per day, for each day I had spent, including all my journeying on the occasion. I could not but view this circumstance as a special act of Divine Providence in my favor.

At this period, the state of religion, as well as literature, was very different from what it is now. When the reformation, which I have before mentioned, took place in Cornish, in 1787, there was nothing like a reformation heard of in any part of the country, to my knowledge; but in a few years after, reformations became quite common in many parts of our land. The reformation which

commenced in Cornish, spread into the adjacent towns of Limington, Limerick, Hiram, Baldwin and Parsonfield, and several other towns. But there was neither a Congregational nor Presbyterian preacher in either of those towns, or in any other town within fifteen or twenty miles of the place. The Congregationalists (for there were no Presbyterians or Methodists in that section of country at that time,) seemed rather indifferent towards the reformation, or perhaps it may be as proper to say, rather opposed.

Several years after the reformation in Cornish, a Congregational minister was settled in the adjoining town of Limington, where a number of the members of the Baptist church of Cornish resided. There was also a considerable number of persons residing in Limington who were Baptists in sentiment, and attended meeting in Cornish, but they were all, without exception, taxed to the support of the Congregational minister in Limington. This circumstance occasioned unpleasant feelings, and a remonstrance against such proceedings; but it was to no purpose. The Baptists, however, refused to pay the tax, and when the year came about, the constable distrained from them their property, and sold it at vendue, to pay the ministerial taxes. This circumstance occasioned great uneasiness in the town; and some of those who were thus used, being acquainted with Judge Thatcher, of Gorham, made application to him for counsel, and procured him to draw a petition to the general court of Massachusetts in their favor. (Maine at that time was under the Massachusetts government.) He was formerly a Congregational preacher himself, but was possessed of more candor than some others. There were about thirty persons who signed the petition; the prayer of which was to obtain an act of incorporation as a Baptist society. They saw fit to employ me to present the petition. A few years prior to this, there had been a Baptist church constituted in Frysbury, in the county of York, twenty miles to the north of Cornish. This church had recently been taxed by the Congregationalists.

In Massachusetts Proper, about the year 1795, and several years prior thereto, the Baptist churches in Barn-

stable and Harwich were grievously oppressed by the Congregationalists. This induced the Warren Association, to which the Baptist churches in Boston belonged, to appoint a committee to give counsel to the Baptist brethren or churches, who might be oppressed by taxation:—Mr., afterwards Dr. Baldwin, was one of this committee.

On my arrival at Boston, in behalf of my Limington friends, about the year 1799, I in the first place called on Mr. Baldwin, (having a letter of introduction from elder Wm. Bachelder,) whom I found to be one of the most friendly and obliging persons I have ever met with. He readily gave me all the assistance that lay in his power. He introduced me to deacon Titcomb, of Newburyport, and to Gen. Salem Town. Both of these gentlemen belonged to the Senate, and were on the committee for incorporations. He also introduced me to a number of other gentlemen of the house. I presented the petition, which was read in both houses, and committed to the committee for incorporations. After I arrived in Boston, I ascertained that Judge Fry, of Frysbury, who at that time was a senator from the county of York, was employed by the select-men of Limington to oppose the petition which had been committed to my care; and I knew that he was unfriendly to the Baptists.

By this time the Methodists began to increase in Massachusetts. I found a gentleman attending the general court, with a petition to defend a Methodist society:—however we might differ in our religious tenets, our interest was one and the same, in regard to an incorporation.

I have the impression that there had been a bill before the house several years before, the object of which was to place the several religious denominations upon an equal footing; and I found that our applications for incorporations were the means of reviving that bill. After about two weeks, I had an opportunity of being heard by the committee for incorporations. I merely stated the matters of fact in regard to the petitioners, and plead for their constitutional rights. Judge Fry also appeared, and with great vehemence, declaimed against an in-

dividual, of the petitioners, who was not a church member, however, of whom he had heard an ill report; and represented the petitioners as a faction, who were opposed to all wholesome government, &c. and that their object was only to get rid of paying ministerial taxes. I observed to the gentlemen of the committee, (which consisted of two members from the Senate and three from the house, that the thought had never entered my mind that his honor would have taken such ground. I presumed that he had no personal acquaintance with any one of the petitioners; but that I was personally acquainted with the greatest part of them, and knew a number of them to be members of the Baptist church in Cornish. That whatever defects there might be in the moral characters of the honorable gentleman's employers, (and I was confident that they were not all without them,) we had only to complain of their unjustly and unconstitutionally taking away, and sacrificing our property, and pray for protection.

The committee did not report in favor of the petitioners, because they were confident that the general bill would pass. I believe they recommended the passing said bill as a substitute. I have the impression that the bill passed the Senate, but am not confident. But I was afterwards informed by Dr. Baldwin, that, in the House of Representatives, the yeas and nays were equally divided upon the bill, and that the Speaker, (who, I think, was Mr. Timothy Bigelow,) gave his vote against the bill. I cannot say whether Deacon Titcomb was a Congregationalist or a Presbyterian; he was, however, a gentleman of unquestionable piety; and was willing that the Baptists and other dissenters (from the standing order, so called,) should enjoy equal privileges with himself. Gen. Town was equally liberal. They did not think it necessary for me to tarry longer, as they had no doubt that the bill would pass. I was also informed by Dr. Baldwin, that the Deacon very ably supported the bill in the Senate:—he referred to me, as the agent of a society, who had spent several weeks endeavoring to obtain an act of incorporation; and he was satisfied that the petitioners ought to be relieved; and the only reason which induced

the committee not to report in favor of an act of incorporation, was because they had the expectation that the bill would pass.

While in Boston I had a conference with Judge Wells, who was the other Senator from the county of York: he agreed with me that the petitioners were oppressed. I urged him, that in case the petition did not succeed, that he would use his influence with the select-men of Limington not to tax the Baptists. I had no doubt he would succeed. Whether he interfered, I cannot now say; but I believe they were no longer taxed. In a few years after this, there was a Baptist Church constituted in Limington, and they built a meeting-house and settled a minister.

In other places, however, the Congregationalists continued to tax other denominations. This occasioned many perplexing and vexatious law suits. In Falmouth, in the district of Maine, in the year 1810, the Universalists were engaged in a law suit with the Congregationalists, for the purpose of recovering money that had been taken from them by the latter. The decision of the Supreme Court, in which the late Judge Parsons, Chief Justice of the State presided, was, "That no society, except those which were incorporated by law, could be entitled to this privilege;" viz. of drawing back their money again. Immediately upon the news of this decision, a circular address, signed in behalf of others, by Dr. Baldwin of Boston, Mr. Williams of Beverly, and Mr. Bolles of Salem, was distributed through the State,* together with a petition, the subtsance of the prayer of which was the general bill before mentioned. In the June session of 1811, about thirty thousand citizens, many of whom were Congregationalists, preferred their petition for this general bill. Eventually, relief was obtained; nor have I heard of any oppression since.

Mr. John Chadbourn, who commenced preaching in the time of the reformation, at Cornish, continued to preach there a considerable part of the time for several years: he then moved to Bethel, on the Androscoggin

* See Benedict's History of the Baptists, vol. I. pp. 447, 448, and vol. II. pp. 432, 433, &c.

river, where he continued about a year. The reformation had subsided, and the church seemed to decline. We, however, continued out meetings, and had occasional preaching. Mr. Ebenezer P. Kinsman, from Waterborough, who was afterwards ordained Pastor of the Baptist church in Limerick, supplied us part of the time.

Mr. Chadbourn having returned from Bethel, was ordained, but not particularly to the pastoral care of that church; he however continued to preach there some time, and then went to Limington.

We were again "as sheep without a shepherd." Mr. Isaac Thompson and myself served the church as Deacons at that time, and with several other brethren, entered into an especial agreement to continue our meeting; but we had many trials to endure. The church was in a low cold state, and there were some divisions among us in regard to doctrine. Mr. Timothy Barnes was a "chief man among the brethren;"—he used occasionally to speak in public, but he moved to Penobscot. Mr. Joseph Smith, one of the most celebrated singers and teachers of music in New-England, a Baptist brother, came from Epping into the place with his family. He was afterwards appointed a Deacon in the church, and also became a preacher. Mr. Joseph Allen had a very edifying gift in exhortation. The three last mentioned brethren have long since been deposited in the silent grave.

Our manner of carrying on a meeting, was to sing a hymn or psalm, join in prayer, and then read a chapter of the Scriptures, and any one who was disposed, made observations from it. Occasionally we had an exhortation, and when it came from deacon Thompson or brother Allen, it was both animated and animating. Mr. Noah Jewett, of the Congregational church in Durham, N. H. purchased one of the best estates in the town, and with a large family moved in.

About this time the Free-will Baptists and Methodists seemed disposed to occupy the ground, as we had no preacher, and made a practice of holding their meetings within call of ours; but there were, however, a considerable number who were not disposed to hear them. The Methodists succeeded in forming a small class, but it was dissolved in less than a year.

Mr. Jewett, for a while, seemed inclined to take the back ground; I believe, however, that his heart was as much with us as a Pædo-Baptist's could be; and notwithstanding our close communion, as it is called, he was soon led to discover that he had as much freedom in exercising his gifts among us, as though he had been with his own brethren; for we freely invited him to take an active part in our meetings, and felt the advantages of his assistance. After a while, I felt inclined to bring him into a conversation with me upon baptism, but he used the same kind of policy with me that the celebrated John Newton did with Dr. Thomas Scott. At length I frankly invited him to a conference upon the subject. He remarked to me, that it was a question with him whether I should produce any argument in favor of my principles which he had not heard, and that for himself, he had no expectation that he should produce any in his favor that I had not heard, nor did he suppose we should either of us derive any benefit from a talk on the subject. As he was therefore not disposed to hoist his colors or run out his guns, I was by no means inclined to fire into him, as a sailor would say. I wished that I had not introduced the subject; but he afterwards became a Baptist, and was appointed a Deacon in the church, and became one of her principal supporters. I will in this place narrate a particular circumstance which occurred with us, the date of which I do not now particularly remember.

On a thanksgiving day, we had had a meeting, although we had no minister. It was the general practice in New England for the young people to assemble in companies, on thanksgiving evenings, for dancing, but I believe it never was a practice in Cornish. I believe, however, that they visited in small parties for recreation; this was practised also by the heads of families.

At the meeting on that day, I invited my brethren Jewett, Allen, Thompson, and Ranlet, to spend the evening at my house. They all attended, and we passed the evening in a sociable and friendly manner until past nine o'clock. When my guests were about to retire, I observed to them that it would be a privilege to have one of them pray with us before we parted:—all was silence for

a minute or two. I observed that I had no choice, and that I would gladly join with any one of them; but finally they all declined. I then endeavored to urge it upon one and another, but all to no purpose, and they each of them urged it upon me; but as I was in my own house, it seemed remote from common practice for me to attempt the performance. My conscience upbraided me, because I had not introduced the subject of religion in our evening's conversation.

Each of these brethren had a similar confession to make. My wife's mind had been burdened all the evening, in consequence of our omission, but she thought it not her place to introduce the subject. I could not endure the thought of their leaving me without praying. I therefore urged them again and again, but to no purpose.

Eventually, there was no alternative;—I must myself attempt to pray.* I therefore commenced under a distressing trial of mind, and I prayed under the necessity of praying, after I had, with deep compunction of soul, confessed my delinquency. I had no sooner closed than another commenced, and he had no sooner ceased to speak vocally to the great I AM, than a third engaged; and finally we all prayed—we all wept—we all rejoiced. We then all sat down as in an heavenly place, and spent an hour as Christians ought to spend their time when together. The next day we were desirous to know each other's state of mind. We communicated to others how it had been with us;—a happy revival ensued, and a reformation commenced, in which a number were added to the church.

About this time there was a reformation in Portland, as I have before mentioned. It commenced with a few persons who were not satisfied with the stated preaching† in the town. They were Messrs. Benjamin Titcomb, Thomas Beck, and Nathaniel Cross. They established

* Having since visited Cornish, and conversed with some of my old friends, I am inclined to think that Mr. Jewett first engaged in prayer.

† This was before the excellent Payson settled in Portland.

meetings in their houses for a while, but generally at Mr. Titcomb's. He afterwards became an acceptable and profitable Baptist preacher. Mr. Beck was afterwards one of the deacons of the Baptist church in that place, but Mr. Cross never became a Baptist; he however became a very active member of a Congregational church, in which he had the happiness of seeing an extensive reformation. I lived about thirty miles from Portland, but my business often called me there, and I became intimately acquainted with the three above named brethren.

I always called upon them when I went into the town, and sometimes spent a Sabbath with them. They were soon after joined by Benjamin Ilsley, since a deacon in the church; Mark Harris, who has since been a member of the Senate of Massachusetts and also a representative to Congress; William Beckett, a Baptist brother from London, long since deceased; Ansel Lewis, and a number of others: finally, they have become a large and respectable church, and have now for their pastor Mr. Thomas B. Ripley, from Boston. Mr. Titcomb is the pastor of a large and flourishing church in Brunswick, Me.

Until after deacon Smith and deacon Jewett joined our meeting in Cornish, I was placed in very trying circumstances; for if my brethren knew of my design to be absent on the Sabbath, they would not meet together. We seemed inclined to lean on each other, and whether they leaned more on me than I did on them, I cannot say.

There were but three or four of us that took an active part in our meetings. There was a certain kind of backwoods modesty about us, which induced us respectively to put each other forward, rather than to go forward ourselves. It was frequently the case with me, that when I read a chapter, there was some particular text in it which lay with considerable weight on my mind. I commonly made some general observations on the chapter, but could not well avoid some particular explanations on that particular text that lay on my mind. I was careful to avoid every thing that had the appearance of preaching.

Individuals of our own, and of other churches, had from time to time given it as their opinion, that Sherburne would be a preacher: and some had even urged it upon me. I dare not say that I did not secretly wish to be a preacher, but I was disposed to hold myself at an awful distance from that sacred office. I felt as if it was next to the unpardonable sin for a creature to attempt that employment, if God had not absolutely called him to the work; and I also indulged the idea, that if God called a creature to that employment, he would give him as demonstrative evidence of it as he had of the existence of Deity. And I also ardently wished that if I should become a preacher, I might be a good and a great one. But considering the inferiority of my abilities and education, it appeared to be out of the question, that I should become a real minister of Christ. Such thoughts and impressions revolved in my mind for ten years before I attempted to preach, during which time I was a constant attendant on preaching, whenever I had opportunity, and was an attentive hearer, and a critical observer. I sometimes thought I discovered in some young preachers a degree of affectation, and an inclination to imitate the manners of such preachers as were celebrated speakers. This extremely hurt my feelings. I had read and prayerfully studied the scriptures for more than twelve years, and felt no more competent to determine whether God had called me to preach than when the subject first exercised my thoughts; and yet I could not possibly disengage my mind from the subject.

About the year 1800, I spent a Sabbath with my good friends in Portland, who by this time had increased to a considerable number, and had hired a school-house in Union-street, in which a decent congregation assembled.

Mr. Titcomb led the meeting, but I think he did not preach. His speaking powerfully affected my mind, and I felt as if I must speak when he closed. I made the attempt, and I felt as if I was assisted by the Holy Spirit. I had great freedom, and had the attention of the people, and spake to them fifteen or twenty minutes, to the particular satisfaction of my Christian friends

When I reflected on what had passed, I concluded that if I at that time had spoken under the influence of the Holy Spirit, that I had very many times grieved that Spirit, by declining to obey his dictates.

When I returned home, my feelings were very much tried from the circumstance that my brethren had had no meeting on the preceding Sabbath. And it was no small trial to me, when I reflected in what manner I had spoken in Portland, when I had never undertaken to speak in that manner in my own church. Although I had often felt as if I must unavoidably speak unto them the words of this life, yet I withheld, either in consequence of its being so great a cross, or for fear I should run when the Lord had not sent me. I do not know that I felt any condemnation for speaking in Portland, for I believe I may say that I could not hold my peace.

CHAPTER X.

Commences preaching, in 1801—*Visits Boston—Death of his sister—Preaches in Boston, in Salem and many other places—In* 1802 *preaches in Philipsburg—The venerable Deacon Chase—E. Hight, Esq.—Preaches at Arundel—Removes to Arundel—Reformation—Teaches school—Ordained—Takes the census in six towns—Distressing sickness—His wife out of health—Her life despaired of—Her happy state of mind—Her death.*

Our meetings were carried on in Cornish, as usual; the free-will brethren occasionally setting up "their post by our post." On the fourth Sabbath in May, 1801, as I was on the way to our school-house where we held our meetings, I met several going to the other meeting and I was almost determined to turn back myself, from the impression that there would be none at the school-house; I however went foward, and to my astonishment found

a larger congregation than usually met there, when there was no preacher. The books were passed from one brother to another, and finally were presented to me. I opened the meeting in our usual manner, and having read the second chapter of the epistle to the Colossians, I informed the audience that it was my design to confine my observations to the sixth and seventh verses. I had great freedom in giving my views of "receiving Christ Jesus the Lord;" the reasonableness, the propriety, and the necessity, of walking in his commandments and ordinances, in order to a "growth in grace, and abounding therein with thanksgiving." Having delivered my message, I felt a peculiar calmness of mind.

It was soon noised abroad, and in the adjacent towns, that Sherburne had commenced preaching. For some time I enjoyed a happy state of mind. Immediately upon this, deacon Joseph Smith, before mentioned, commenced preaching, to great acceptance. Our congregation increased:—the free-will brethren gave up their meeting;—the Methodist class was dissolved, and a reformation again commenced.

I was much attached to Mr. John Watson, formerly a sailor, and Mr. Asa Osgood, an old revolutionist, both living in Brownfield, seven miles north of Cornish. They both being members of the church with me, urged me to preach in their neighborhood; and I having particular acquaintance in Limerick, Limington, Baldwin, Portland, and a number of other towns, was invited to preach in those places: and as deacon Smith was preaching in Cornish, to the satisfaction of the church, I was at liberty to be absent, and comply with the wishes of my friends abroad.

I had anticipated severe trials, if I were to preach, but my mind was generally tranquil. I generally had freedom in speaking, and took great satisfaction in reading and studying the scriptures. But my trading concerns were embarrassments to my mind, and I was resolved to wind up that business as soon as possible. I found myself indebted to Esq. Pierce, and others in Portland, about four hundred dollars, and the property I then held was worth about nine hundred dollars.

In March, 1802, Mr. John Coffin, and others, employed me to transact some business for them in Glocester, on Cape Ann. Having accomplished my business, and being so near Boston, I resolved to visit two of my sisters then residing in Boston. When I was there in the year of 1799, I had three sisters there at service; as wages were much higher in Boston than in Portsmouth. They had been recommended by ladies in Portsmouth, to other ladies of their acquaintance in Boston. Elizabeth and Mary lived at a Mr. Boardman's, on Fort Hill, and Susan lived several years at Dr. Jarvar's, but was now married to Capt. Peter Kenedy, who kept a boarding-house. Mary was married to a Mr. Kelly, about a year before, and shortly after died. I arrived in Boston about six o'clock, P. M. and first called on my good friend, Mr. Ja's. Newhall, with whom I boarded in 1799. Mrs. N. enquired whether I had been sent for; I informed her I was not. "Then," said she, "you did not know that your friends were in trouble." I informed her I did not, and requested to know what was the matter. She replied, "your sister Elizabeth died this morning at five o'clock."

I had never heard of her illness, as she had been sick but a few days. I unexpectedly found my mother in Boston. She had been living with my brother George, on the Penobscot river, and went to Boston in a coaster, with him, a few weeks before, to see her children. I called on my good friend Baldwin, who attended the funeral.

This sister was the only relative I had ever followed to the grave, except one cousin. As I drew near to Boston, my mind was deeply employed in contemplating on the subject of mortality, and anticipating the scenes of sorrow and of joy, in which I expected shortly to be employed with my dear surviving sisters; little thinking that the first information from the first acquaintance I should meet, would be the death of one of them. "Be ye also ready." While in Boston, Mr. Baldwin would have me preach in his vestry, which I did, but it put me to a hard trial to preach to Bostonians. On my return home, I preached at Salem, Beverly, Windham, Hampton Falls and Exeter.

In the summer of 1802, I preached frequently at Philipsburg, (now Hollis,) on Saco river, about ten miles from the sea. On the second Sabbath in which I preached in this town, which was the thirteenth of June 1802, I first became acquainted with the venerable deacon Chase, of the Congregational church in Saco. He was here on a visit at Elisha Hight's, Esq. His lady was the deacon's grand daughter. Before public worship began in the morning, Col. Lane, of Buxton, called on me; with a request that I would attend the funeral of a Mr. Abner Chase, late of Litchfield, in New-Hampshire. Col. Lane and others, had employed this active and enterprising young man, as the master workman of a bridge which they were constructing across Saco river, between Buxton and Hollis. He was unfortunately drowned in Saco river, on the twenty-first of May. Great exertions were used to recover the body, but it was not found until the twelfth or thirteenth of June, when it arose and floated ashore in Hollis, a few miles below Esq. Hight's.

It was expedient that the corpse should be deposited in a coffin, and even in the grave, as soon as possible; but before the grave was covered, a large assembly of the citizens of Buxton and Hollis formed a procession at a house not far distant, and marched round the grave, and then attended public worship in an orchard. The deceased was a distant relation of the deacon's, who was the only relative to attend on the solemn occasion. The deacon was then about ninety years of age. As Col. Lane arranged the procession, it was his request that the deacon and myself should walk together to the grave. It was my wish to have walked at the left hand of such a venerable character, and I took that position, but before I was aware of it, he reversed the order, and insisted upon my walking at his right hand, and I was constrained to submit.

From that time, the deacon became quite attached to me; and it was no small consolation to me, to enjoy the friendship and attachment of such eminent Christians as elder Chadbourn, before mentioned, and old deacon Chase. It would be difficult for me to say which of those excellent and aged Christians I most highly esteemed.

Elder Chadbourn had departed this life, however, before I became acquainted with deacon Chase. I believe I have before mentioned that elder Chadbourn had two sons who were Baptist preachers. Deacon Chase had two sons who were members of the Baptist church in Limington, viz. Amos and Abner; the former of whom is a deacon. I believe he is yet living, and think he must be more than seventy years of age.

After I settled in Arundel, (now called Kennebunk Port,) deacon Chase used occasionally to come to our meeting; and after they had built a new meeting-house at Saco, he invited me to preach in the old one, which I did several times. When he was *ninety-five*, I had been preaching at said meeting-house, and we stood talking together after the assembly had all dispersed, and when we took our leave of each other, the deacon mounted his horse from the ground, with as much alacrity as I could have done. The good man lived until he had almost accomplished his hundredth year. But few men have lived more universally respected. I believe that at the age of ninety, it could scarcely be perceived, by his acquaintance, that his mental powers had, in any considerable degree, depreciated. "The memory of the just is blessed." Proverbs, x. 7.

I continued to preach at Hollis once a month, until October, 1802. They were supplied also a part of the time, by a Mr. Timothy Holdson. a young man of handsome talents, and a decent education, who commenced preaching that summer, and was afterwards settled in the ministry in that town. I shall have occasion to say something more of this excellent man hereafter.

While I preached in Hollis, I became very intimate in the families of Esquire Hight and Mr. Daniel Stone. Those two families were friendly to me, and I generally put up with one or the other of them, and felt myself perfectly at home. None of them were public professors of religion at that time, but Mrs. Stone was a person of unquestionable piety. I visited her some years after this, while on her dying bed, and found her possessed of an unshaken hope in Christ.

I cannot well refrain from saying a few words of Esq. Hight, who many years since left a numerous and inter-

esting family to mourn his untimely death. I must confess that of all men with whom I have been acquainted, I have never found his superior in attention to visitors. He appeared to take the utmost pleasure in accommodating them. Some fifteen or twenty years since, this gentleman had a gang of hands employed in clearing a piece of excellent new land, on a farm several miles from his house. There was a certain root which attracted his attention; he tasted it, and observing that it had a pleasant taste, he offered some of it to his workmen. One or two of them tasted it, but did not swallow it; but he was so imprudent as to swallow it freely. They directly after went to the house to procure drink:—they sat but a few minutes, when he complained that he felt quite unwell. He was advised to lay down on the bed, which he did, and the men went to their work. The woman of the house knew that he was very fond of coffee, and said she would make some strong coffee, and thought he would feel better. She went to the well to procure water, and when she returned, she found him off the bed, and struggling on the floor. She called to the men, who immediately came in and put him on the bed again; but he was so convulsed that it was difficult to keep him on the bed. He expired in less than half an hour. The reader can better judge, than I can express, what must have been the distress of an affectionate wife and eight or ten fond children, on the reception of such distressing tidings. It was thought that the root of which this gentleman so incautiously partook, was the wild parsnip.

I have known several instances in which persons have lost their lives by eating this poisonous root. An instance occurred in this vicinity, in which a young lad died in consequence of eating this root, as was supposed. In giving this account, it is one object of the writer to put his readers on their guard, and to induce parents to warn their children against this deadly poison.

On the first Sabbath in October, 1802, by request, I preached in the new meeting-house in Arundel, (now called Kennebunk Port.) This was in the neighborhood of elder S. Locke, who occasionally preached in the same house, which had been built a few years before, chiefly

by the Congregationalists; for there was no Baptist church or society in the town. The Kennebunk river, on the west of this town, divided it from Wells. It was bounded on the east by Biddeford, and on the south by the ocean. It included Cape Porpoise, (which was its original name,) and extended eight miles into the country, to the town of Lyman, on the north. At the port there is a handsome and populous village. The old Congregational meeting-house, in which the Rev. Silas Moody preached at that time, stood within a mile of the Port; consequently some of the inhabitants had to travel six miles to meeting. The new meeting-house was erected with a design to have Mr. Moody preach in it a stipulated part of the time, but as the voters at and about the Port, could out vote those who were interested in the new house, they could never get a vote of the town for Mr. Moody to preach there. He preached to them, however, one Sabbath, and several other Congregational ministers being invited, preached a day each to them. Being unable to settle a Congregationalist, they suffered the Baptists to preach in it.

Mr. Timothy Remick, a licentiate from the Baptist church in Parsonfield, had preached there several Sabbaths, and there was a prospect of a reformation. Mr. Remick was soon called to take the pastoral charge of the church in Cornish, where I believe he continues to this day.

By request, I preached to them again in Arundel, on the second sabbath in November. I spoke twice at the meeting-house; I then attended a funeral, and had a lecture in the evening; and had several other meetings in the town before I returned home. Early in December, a committee from Arundel visited me, and informed me that the proprietors of the meeting-house had had a meeting, and unanimously voted to consider themselves, and be considered, as a Baptist society; and also to invite me to come and settle with them.

With regard to emoluments, they would give me the amount of the ministerial tax which they had usually paid to Mr. Moody, which was about sixty dollars. One half of the interest of the money for which the town par-

sonage had recently been sold, which they supposed to be about forty dollars; and I might also have the opportunity of teaching their district school. I was by no means critical with them in regard to a stipend, for our fathers of the preceding generation, had considered it almost a crime for a preacher to have a salary settled upon him: and some of them seemed inclined to denounce all such as hirelings, who took any thing for preaching, by way of a tax. Dissenters from Congregationalists had been so much oppressed, and so frequently imprisoned, in consequence of ministerial taxes, that they detested the idea of supporting a minister by a tax. I believe, however, they had no objection to a minister's receiving a free-will offering.

I did not hesitate to comply with their request. It seemed enough for me that they wished for my services. They had provided a house for me to live in, and would provide hay for my horse and cow, and a sufficiency of fire wood, and would move me down from the country, (about thirty miles,) without any expense to myself. As I had a year's provision on hand, I was not uneasy respecting my subsistence.

Towards the last of January, 1803, I moved from Cornish to Arundel and took up my quarters for the time with Mr. John Tarbox; and found myself pleasantly situated in an interesting family and neighborhood. There were frequent conversions, and a harmonious society. In June following, there was a Baptist church constituted, consisting of thirteen members; the greatest part of whom had been members of elder Locke's church, in Lyman. On the 18th of July 1803, we had the addition of seven to our little church, viz. Nath'iel Walker, and Betsey, his wife; Nathaniel Cuvier, and Hannah, his wife; Charles Smith; Paulina Tarbox, the wife of Mr. John Tarbox, my host; and Miss Eunice Ford. I preached on the occasion from Gen. xxiv, 58, "*And she said I will go.*" They were baptized by elder Locke. The church being thus organized and enlarged, they gave me a call to ordination. The society concurring with the measures of the church, they united in giving me full liberty to send to as many churches as I pleased,

for a council to be convened at our meeting-house, on the 27th of September. Letters were therefore addressed to eleven churches, whose delegates met according to request, and on the 28th I was ordained, at the close of my thirty-eighth year. Mr. Moody was invited to attend the council and ordination, but he declined. He manifested very unfriendly feelings towards the Baptists and towards the reformation. I never knew or heard of any such thing as a prayer meeting or a conference meeting in his church or society, while he lived.

I held meetings at private houses, in different parts of the town, and was frequently called to attend funerals in and about the village. Mr. Moody did not approve of my being called, or of my attending on those occasions. He thought me an intruder if I went into the lower part of the town to solemnize a marriage, attend a funeral, or to hold any religious meeting. The reformation extended to all parts of the town, and the novelty of the thing seemed to incline many persons to go and see and hear for themselves. This, however, was attended with some difficulty, for they had reason to fear that if they should indulge their inclinations, it might injure the feelings of some of their good friends. On funeral occasions, however, almost all seemed to be at liberty to attend. There had recently been a small Baptist church constituted in the north part of Wells, of which elder Joshua Roberts was the pastor. There was a reformation in this church also as well as in elder Locke's in Lyman. Occasionally others, with myself, preached and baptized in the Rev. Mr. Fletcher's parish, in Wells. He was as little inclined to favor the reformation as was Mr. Moody.

Our society manifested an anxiety in assisting me to a settlement. Thomas Durrell, Esq. and Col. John Mitchell, were the most opulent and influential members of our society. The latter had been a fellow sufferer with me on board the Jersey prison-ship. Durrell having recently built an elegant house, gave me his old one, which, with some repairs, made a decent and comfortable house; and Col. Mitchell gave me an acre of land on which to set it. The other members of the society were equally generous, according to their abilities, but by far the greater part of the society were hard pressed to sup-

port their families. We had some addition to our numbers from the lower part of the town, but this circumstance occasioned unpleasant feelings.

The leading characters of our society thought that we had a just right to an equal proportion of the interest of the parsonage money, as it was originally given for the use of the ministry, without a designation of any particular denomination. I was therefore advised to apply to Mr. Moody, to see if he would relinquish to me a part of said money, and accordingly I did, but he refused.

We not being an incorporated society, it was a question whether we could make a legal claim. It was therefore concluded to make application to the general court for an act of incorporation. A petition being prepared, I was once more sent to Boston in behalf of the Baptist denomination; and I had much better success than I had seven years before, when I went in behalf of my oppressed brethren in Limington.

I had also an opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with the excellent Baldwin; but I found the dear man and his family in an afflicted condition. His only son, about twenty years of age, lay at the point of death. He had been indisposed but a few days, and expired the next day after my arrival, which was Saturday: of course he lay a corpse over the Sabbath. Dr. Stillman made it his business to see that Mr. Baldwin's pulpit was supplied. The Doctor preached for Mr. Baldwin in the morning; it fell to me to preach for him in the afternoon, and the venerable Mr. Grafton, from Newton, preached in the evening.

The alley or gate-way which led from the street to Mr. Baldwin's meeting-house, passed directly by a back door of the house in which he dwelt. After the morning service, a large number probably an hundred of the members of his church, entered this door, to express their deep sympathy with their beloved pastor. It was truly an affecting scene to see the good man sitting like a patriarch, with sorrow, meekness and resignation depicted on his manly countenance, while the members of his church, the females in particular, pressing by him, extending the trembling hand, and weeping, passed out

the front door; while this man of God occasionally uttered some appropriate text of scripture or expressed his gratitude for their regard to him and his afflicted family.

Much as I had witnessed of sickness, death, blood and carnage, and while scarcely feeling "one soft affection move," on this occasion I could not but drop a sympathizing tear.

Thomas Perkins, Esq. who had formerly expressed his disapprobation of the incorporation of Baptist societies, was at this time the representative from Arundel. This gentleman had become more friendly to the Baptists. He met me in the state-house and proffered his services in favor of my petition.

The honorable John Woodman, of Buxton, was at that time a member of the Senate. He was in sentiment a Baptist, and to him I left the care of my petition. I found matters to be in such a train in the general court, that I was not at all solicitous about the success of our petition. I made but a short stop in Boston, and soon after my return, Dr. Baldwin forwarded to me the act of incorporation, dated June 24, 1806.

My friend Durrell being an acting justice of the peace at that time, issued a warrant to Col. John Mitchell, requesting him to call a meeting of the society on the fifteenth day of September, for the purpose of choosing the necessary officers, &c.

The society met at the meeting-house at the time appointed, and called on me to pray with them; and after choosing their officers, they voted to raise one hundred dollars as a salary for me, for the ensuing year. This sum was assessed and collected like an ordinary tax, and paid to me.

At the expiration of the year they voted to raise the same sum for the next. But when the embargo was laid in the year 1808, it much embarrassed the community in general, in our region, and it became difficult for a number of our society to pay the taxes. This difficulty continued from year to year, until the commencement of the war.

Anterior to this I had sold my property in Cornish for nine hundred dollars, and had discharged my debts; and

had also purchased a lot adjoining my place of residence, containing between thirty and forty acres, and having incurred some necessary expenses for buildings, &c. I was again rather involved in debt, but was not straitened; for I had the good fortune to form a friendly acquaintance with Captain Wm. Fairfield, who obliged me with the loan of a sufficient sum of money with what I had on hand, to make out the payment for my land. There were individuals in the society who gave me more than double the amount of their taxes, but there were others who were more unable to pay than I was to do without it. There were also individuals of the Congregational society who bestowed many favors upon me.

I have often with astonishment reviewed the kind interpositions of the gracious providence of God in rescuing me from dangers, and providing for my necessities, and I have reason to be more astonished at my own ingratitude in view of the many distinguished mercies God has graciously bestowed upon me.

In the year 1810, as I was walking the street in Saco, I observed that Dr. Thorntan had a new office, which I had never before noticed. It occurred to my mind, that twelve or fifteen years before, while we attended the county convention, which I have before mentioned, the doctor gave me a pressing invitation to call on him. We did not see each other frequently, but he always renewed his request whenever we met.

At that time he was a practitioner in physic and a member of the Legislature; but now he was marshal of the District of Maine.

I was resolved at this time to give the doctor a call; and accordingly I stepped into his office, where I found him alone. He gave me a cordial reception, but was inclined gently to rebuke me for not calling on him before. I could defend myself only by observing to him, that I had often invited him to call on me, but that he had never called. He observed that he had sometimes passed my house, but that it was when he was on business that would not allow of his stopping. He thought as I was frequently in the village, I might occasionally give him a call; he should be happy to see me at any

time. We passed half an hour quite agreeably. It was early in the day and I had some business that called my attention, but he insisted that I should dine with him that day. I returned and took dinner with the doctor. In conversation he observed that it appeared to him, that the people in the vicinity of my meeting-house, were generally in indigent circumstances. He, in his familiar way inquired what I received for a subsistance among them; observing by the way, that he had thought of offering me some business, if it would be agreeable to me to engage in it. I inquired what it was? He replied that he had recently received orders to take the census of the district, and that if I was disposed to take a part of it, he would give me a district as large as I wished to take. I replied that I did not know whether it would comport with my calling. "I think," said he, "you need not indulge any scruples on that account, for Mr. E. (a Congregational preacher) has made application to a friend, to procure a district for him. There have been fifteen or twenty applications made to me already, but I have not as yet committed myself to any one; but this much I will say, Mr. Sherburne, if you will take a district I will give you one as large as you think you can take." I replied that I would think of the matter, and give him an answer in a few days.

I consulted some of my best friends on the subject, particularly deacon James Tarbox, one of my most confidential friends, Col. Mitchell, esquire Durrell, and others. I found none opposed to my undertaking. Previously to my calling on the marshal, I had not indulged the remotest thought of applying for, or of being requested to engage in this business. I therefore considered it as a gracious display of divine providence towards me. The Lord knew my wants, and he also knew that my people were unable to supply them.

I shortly after called on the Marshal again, and informed him that I had concluded to accept his offer, and he assigned me the towns of Kittery, Elliot, York, Wells, Arundel and Biddeford. Those towns included all the territory on the sea coast, between the Piscataqua river on the west, and Saco river on the east; a distance from

thirty to forty miles, and extending eight or ten miles into the country, probably including three hundred square miles, and sixteen or seventeen thousand inhabitants; averaging from fifty to sixty on a square mile.

In addition to the census, government had directed that the assistant marshal should also take an account of the several manufacturing establishments in their several divisions, together with the quality and value of the articles manufactured annually. This business was to commence on the first Monday in August, and to be completed in five months.

I had to explore a large field, and introduce myself to a variety of characters, and to interrogate persons respecting the different members of their family, and the kind and quantity of articles which were manufactured by them.

In order to carry the laws into execution, it became necessary to put at least a dozen questions, and sometimes thirty or more. I soon perceived that it was necessary for me to proceed with the utmost caution, and introduce my business with all the prudence of which I was master.

A large proportion of the people were unfriendly to the administration, many of them seemed to have forgotten, or never known that there had ever been a census taken before. There were not a few, however, who had paid so much attention to their bibles, as to have ascertained that David numbered the children of Israel, and thereby incurred the displeasure of God and brought a heavy judgment upon the nation.

In many instances when I entered a house and cautiously made known my business, before I could ask a question and obtain an answer, I was under the necessity of answering half a dozen questions. "What do you want to number the people for?" was a question frequently asked in the remote parts of towns and along the sea-shore. It would have been rude in me not to have taken some notice of their questions. I would sometimes tell them that the constitution of the United States required that the people should be numbered once in ten years; I would sometimes tell them that it

was the law of the land. They would sometimes reply in the following language. "Why, can't our rulers find nothing else to do, but to make such foolish and wicked laws?"

On an evening towards the going down of the sun, I was coasting down a beautiful little creek which made out of the Piscataqua river, thickly lined with small houses on each side. I called at a small house, standing twenty feet from the margin of the creek, and probably twenty feet above its surface. The old lady was busy near the end door, from which a flight of stairs led down to the creek.

The old gentleman had just arrived from the ocean with a fare of fish, a business which he had probably followed more than fifty years. He seemed quite decrepid, deaf, and sat in his canoe, heaving out his fishes. I modestly informed the good old lady what my business was. "Numbering the people!" exclaimed the good woman, "what do you want to number the people for? do you want to bring the judgments of God upon the land? don't you know what David did? I don't believe 'tis right," turning to the old gentleman and raising her voice, "do you father?" "What is it?" said the old man. "Why, here is a man taking the number of the people, and I don't believe 'tis right, do you father?" "Believe," said he, "I don't believe nothing about it; *I know it an't right!*"

In this case, as well as in many others, I had to make the best of it. I was obliged to luff and bear away, as circumstances required. In visiting two or three thousand families, without selection or exception, there is something to be learned. A person of sensibility and penetration, possessing the power of description, in passing through such a scene, might present an instructive picture to the inquisitive and observing; but for myself, I must get along with my simple narrative without any such exhibitions.

Anterior to this, I had supposed that the more ignorant and wretched part of community was to be found in the back woods, but when I came to travel over and around the mountains in old York, well known to sailors

by the name of Agamentaeus, and to visit from house to house about Kittery Point, Cape Neddock, and Cape Porpoise, I formed a different opinion. A large proportion of the inhabitants of this region, get their living principally by fishing, and within a few years previous to this, there had been a great destruction among the fishermen. In one storm, there were probably from twenty to thirty women left widows, and probably more than a hundred children left fatherless, in the town of Kittery. I recollect calling on one poor old widow, who was surrounded by four or five little ragged grand children; one of their parents was dead and the other had deserted them; but I cannot now remember whether it was the father or mother.

The old lady having told me her pitiful story, asked me if I would give her a little money to buy the children some bread. I never had so many applications made to me for alms, before or since, as while I was in this service; and as I never was without change in my pocket, I never felt myself at liberty to refuse, nor did I conclude that the few dollars I disposed of in this way, were lost. I considered it, as Dr. Scott termed his charities, "seed corn;" though I had the mortification afterwards to learn that some of it went for rum.

In the new back country, although they sometimes have but little preaching, and that in private houses or barns, yet the people in general make it their practice to attend, let their apparel be what it may. But in those towns on the sea coast, there are many persons who probably do not go into a meeting-house once in seven years.

One cause for this is, that a large portion of community who attend meetings, dress so much better than the poor, that they are ashamed to go. They are suspicious that the rich and gay will look down on them with contempt. They will sometimes, in vindication of the practice, argue that they "have a bible and other good books, and they think they can get as much good by reading as they can by going to meeting." But I am inclined to think that in general when people become habituated to absent themselves from meeting, that they

shortly become habituated to neglect their "bible and other good books."

I was occasionally requested to visit the sick, and in some instances those who were near the borders of eternity, through intemperance.

I realized but little inconvenience in regard to preaching. My pulpit was constantly supplied, either by myself, or through an exchange with some brother; and as I was not employed by the day, I could occasionally gratify my friends by giving a lecture. I had never been in the habit of confining myself exclusively to study; my circumstances would not admit of it. It was rarely the case, however, that I spoke from a text without some previous reflections.

It was common for me to arrange my subjects while riding or walking alone, or while engaged in some other business, sometimes "in wakeful hours by night." I have, however, sometimes spoken from the impulse of the present moment, and found as much liberty in speaking as when I had most attentively studied and arranged my subjects. But I have never found myself so much embarrassed for something to say, and that according to truth, too, as I have to find in myself those internal and external qualifications which Paul has declared necessary for a minister of the gospel.

In November, an afflicting circumstance occurred in my society. Mr. Luther Walker, (whose father was a member of our church, and a neighbor to me,) returned from the West Indies, very sick of a contagious fever. He was too ill to be taken home to his father's house, five or six miles distance, and was conveyed to Mr. Andrew Walker's, his uncle, who lived near the Port. He was here confined, extremely ill a part of the time, for a week or two; but at length so far recovered as to be conveyed home. Mr. A. Walker's wife, and Jane, his eldest daughter, were members of our church.

About the time that Luther was taken away, Jane began to complain; Mary and Susan, the two next, were also attacked with the same disease; and shortly after, Palmer, Sophia, Lydia, Joseph, and Anna were confined, and last of all, Mrs. Walker herself. Mr. W. and

Andrew the youngest son, only escaped this distressing fever.

In about a week or ten days, Jane died, strong in the faith. She was one of the most devoted and exemplary young persons I was ever acquainted with: she was about twenty. Mary, about eighteen, and Joseph, about eight, were in a few days after laid by the side of Jane. The others recovered, and a young widow also, who took the same fever in the family. The neighbors were so much alarmed, that they were afraid to go to the house. It was a fortunate circumstance that Mr. Walker himself, was not sick. Dr. Langdon, their physician, was indefatigable in his attention, and sat up with them many nights. In the course of their sickness, I watched with them seventeen nights, and several gentlemen from the Port, especially Messrs. John and Samuel Davis, were particularly attentive.

This calamity retarded me in my business, and I was liable to a heavy fine, if I failed to make out my return in due season. But Mr. W. was one of my most intimate friends, and he was desirous that I should pay all the attention I possibly could to his family, and told me that if I was fined, he would pay it himself. I however, succeeded, and made out my return in season, to the entire satisfaction of the marshal. From the avails of this service, I was enabled to discharge some of my debts, and to procure some necessaries that we could not well do without. Thus God, in his abounding mercy towards me, graciously supplied my wants, so that I had a comfortable living, and myself and family could make a respectable appearance.

For thirteen or fourteen years, I taught the school of the district, in which I resided, three or four months in a year; and at length had the gratification of seeing some of my earliest female scholars, lead their little ones to my school.

In the year 1807, I was, by Governor Sullivan, commissioned as the chaplain of the sixth regiment in the first brigade and sixth division of the militia of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. This office I sustained nine or ten years, little suspecting, however, when I ac-

cepted the appointment, that I should ever be called to any other services than a regimental review: but in this I was mistaken, for after the war commenced, in 1812, there were ten thousand, if my memory is correct, of the militia of the commonwealth, detached to defend the coast, &c. The major and several companies, with myself, were detached from our regiment, to be stationed at Kittery point for the defence of Portsmouth harbor:—but when Governor Strong was elected, he countermanded those orders, so that we never took that station. We had something, however, to attend to nearer home; for the enemy committed depredations on our coast, within a few miles of us, more than once. Our regiment was once called out to defend our own harbor, but the enemy did not think it best to land. They entered Saco harbor, a few miles to the east of us, took several vessels, and burnt one on the stocks. They chased a privateer ship on shore, within a mile of our harbor, and finally captured her, got her off and took her away. It was said that the privateer had on board a number of deserters from the British navy, but they made their escape before the enemy got possession of the privateer. Had they fallen into the hands of the British, they would probably have been hanged. We had hard times, in consequence of the embargo and war, and had to endure many privations. At one time Indian corn was two and a half dollars per bushel, and many were entirely destitute of bread for weeks together; but our sufferings were nothing, in comparison with many others, in different sections of our country.

In the year 1814, I was appointed one of the assistant asssessors of the direct tax. My district consisted of the towns of Wells and Arundel. I was at that time, as might well be expected, in narrow circumstances; as was also a large proportion of my fellow citizens. Any legal means to increase our funds, was very desirable. I never sought for the office, however, either directly or indirectly, nor did I know any thing of the matter, until Daniel Wood, Esq. the principal assessor, called on me with a commission, and other documents made out in my name. I viewed the hand of divine providence

in this, and thought it my duty to accept the office. I afterwards ascertained that Judge Thatcher, who kept the post-office in Kennebunk, and was afterwards the collecter of the revenue at Eastport, recommended me. This business, however, proved very fatiguing and unpleasant, and we earned the small pittance which government allowed for this service, at a dear rate. It was winter season, and we had short time allowed us in which to perform the service, and were much exposed to inclement weather. A large proportion of the people were hostile to the measures of government. The officers of the large town of Wells would not permit me to have the least access to their town documents; of course I had much difficulty in making out lists of valuation, and although I was treated with politeness by many of the refined part of the community, yet there were those of high standing, who would encourage and countenance the vulgar to insult and abuse me. Sometimes I had my horse turned loose, and sometimes his harness was cut. In some places I felt in danger, if out in the evening. In one instance a merchant, who had held high and responsible offices, gave a weak and clamorous woman a quarter of a pound of tea, because she had treated me with insolent and abusive language. One lady, (if such a title be proper,) threatened to drive me out of the house with her broom-stick. Numbers were very loquacious, but not altogether so determined for war. These circumstances discover in some degree, what was at that period the spirit of the times.

About the winding up of this business, as I was returning home on Saturday evening with a bushel of Indian corn on my horse, for which I had just paid two dollars and fifty cents, I was passing the dwelling of an old Baptist deacon. I knew he had recently been very sick, but had just got out again, and I saw him a little before me, staggering along with some wood on his shoulder. He was a very poor man, and remarkably pious. I contrasted the old gentleman's condition with my own, and in a moment felt an impression to give the old saint a quarter of a dollar. About sixty cents was all the money I was master of, and this I had in small

change; I therefore questioned the propriety of dividing my little purse so equally with this man, and queried whether half the sum would not do, but durst not reject the first impression. My wife was at this time in poor health, though not destitute of the common comforts of life, and I again queried whether it was expedient for me thus to part with my money. It would be some time before I should get my money for my services, and that would not be sufficient to pay all my debts: but by the time I had got up with my old brother, and enquired about his health—he told me he had been very sick, &c. It was about the setting of the sun, and I had about four miles to ride, and felt in haste, but my conscience would not suffer me to leave him, until I had given the little sum of twenty-five cents. The old man was exceeding grateful, and began to lavish encomiums on my wife for deeds of charity towards him, but his manner of speaking induced me to be off as soon as I could, and I went on my way, more at ease, I believe, than I should, if I had withholden the little sum, or any part of it. On reflection, I felt not a little ashamed that my covetous heart should object to a duty so obvious. By this simple narration I do not mean to sound a trumpet before me, but to exhibit the especial mercy of God towards me.

The next day being the Lord's day, I preached twice in our meeting-house, and had an appointment at a school house at the Port, at five o'clock, which was about five miles from our meeting-house. Just as I was going in to the school-house, a gentleman requested me to give an opportunity for a contribution, before I closed the meeting, but did not inform me on what account. The contribution was taken, and after the meeting was dismissed, a gentleman put their contribution into my hand amounting to about twenty dollars. It was entirely unexpected by me; there had never such a thing taken place there before, to my knowledge. The first thought that came to my mind, was the twenty-five cents I had parted with about twenty-four hours before. The wise man tells us to "cast our bread upon the waters, and that we shall find it after many days;" but in this case, with me, it was not many days before I gathered about

eighty fold. Thus the Almighty arm, which had been so often extended to pluck me from the grave, was mercifully extended to supply my wants.

It seemed as if there was never a more seasonable supply, or one more unexpected. My wife was declining under the pressure of a distressing disease—a polypus, which eventually brought her to her grave. I could not bear that she should be in want of any thing which I could possibly procure for her comfort. I could indeed obtain any of the necessaries of life I wished, on credit; but was unwilling to increase my debts, without some promising prospects of discharging them. The winter of 1815, was a period of uncommon affliction in my family. My wife's disease increased to an alarming degree:—she was unable to lie down in her bed for many months, and she was obliged to sit almost erect, either in bed or in an easy chair, and frequently so much distressed for breath for some minutes, as to alarm the whole family. At the same time, Betsey, our adopted daughter, about twenty years of age, was so out of health, that she was incapable of taking charge of the family. A few years before, she had had such a violent attack of typhus fever, that she never after recovered her health. I was obliged, of course, to employ two or three females in my family for a number of months. Medical endeavors seemed to be of no avail, in behalf of either my wife or daughter. The church and society, and all my neighbors, were exceeding kind. I was also under especial obligations to individuals of the Congregational society, from whom I received signal favors.

At this period, I was in the fiftieth year of my age. I call the first twenty-five years of my life the morning of my days. This was overcast and frequently boisterous, but my meridian was bright and almost cloudless. It is true, that in a period so eventful for wrecking and overturning of empires and kingdoms, it was to be expected that I should have to endure those little crosses and perplexities to which mortals generally are subject; but I had no trials to be compared with those which I had previously suffered. That righteous God, who had indulged me with so much prosperity in the meridian of

my life, saw cause to reserve for me some adversity for the evening of my days, which has proved to be dark and stormy. It is possible, nevertheless, that my sun may set clear; which may God, of his infinite mercy grant, through Jesus Christ my Lord.

The winter of 1814—'15, was a trying season to me. There appeared no prospect of my wife's recovery, and but very little in favor of my daughter.

Towards the spring of 1815, the physicians seemed to indulge some faint hopes that Mrs. S. might recover, but were soon convinced that their hopes were abortive. She endured her very distressing illness with remarkable fortitude and patience, until the first day of June, when she serenely departed this life, without a struggle or a groan, that she might rest from her labors, and enter into the joys of her Lord. In the 47th number of the Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Magazine, No. 11, of vol. 4, pages 372 and 373, was published a biographical memoir of Mrs. Sherburne, written by the Rev. Wm. Bachelder, late of Haverhill, Mass., deceased.

Those only who have had the experience of losing the wife of their youth, can fully enter into the feelings of such an one. To me, at that time, the world seemed completely revolutionized; yet I presume that my case was not different from many others. We had lived together almost twenty-four years. She left an only son, in the twentieth year of his age:—he has always been sickly. My daughter was so unwell that she could not attend her mother's funeral. Towards the fall, however, she partially recovered her health, but not so as to be able to take care of the family.

CHAPTER XI.

Takes an appointment as a Missionary—He marries again—Defers his Mission and preaches several months at South Reading —Goes on a Mission in the States of New-York and Pennsylvania—Removes with his family to Ohio—Dangers in descending the Alleghany and Ohio—Inflammation of the eyes—Family sick—Himself sick in Ohio—On his return from Ohio, he is taken sick in Middletown, Con.—Arrives at Kennebunk—Returns to Ohio and removes his family into the State of N. York.

For several years last past, while my wife was in heath, I had felt strongly inclined to go to the State of Ohio. Under the impression that the land was cheap and good, and having but one son, and he but a feeble thing, I was very desirous to procure and leave a little inheritance for him; if, in the order of Divine Providence, he should survive me. But my wife could never endure the thoughts of leaving the place where she was very happily united with the little church, that, under God, we had been the instruments of raising up, (for she was indeed a help-meet, both temporally and spiritually,) nor could I feel myself at liberty to remove without her consent.

I had no prospect of paying my debts, without selling my little farm, consisting of about thirty-seven acres of land. Elder Bachelder, formerly of Berwick, but at that time pastor of the Baptist church in Haverhill, was an intimate acquaintance, and a particular friend of mine. He was a member of the board of the Massachusetts Missionary Society, and proposed to me to engage in a three months' mission in the interior of the State of New-Hampshire. When the board met, in the autumn of 1815, they gave me the appointment for three months, but I found it very difficult to leave either my family or the church and society. The situation of my family was such that I was obliged to hire one girl con-

stantly, and sometimes two. I therefore thought it expedient that I should marry again, and in December, 1815, I married Miss Betsey Miller, a young woman whom I had baptized about thirteen years before. In the summer of 1816, I attended the Warren Association, as a messenger from the New-Hampshire Association, to which all the churches in the county of York, in Maine, at that time belonged.

My object in attending the Warren Association, was to obtain an interview with the members of the missionary board, and if agreeable to them, to perform my missionary services in the State of New-York, instead of New-Hampshire. In a conference with Dr. Baldwin, the chairman of the board, he presumed that the board would have no objection, and proposed that I should take a mission for six months. The board was to meet the next week, on the day preceding the sitting of Boston Association. On the Sabbath between the sitting of the Warren and Baptist Associations, I was requested to preach to the Baptist church in South Reading, ten miles from Boston. This church being at that time destitute of a pastor, and understanding that I contemplatted going on a mission, requested that I should spend the time with them. I informed them that I did not feel myself at liberty to serve them, unless the measure should meet the cordial approbation of the board. The church therefore appointed a committee to confer with the board on the subject, who willingly complied with the request of the church, and also agreed to employ me six months on a mission, if it would agree with my wishes.

I served this church about four months, and was very agreeably accommodated in the family of Mr. Thomas Evans, brother to elder George Evans. This church would have employed me longer, but I had so great a desire to travel in the western country, that I was resolved, by God's permission, to go on the mission.

By my own request, the Baptist church and society in Arundel had not raised any tax for me for a number of years; for after the embargo, and the subsequent war commenced, a large proportion of the people found it

very difficult to support their families. There are generally some delinquents:—there were individuals of the society who insisted that delinquents should be distrained upon for their taxes.

At an annual meeting of the society, I remonstrated against this measure, and observed that I could not feel myself at liberty to take any man's money that was forced away from him. I told them I would serve them as long as I could, and would take what individuals were disposed to give me. Some highly applauded, and others censured me, on account of the principles I professed. Some said they would continue to pay at the same rate that they had previously done; and others said they would give me more:—in fact there were numbers who were not able to give any thing. I do not recollect to have heard any complaint when I engaged in the aforesaid mission.

On the first day of February, 1817, I set out on my mission. I passed through Concord, in New-Hampshire, and Northampton, in Massachusetts, and crossed the Green Mountains in Beckett. The weather on the 14th was the most severe I had ever experienced. I left elder Silas Kingsley's, at 9 o'clock, A. M. and rode about four miles, to Elieda Kingsley's, and found that one of my thumbs was frozen. I stopped two or three hours, and started again, and arrived at the house of a good old brother, Henry Veats, on the height of land, and found I had frozen both cheeks and one ear. I was exceedingly chilled, but in this friendly family every attention was paid me. I afterwards learned that a number had perished that day, which was denominated the cold Friday. The next day I arrived at elder Jesse Hartwell's, in New-Marlborough.

I had been instructed by the missionary board, to call on elder Hartwell, and travel with him to the county of Bradford, Pa. where he was to leave me, and proceed on his mission to the State of Ohio. My labors were confined principally to the county of Bradford, until the first of July. On the second of July, I assisted in the ordination of elder Levi Baldwin, in the State of New-York, not far from Oswego village, and on the fourth of

July I assisted in the ordination of elder Benjamin Ovett, at the court-house in Spencer, in Tioga county, State of New-York. I preached on both those occasions.

I continued to journey westerly, preaching alternately in New-York and Pennsylvania, and arrived at Angelica, in Alleghany county, New-York, on the twenty-first of July. Here I had the satisfaction of receiving a letter from my family, from which I had been absent almost six months, and another from elder Daniel Sharp, Secretary of the board, informing me that I was authorized to continue my mission four months longer. I visited Olean point, on the Alleghany river, and coasted up that river about twenty-five miles into Pennsylvania. I then travelled northerly to the head waters of the Cattaraugus, and westerly down that river to Lodi, within eight miles of Lake Erie. I then returned by a different route to Angelica, and then took my old track through the counties of Steuben and Tioga, in New-York, and in Tioga and Bradford, in Pennsylvania. I then coasted up the Susquehannah to Chenango Point, and up the Chenango to Norwich. I then considered myself off missionary ground, and made the best of my way home, where I arrived about Christmas, after having been absent from my family and friends almost eleven months.

During my absence, I had a son born, on the first day of August, whose name we call Andrew Miller. There is, therefore, almost twenty-two years difference in the age of my first and second son.

As my report of this mission was published in the Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Magazine, I have thought best to give but a short sketch of my travels, &c. I would observe, however, that I spent most of my time in the newest settlements, where the roads in general were very bad, and in a season when provisions were more scarce than they had ever been since the settlement of that country.

Some of the people had to go sixty miles for grain; and some of the poorer inhabitants begged the bran of those who were in better circumstances, to make bread

of, and some were entirely destitute for many days.

A person engaging in such a mission must calculate to endure much fatigue, and many privations. To travel frequently, five, ten and sometimes fifteen miles or more, without seeing a single human dwelling, in a dark woods and muddy road, four or five hundred miles from home, and altogether among strangers, is calculated to excite some gloomy feelings and prompt a wish to enjoy the pleasures of one's own fire side, and the pleasant circle of intimate friends and acquaintance.

It is no small alleviation to such feelings, however, to fall in with a family by whom you are most cordially greeted as a father, or a brother, who has been long absent; or to fall in with a little assembly, whose ears and hearts are open to hear "the words of this life."

I never had occasion to complain of meeting with a cold reception, in any family I visited in all this long tour.

I never attended a single funeral in all the time I was absent from home; but on my return, I found that nearly fifty of my acquaintance in Arundel and in the towns adjacent were no more. The principal object which induced me to request the board to change my mission from New-Hampshire to New-York, was, that I might find a proper place to which I could remove my family. Mr. Timothy Kezer, of Kennebunk, of the Baptist church, and an intimate friend of mine, had resolved to remove into some part of the western country, and it was our mutual wish to settle in the same neighborhood.

When I returned from my missionary tour, I found that Mr. Kezer had removed to the state of Ohio, and settled himself in the town of Batavia, in the county of Clermont, about twenty miles from Cincinnati. I immediately wrote him, and shortly after received a very friendly and pleasing answer. I was resolved to follow him. The next summer I sold my place, paid my debts, and procured a span of good horses and a new wagon, and got ready to start for Ohio on the twenty-fifth of August, 1818.

Although I had no family connexions in this place, it was no small trial to leave a large circle of interesting

friends, where I had spent fifteen of my happiest years. To me, however, it appeared the path of duty, and although the order of a wise and mysterious providence cannot be reversed, I have since, been fully convinced, that in this undertaking I did not make it a subject of prayer, and humble inquiry before God, as I should have done, and that I was by far too much impelled by worldly interest.

My impressions were, that if my life should be continued a few years, I might leave my family in the possession of a good farm in Ohio, which would prove to them a comfortable support.

Little did I apprehend of the trials through which I had to pass, and the dangers to which I was to be exposed.

According to our purpose we set out on the twenty-fifth of August, and I having acquaintance all the way to Boston, it was thought best to commence this long journey by short stages. When we took our leave of friends and acquaintance along the way, it was under the impression that we should see each other's face no more in this state of existence.

In South Reading I left my family and team at my old friend, Thomas Evans', several days, while I visited my friends in Boston. In Reading, my wife had a generous present in shoes, from Mr. B. B. Willey, which supplied her for a number of years. The same gentleman had made her several valuable presents before. In such ways the favors of divine providence are manifested.

Nothing remarkable transpired with us until we came within two miles of the village of Belchertown, in Massachusetts, where I had designed to put up that night; but just as the sun was sitting, our hinder axle broke down. This circumstance, at such a time of the day, placed us in a very unpleasant predicament. Our child, (a little more than a year old,) was quite troublesome. It was therefore my first concern to get a harbor for my wife and child. In this I had good success, and got them in with a friendly family, about thirty rods from my wagon; which was in such a narrow place in the

road that another team could not pass. I had therefore to unload it and get it out of the way. The next day I got my family and goods to the village, and put up with elder Marshall, who had recently moved into the place. On inspecting my wagon, it was found necessary to have a new set of axletrees, and it being Saturday, we had no prospect of getting under way again until Monday, for I never travelled any on the Sabbath until I got on the Alleghany river. We were hospitably entertained by elder M. I preached for him on the Sabbath, and on Monday afternoon got ready to set out again.

We pursued our journey towards Albany, but had to hire a team to help us over the mountains. At Albany we called at elder Joshua Bradley's. He was at that time attending the commencement at Brown University, but his lady treated us with marked attention. Here we spent another Sabbath, and I preached part of the day to the Baptist church. We had gone but a few miles from Albany before we were obliged to get our axletrees shortened, and this circumstance compelled us to fix a bolster on our hind axletree, so as to raise the body of the wagon above the naves of the wheels. The eastern people made so little use of wagons, that they knew no better than to secure the body of the wagon on the hinder axle, nor had I knowledge enough to give any better directions.

Before I set out on this journey, I had designed to have kept a journal, but I had so many other cares, and was so fully employed, that I never wrote a single line in my book. Although my memory is very treacherous, yet the most important occurrences are fresh in my mind.

At this time the tide of emigration was sitting strongly to the West. When I was at Olean Point, in the summer of 1817, I was told that more than three hundred families descended the Alleghany in the spring freshet, and I think it highly probable that as many went into the western states by the way of Pittsburg and along lake Erie. Mr. Kezer informed me that he saw two rafts of boards lashed together, from Olean, on which were thirteen families, their wagons, and part of

their horses. He also mentioned an instance, in which a raft from Olean brought down more than one hundred persons.

It cost some of those families all their property to move into that country, and indeed many set out who were almost destitute of property when they started. The emigrants generally furnished their own provisions, and paid a certain rate at taverns for the use of cooking utensils and table furniture; and in most instances carried their own beds to sleep on. In many instances they were not very welcome guests at taverns, as there was not much to be gained by such customers. Wherever we put up at a tavern, we hired our lodging. Whenever I could make it convenient, I put up with my Baptist brethren.

One evening I put up at a public house in a small village, and in the morning there was an appearance of a heavy storm. I enquired of the landlord whether there were any Baptist farmers on the road, a few miles ahead; he could not inform me of any, but observed that there was a Baptist lawyer, who had an office in the village. I called at his office to make the enquiry. I wished to have gone on six or eight miles, as I had a covered wagon, but the lawyer chose to have me go to his own house; and when he came home at noon, (for he was engaged in business in his office,) he requested that we would make ourselves contented until he should think it proper for us to go on. We tarried several days, one of which was the Sabbath, and when we went on, this lady bountifully replenished our stock of provisions. I believe he was the first Baptist lawyer I had ever seen.

When I got on to Rushford, in the Holland purchase, I struck on to my old missionary track, where we were courteously received and entertained by Messrs. Freeman, Going, M'Call and Benjamin. We tarried with these friends a week or ten days, in which time I visited Olean, and they would have us tarry longer. We were now within thirty miles of Olean, but the water was not sufficiently high for boats to descend the river.

Judge M'Call advised me to go no farther; but I had set my face to go to Ohio, and to Ohio I must go.

When I was at Olean, the year before, I had made my principal home at Judge Brooks'; and he engaged, that in case I should move my family, he would take me into his house, and accordingly did so. There were probably a hundred families now waiting for the water to rise, that they might descend the river; and the number daily increasing. Many of them could obtain no other habitation than their wagons, until they could procure boards or slabs, to build what they called a *shantee*. They would, with boards, stakes and withes, build a kind of sheep's pen, and cover it with boards or slabs, frequently without any floor but the ground, and sometimes two or three families would camp together in those *shantees*.

In this little village, situated among large smutty pine stumps, were five or six taverns, three or four stores, and probably twenty or thirty other houses. It was a place of real speculation. Among the emigrants were characters of almost all descriptions:—some very rich, and others extremely poor. Speculators were there from various parts of the country, for the purpose of buying up horses from the emigrants, who were frequently glad to get rid of them, at almost any price, as horse keeping was very high. They could seldom sell them for cash, but were obliged to take goods at an extravagant price. Olean point was denominated the "*jumping off place*," as frequently persons in desperate circumstances would "*clear out*," (as it was called,) and hasten to this place, step or jump on board the first boat in which they could obtain a passage, and be off. Sometimes, however, they were overtaken by a wife, or a creditor, before they had opportunity to embark. A small unfinished room would let for a dollar per week, and there were many erected for that purpose.

Provisions were very dear; flour at six dollars per hundred; bacon and butter at twenty-five cents per pound, and other provisions in proportion. We were detained seven weeks in this place, before there was a sufficiency of water in the Alleghany for boats to descend. My horses cost me one hundred and forty dollars, but I did not sell them for more than half that price.

One Major Shepherd, with whom I had some acquaintance at Tioga point, the year before, had built a convenient boat to take his family down the river. He offered me a passage for ten dollars. I took my family on board on the second day of December, in the afternoon, and in company with several boats pushed off for Ohio; having on board several passengers, who boarded with Major Shepherd.

We had already been almost four months on our journey; and our long detention at Olean—the excessive high price of house-rent, and provisions—together with the approach of winter, and the probability of the fall of the river in a short time—all conspired to induce us to hasten on our journey.

I was much pleased on pushing off into the channel of the Alleghany, in company with four or five other boats. Imagination could scarcely paint a more pleasant scene. It was perfectly calm; the river about fifty yards wide in this place, and beautifully overhung on either side with majestic and spreading trees. The gentle current, sloping banks, and serpentine course, presented such a beautiful prospect as could not fail to elevate the mind of any one possessed of sensibility.

I had now once more launched out upon this delusive and treacherous element, which had heretofore, in so many instances, proved so disastrous. I scarcely anticipated any further difficulty, until we should have arrived on the pleasant banks of the Ohio. As we were thus securely gliding down the stream, without the least apprehension of danger, at about the going down of the sun, we ran upon an old log in the middle of the river, and stuck fast. To my shame I would speak it, I did not apply the admonition of Watts, in the following lines, while I was feasting my fancy:

> "We should suspect some danger nigh,
> When we possess delight."

We immediately got out our setting poles, and found the water to be about ten feet deep, and the log elevated from the bottom at an angle of about forty or fifty de-

grees. We could wheel our boat round and round on the log, but could not get her off. It was indeed appalling to be thus fast moored, and see the other boats of our little fleet all pass by and leave us.

We were in league with a Mr. Abbott, who had his sons and sons-in-law, and daughters and daughters-in-law with him, in a boat about as large as ours. They having gone on about a mile, and finding that we did not come on, were faithful to their engagements, landed, and came back to our assistance. But it was now nearly dark, and we had no skiff or canoe, and lay fast in the middle of the river, in ten feet of water. There was no alternative for us but to remain where we were until morning, although in imminent danger of filling and sinking; for the bow of our boat was already six inches higher than our stern, and the river was falling, and the more the river fell, the more our danger increased. As might be expected, our women were much frightened; and if the men were equally so, they kept it to themselves.

We having on board a Mr. S. a Free-will Baptist preacher, and a deacon M., a Presbyterian, as might be expected, we had prayers that evening. God was graciously pleased to preserve us until morning, and our comrades came early to our assistance. They cut two or three long poles, and lashed end to end so as to reach us. We caught the poles and chained them to our boat, and the men on shore, by my direction, rigged what sailors call a "Spanish windlass," and shortly drew us off the log. To our great joy we rejoined our comrades, and went on pleasantly:—but alas! there were yet troubles ahead.

We shortly came in sight of several boats which were fast upon the ripples, and the men out in the water endeavoring to heave them along with handspikes, and it was shortly our lot to be in the same predicament. We all succeeded however in getting over; and passing on a few miles, found ourselves in a similar condition, and we had repeated scenes of this kind that day, and at night stopped at the head of Jemmison's islands, which were dangerous to pass. The channel was narrow and crooked, and the water very rapid, and there were some

dangerous obstructions in the way. On the morning of the third day, we found ourselves surrounded with ice. We lay in a cove where the water was still, and the ice was about an inch thick. We broke away the ice and pushed into the stream, and descended the rapids without injury.

Hitherto my age and infirmities had exempted me from exposing myself to the water, but I was now obliged to assist, for sometimes it took two or three boats' crews to get over a ripple. I was thus exposed two days in succession, sometimes in the water half an hour at a time, and sometimes up to my middle. On the fourth night after we started, there came a heavy rain, and raised the river five feet perpendicularly. The storm terminated with snow, which was five or six inches deep. The velocity of the current was now much increased, which greatly facilitated our passage to Conawango creek. Here were a number of large rafts of boards and timber ready to set off. Their owners were depending on men who might be coming down in boats, to help them work their rafts. It was moreover an advantage to a boat to join a raft, for they got along much faster, and the raft men had the privilege of cooking, and sleeping under cover, in the boat.

A Mr. Woodworth had two large rafts, with which he was bound to Maysville, Kentucky. Mr. Abbott's boat joined to one of those rafts, and our boat to the other. It was Mr. Woodworth's design to join all together when we got into the Ohio.

Our pilot had the misfortune to run our raft on to Deadman's ripple, fifteen miles below Pittsburg, about an hour before day light. The other raft was at that time some distance ahead. Our raft was swung round by the stream and completely shut our boat in on the head of the island. The water was fast falling, and it was with difficulty we got off our boat. After some hours labor, we proceeded on and came up with Woodworth's raft and Abbott's boat, at Beaver creek, thirty miles from Pittsburg. The Ohio had fallen ten feet since the last rain, and the ice was increasing very fast. Two young men, who were going down in a skiff, very

gladly joined our raft, and their skiff was of great service to us. By the time we got to Steubenville, seventy-three miles from Pittsburg, the river was almost covered with ice. I was under the necessity of landing at Steubenville, to purchase a book called the navigator.

The river was so much obstructed with ice, we had some difficulty in landing, and much greater in coming up with our raft again, which we did not effect in some hours. Our raft at length became entirely unmanageable; in despite of all we could do, it would turn about in the river, and the broken ice would pile up two or three feet thick upon the raft when it swung round.

At length we were driven on the Kentucky shore, in the night. We were all very much alarmed at the terrific rumbling of the raft against the ice and the shore. The ice was in many places piled three or four feet thick on the shore, and sometimes the large sheets of ice, containing three or four, and sometimes even ten acres, would rush against the raft with a tremendous crash. Fortunately for us, the boats were frozen fast to the raft, and the ice on the side where the boats were, was much firmer than elsewhere.

In the morning we succeeded in making fast to the shore, but were soon broken away again by the ice. At length, Mr. Burke, a lawyer, came down to the shore, and advised us to fall a large sycamore tree into the river, a little above our raft, in order to turn away the ice. In this we succeeded, and had a safe harbor, where we lay several days until the ice had chiefly ran out of the river. By this time the raft had grounded; we then took our boats, and in about three days we landed at New Richmond, twenty miles above Cincinnati, and ten miles from Batavia, whither we were bound.

Major Shepherd went on to Cincinnati, was violently attacked with a fever, and died in about a week;—he was about forty-five years of age, and a fine, healthy, robust man. He had been but very little more exposed than myself, and when he left us, was in perfect health and in good spirits. Thus my brothers, sisters, and acquaintances, are cut down—my comrades and shipmates have fallen by hundreds, and I am still spared. May God, of

his infinite mercy, prepare me that I may be ready when he calls.

The next day after we landed, I took a horse and went to Batavia to see my friend Kezer, who had been long looking for me. I was joyfully welcomed by the whole family. His wife was an amiable woman, and highly esteemed by all who were acquainted with her. The next day Mr. K. procured a wagon and horses, and also a span of horses for the wagon which I had taken down the river with me, and on the following day he took me and my family to his house, January 1st, 1819. I was four months and five days on my tedious and expensive journey.

Batavia in Ohio, now the county town of Clermont county, is situated on the north bank of the east branch of the little Miami river, ten miles from the Ohio, and twenty from Cincinnati. Having hired a small house, and partially settled my family concerns, I bought a horse and visited a number of persons with whom I had been acquainted in Maine. There was a Baptist church within three miles, but they had a pastor; there were several others within fifteen miles, who were generally unsupplied with preachers. The Methodists occupied the ground in Batavia, I however preached occasionally for them. Towards spring my wife was quite out of health. My son John was also enfeebled by an hemorrhage of the lungs or stomach. Having a little money of his own, I advised him to purchase some village lots which were then rising in value. He purchased four, containing one acre of land, for which he gave one hundred and fifty dollars. In six weeks after, he could have taken two hundred dollars for them, but in six months he could not have obtained fifty dollars for the whole.

On the 16th of June, my third son was born. About this time I read Riley's narrative; in consequence of which I became so partial to Wm. Willshire, the British Consul at Mogadore, that I was desirous to perpetuate his name, not however to the exclusion of that of my brother Samuel, whom I have before mentioned. We therefore called the boy Samuel William Willshire.

About this time little Andrew began to decline rapid-

ly, under extreme weakness of the bowels, and there seemed but little prospect of his recovery. In September, I was exceedingly distressed with an inflammation of the eyes, which continued several months. During several weeks, I was obliged to keep house, and have the windows all darkened. These circumstances obliged us to hire a girl, at a dollar per week, most of the time.

Under such circumstances, I was in a fair way to become moneyless in a short time. Before I left Maine, I had, through the agency of Judge Thatcher, before named, made application to the Secretary of War, for a pension. The application was made in April, 1818, but I received no returns from the War department. I waited until July, and thought that it was requisite I should make some further efforts.

A Mr. Wm. P. Prebble, district attorney, (the son of Col. Prebble of Old York, deceased, who was a veteran of the revolution,) for some cause, became quite partial towards me, and cheerfully proffered his services to furnish me with a new set of papers, which should have the signature of A. K. Paris, Esq. district judge, who has since been the Governor of Maine. The district judge was the most proper officer through whom to make application for pensions. The 8th of July, the district court held its session at Portland, and of course Marshal Thornton was there; therefore, having reference to Thornton and Prebble, I might venture to say I had *two* friends in court. To the judge I was a stranger, but my friends introduced me to him as a Baptist clergyman; and after my documents were completed, the Judge had the politeness to address a private letter to Mr. Calhoun, the Secretary of War, representing me as "a meritorious character," and expressing his hope that I should succeed. Mr. Prebble advised me to obtain, if possible, the depositions of some of the officers of the Ranger, to prove that I had served on board of her. I knew but two of the Ranger's crew who were living, except my uncle, James Weymouth, and myself. They were both officers: viz. Elijah Hall, Esq. of Portsmouth, and Lieut. Morris, of Berwick. Hall was first Lieutenant of the ship, and Morris was Lieutenant of marines. I obtained the de-

positions of those gentlemen, and after reaching Ohio, I forwarded my papers to General C. Storer, a Senator from New-Hampshire, and the Hon. J. Holmes, a Senator from Maine. I wrote those gentlemen on the third of February, 1819, requesting them to use the depositions in support of my first application, if it should be found in the office, in order that my pension might commence at the date of my first application; for by this time cash was so scarce with me, that the pension from April to July was an object of consequence. I was apprehensive that Messrs. Storer and Holmes would leave Washington before my letter would arrive, and on the 12th of February I wrote to the Secretary of War, stating the case to him fully.

About the first of March I received letters from Messrs. Storer and Holmes, informing that they had been to the office and obtained a promise that my certificate should be forwarded. About the 20th of March, I received a communication from Mr. I. L. Edwards, informing me that mine of the 12th of February, to the Secretary of War, had been sent to that office, and that it did not appear, from the records of that office, that my application had ever been received. I was "taken all aback," as a sailor would say; and after pondering awhile, I wrote the Secretary a long letter:—I told him "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and some time in May, I received a most acceptable answer, viz. a pension certificate, commencing at the date of my first application.

It seemed that there had been some unaccountable blunder in the office. This pension was now my sheet anchor, but I had received but one payment before my cable was cut away, and all the pensioners struck adrift again.

Towards the fall, my son John got some better, but my wife and Andrew, still continued quite feeble. In November, Mr. Kezer went down the Mississippi, and on his return in the spring, soon after he entered the Ohio, was attacked with a fever, and in a few days died; leaving a large family strangers in a strange land. Towards the spring, Mrs. Sherburne's health was much more impaired. In March we moved into the county of Brown,

in the neighborhood of the village of Ripley. My wife was ill able to endure the journey, of about thirty miles, and was in a feeble state through the summer, and a considerable part of the time entirely confined to her bed.

Government having stayed the payment of pensions to the revolutionists, we were under the necessity of going through a round of ceremonies. We were to make out a schedule of our property, and attest to its correctness before a court of record, &c. To report the names, ages, number and condition of our families. By reason of some informality, all the applications from the county of Brown were returned. I took my papers from the file, had them corrected, and forwarded them to J. W. Campbell, Esq. who was a representative from the county of Brown. This gentleman particularly attended to my business, and forwarded to me the certificate of the continuation of my name on the pension roll, dated January 15th, 1821.

While in this place, I partially supplied the churches of Red Oak and Decatur. I lived within the bounds of Red Oak church a year and a half. The members were quite scattered, and many of them poor; I was consequently much dependant on my friends. I cannot forget the especial favors I received from Dr. Campbell of Ripley, who at all times gratuitously attended my family in sickness, while I resided in this place.

In the Autumn of 1821, I visited the church in Berlin, in the county of Delaware, one hundred miles north of Ripley. They invited me to remove my family there, to which I agreed; and they sent teams and removed me at their own expense.

I took up my residence with a Baptist brother, whose name was John Johnson, and found him and his family very friendly. Soon after our arrival my wife was taken sick, and was confined to her bed several weeks. In the winter of 1822, I taught a school in Berlin. In this place I contemplated procuring a few acres of land and building a log house, and in order that I might be nearer to the place where I contemplated building, I removed into the house of another Baptist brother, by the name of Nathan Sherwood. While residing with this friendly

family I had occasion to make a journey to the counties of Clermont and Brown; and narrowly escaped being drowned in the Sciota river. I was unacquainted with the ford way, and although I had been particular in enquiring respecting the depth of water, I did not get proper views of the direction in which I should have passed this river. I entered in a plain wagon road, but my sight was very poor, and it being foggy, I could not discern the landing place on the other side. I should have ascended the river in the middle, several rods further, where the water was shallow, but my horse was inclined to strike for the shore, and I suffered him to take his own way. He soon began to swim; the wagon sunk and swung down with the current: but he was a powerful animal, and reached the shore and drew me up a very steep bank on to a bench of the river. The horse trembled like a leaf, but he was not more frightened than his driver. In view of the danger, I trembled and was astonished—I discovered that if the stream had swept me down a few rods further, I could not possibly have landed, nor were there any near to have come to my assistance! "O, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men! And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving and declare his works with rejoicing."

The Lord saw fit to defeat my design of building, for in August, 1822, I was violently attacked with that distressing disease, the fever and ague, which continued until November. For the first week I had a fit only every other day, but after that every day, and constantly attended with delirum.

This disease very much reduced my body, mind, and purse, and left me quite poor. The prospects before me were gloomy indeed. As I began slowly to recover, my wife declined in health; and my physicians informed me that I should probably have another attack the next year. I was at a loss what method to take: I felt as though I could preach no more, I found my memory much impaired, and I could myself discover that I had become more peevish than usual.

Our clothing, and especially our bedding, had not been

replenished for four years, nor was a single member of the family able to earn any thing. I saw that although my pension was of material service to me, it could not do every thing.

I finally resolved to move my family into Columbus, about twenty miles from Berlin. And I further resolved to ask the general government to give me a small piece of land, presuming that as I had been so partially remunerated for some of my services, and as there was yet a quantity of land in Ohio unsold, and that some of it was in small lots, I thought that under my peculiar circumstances they would shew me some favor. It was my design to visit the seat of government, and thence to journey eastward and spend the next season, hoping to escape the fever and ague.

There were persons whom I considered as having good information, who thought there was no doubt of my success. At any rate, I could petition with strong hope. On reflection, I could recognize various distressing scenes, when my circumstances were such as I could make no effort for relief with the least possible prospect of success. I came to the conclusion, that with my own endeavors my country owed me a living, and whether the government would help me or not, I was persuaded that there were individuals who, if they knew my circumstances, would freely afford me some relief. I was confirmed in this idea from the circumstance of receiving many friendly offices from several gentlemen, after I had removed my family into Columbus.

Having made the best provision I could for my family, I commended them to God, and set out for Washington about the middle of January, 1823. On the 20th I fell in company with elder J. M'Aboy, of Kentucky, and rode with him to Marietta, where he introduced me to Caleb Emerson, Esq. another Baptist lawyer. In this place I found E. Emerson, formerly a deacon in the Baptist church in South Reading, when I preached at that place. Mr. E. introduced me to the Rev. Mr. Robins, the Congregational minister, who invited me to preach for him on the Sabbath, which I did three times—this was the first of my preaching since my sickness. In this place I

found Capt. N. Dodge, from New-Hampshire, with whose father and family I was well acquainted. Mr. Robins and others, solicited me to spend several days and deliver several lectures. The person whom I have here named, as well as others, manifested their friendship towards me. I was quite indisposed in consequence of preaching frequently.

Having recruited myself and horse, I set forward on my journey; passed up the Ohio, went through Wheeling and on the Cumberland road to Cumberland, in Maryland, where I arrived on Lord's day. Feb. 8th, I called on the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, a Presbyterian, for whom I preached in the evening. He introduced me to a young Baptist preacher, by the name of Charles Pollard. He was out of health. With him I spent the next day very agreeably, it being stormy. Mr. Kennedy took my horse from the tavern to his own stable, nor would Mr. Kripp, the innkeeper, take any thing for my dinner or horse keeping. On the 11th, as I was passing over a sheet of ice which was covered with light snow, my horse fell suddenly on his right side; he arose immediately; my right foot was confined in the stirrup; the fall was so sudden that I lost hold of the bridle, I tried to stop the horse by speaking to him, but could not—he soon became frightened, and was on the point of starting on a gallop, when the girth of the saddle broke and relieved me, after having been dragged about four rods. I was considerably hurt by the fall, and if the girth of my saddle had not broken, I should probably have been killed in a few minutes. How mercifully has God interposed his power, from time to time to preserve my life when in imminent danger.

I arrived at Washington on the 17th of Feb. 1823, and called on the Rev. Obadiah B. Brown, pastor of the Baptist church, and one of the principal clerks in the post-office. I was affectionately received and entertained by Mr. B. and his lady. Gov. Meigs, who was the post-master general, Col. R. M. Johnson, a senator from Kentucky, and Maj. I. Johnson, a representative from Kentucky, were boarders with elder Brown at this time. I was by Mr. B. introduced to those gentlemen respec-

tively, and as I became one of the family for eight or ten days, I became partially acquainted with them. Maj. Johnson was a member of the Baptist church.

I made it my first business to see Mr. J. N. Campbell, a representative from Ohio, whom I have before mentioned, to whom I had forwarded my petition from Marietta. He treated me with particular attention. He informed me that he had presented my petition; that it had been read and committed; but that he could give me no encouragement that its prayer would be granted. I took a walk to the capitol, and before I entered, examined it without—a superb building indeed: I entered this stately edifice. It would require some hours to walk through and survey its interior. I could not but inquire whether all this expense for show was necessary. While walking in the capitol, to my surprise and joy, I met Mr. Mark Harris, of the Baptist church in Portland, Maine, one of my most intimate friends; he was a member of the House of Representatives. In the evening, Mr. Harris called to see me at Mr. Brown's. It was an object with me to introduce the subject of my petition, and engage the attention of those gentlemen who boarded with Mr. Brown, as well as Mr. Harris, in its interest. They were all agreed that my claim was just. It was known that the chairman of the committee on such claims, was hostile to the measure. They therefore would not advise me to pay any further attention to it.

Governor Meigs observed that he would cheerfully appoint me to a Post-office, worth four or five hundred dollars per year, if there was any vacancy where it would be convenient for me to be located. I observed to those gentlemen that I must have some assistance from some quarter, if I could obtain it by honest means; that I had been unfortunate in removing my family to Ohio; that they were in a helpless condition; that we had been reduced to this condition by sickness and other misfortunes; that it was my lot to return from prison a beggar, three times, during the war of the revolution; that begging was a humiliating business, but that if there was no other alternative, I must try it again.—As might be exected, those gentlemen contributed something to my li ef.

The next day the Governor observed to Mr. Brown, that he thought Mr. S's hat was hardly becoming a Baptist clergyman, and requested a person to see that I was furnished with a new hat.

The reader will probably recollect, that in the early part of my narrative, I mentioned that I once set my face to go to Alexandria, in Virginia, "to buy and sell and get gain," and that I was defeated in my purpose by a British frigate. Now, being within a few miles of that place, it seemed to be some object to visit it. As I was a stranger, my brother Brown had the politeness to give me a letter of introduction to Rev. Mr. Cone. I found him and his lady very friendly and affectionate. I was to preach for him the next day in the forenoon. Mr. Cone inquired whether he should ask for a contribution for me. I observed that as contributions were so common on different occasions, that under present circumstances I did not wish it—but if individuals who were in easy circumstances, were disposed to afford me any assistance, it would be very acceptable. The next day Mr. C. handed me six dollars, in addition to several presents which he made me. I returned to Washington on Tuesday, and with the Rev. Luther Rice and others, visited Columbia College, and tarried all night with Professor Chase.

On Lord's day, March 2d, preached for elder Brown to the Baptist church in the city; and on the fourth of March set out for Baltimore, was kindly received by Rev. Messrs. Healy and Reese, and on Lord's day preached to the third Baptist church, which was destitute of a pastor. I put up with a brother, Wm. Cook, who had an interesting family. Next Lord's day, I preached for Mr. Reese and was invited home by a brother France, whose family paid particular attention to me. I made my home with Messrs. Cook and France, during the time I was in Baltimore.

There had recently been a destructive fire at Alexandria, and Mr. Cone was among the sufferers.

On the third Lord's day in March, I preached for Mr. Healey, at Fell's Point. At this church as well as at the Ebenezer church, where Mr. Reese preaches, there

was a contribution made for me, amounting in the whole to seven or eight dollars. In Baltimore I received some assistance from several wealthy individuals, of the Baptist denomination.

On the twenty-second of March, set out for Lancaster, in Pennsylvania. Here I put up at Col. Slaugh's tavern. He was a revolutionary officer. I called on Rev. Mr. Ashmead, the Presbyterian, and Rev. Mr. Muchelenburg, the Episcopal clergyman. They each of them first gave me some money, and then recommended me to the attention of some of the most wealthy of their congregations. Colonel S. advised me to go to Harrisburgh:—accordingly, I did, and called on Dr. Lochmorn, of the Lutheran church, and on the Rev. Wm. De Witt, of the Presbyterian church. Those gentlemen, like their brethren in Lancaster, first bestowed their charities upon me and then named some of their more wealthy parishioners. I had fallen in with no man since I left home, that manifested more sympathy for me than did Mr. De Witt. He introduced me to Governor Hester and several other gentlemen of distinction.

On Lord's day I went to hear Mr. De Witt in the morning, and preached for him in the afternoon; and on Monday evening attended a prayer meeting at Mr. De Witt's house.

On the first of April I set out for Philadelphia; passed through Lebanon and Reading; in each of those places I found generous friends. On the first Sabbath in April I preached for Rev. C. Moor's people at Brandywine church, near the Yellow Springs. They gave me four dollars. At this place I was kindly entertained by a brother John Tustin. In going on toward Philadelphia, I passed over Gen. Washington's camp ground, near Valley Forge, and was within a few miles of Paoli, where Gen. Wayne with a detachment of our army was surprised. I went into a house, the family were of the denomination of Friends. In conversation with the old lady, I ascertained that I was in the very house where Washington made his head quarters. I recollected to have heard soldiers of my acquaintance, speak of events which transpired here and at Paoli. My mind

was solemnly employed in contemplating the scenes through which the revolutionists passed. I presume that there was not one in ten living at that time.

I called on deacon E. Siter, at Siterville, on the Lancaster turnpike road. The deacon and his lady treated me with special attention. I called on elder Horatio Jones, whom I found quite friendly; he and his brethren gave me about ten dollars. On the ninth of April I went into Philadelphia and put up with a brother, David Johns, at the sign of the white horse, in Bank street. I visited Dr. H. Holcomb, Dr. Rogers and Dr. Staughton. Dr. Holcomb invited me to preach for him, as did Dr. Staughton. I at first declined; but finally preached for each of them more than once before I left the city. I received favors from all those gentlemen, as also from a number of their wealthy brethren. I also called on Dr Ely, who treated me courteously and gave me a book and three dollars.

In Philadelphia, I fell in with elder Daniel Lewis, with whom I had been acquainted in Maine. He was now preaching at Frankfort, a few miles from the city. I spent a Sabbath with him and preached all day. His people made a contribution for me.

I was invited to preach to a Baptist church, called the Great Valley church, about fifteen miles from Philadelphia. Deacon Siter, before mentioned, belonged to this church. I complied with the request on two Sabbaths, and also delivered a lecture or two. They gave me fifteen dollars. Deacons Philips and Siter, and a brother, Daniel Abrahams, gave me fifteen dollars more. My horse, which cost me seventy dollars and was the greatest part of my estate when I left Ohio, proved so lame that I was afraid to ride him. I therefore sold him with my saddle and bridle for thirty dollars.

From the Great Valley I returned to Philadelphia; bid an affectionate farewell to my friends, and took the steam-boat for Bordentown. We then took the stage, passed through Trenton and Princeton to New-Brunswick, where my company took the steam-boat, and I called on elder Daniel Dodge and Dr. Livingston. Mr. Dodge gave me a dollar, and Dr. Livingston three.

The next day I embarked in the steam-boat for New-York and called on elder Wm. Parkerson and was treated kindly. The next day I met elder Johnson Chase in the street, very much to his surprise. He was an old acquaintance, and was glad to see me. He requested me to send my trunk to his house and make that my home while I tarried in the city. He being a man of wealth and having no family, I readily complied with his invitation, although I was made welcome by elder Parkerson.

Brother Chase introduced me to elders Sanford, Williams and Smith. They acted towards me the part of brethren. While here I had the satisfaction to fall in with elders Going, of Worcester, Sharp of Boston, and Willey of Utica. G. and S. were old acquaintances. They were returning from the Baptist General Convention, which had been holden at Washington. They all invited me to call, as I was expecting to pass through their several towns.

While in the city, I had the pleasure of meeting with three sea Captains from Kennebunk, with whom I had been intimately acquainted, viz. R. Patten, D. Nason, and I. Ward. The last named had been one of my scholars. Each of those gentlemen had the command of a vessel bound directly for Kennebunk Port, and each had the politeness to invite me to take a passage with them, but it had been so long since I had been on the sea, I was fearful I should be sea-sick. I therefore declined accepting their kind offer.

I took an opportunity to visit the navy-yard, directly opposite to which, formerly lay that dismal ship, the old Jersey. I passed over her remains, some of which I could see laying in the bottom of the East river. Her satellites, the hospital ships, three or four in number, had disappeared. The navy-yard now occupies the ground where thousands of the American prisoners were buried. The "bank" was a high bluff of loose earth, under the side of which, the dead were laid, wrapped up in a hammock or blanket, and a little sand or earth hauled down upon them, was entirely removed. It caused my very soul to thrill when I passed over the remains of that wretched ship, and was approaching the shore to re-

view the awful scenes I had witnessed, and the distressing suffering I had there endured through a long and tedious winter, more than forty years ago, and where more than two thirds of my shipmates had laid their bones. I recollected to have read in the newspapers, that the bones of the prisoners who had died on board the prison ships were collected and deposited in a vault, and a building erected over it. I designed to indulge my curiosity in visiting the place, but I at once met with an obstruction. A sentinel forbade my proceeding further; I informed him that I wished to see the commanding officer. The sergeant of the guard was called, and after a little ceremony I was permitted to enter and conducted to the door of his apartment. I had not been careful to acquaint myself with the rules of naval etiquette. The gentleman was a stranger to me, I do not know that I had ascertained his name, I was equally a stranger to him. I told the gentleman my name; informed him that I had belonged to the navy and had been a prisoner on board the Jersey, and that being on a visit to the city, I had a wish to see the Wallabout, and had crossed the river for that purpose. He had the politeness to inform me what route I might take to find it, but did not appear half so much interested in the matter as I was. I found the spot; I walked round it; I surveyed it; I pondered and wondered that my bones had not been scattered there long ago. I thanked and adored my merciful Preserver, that I was yet spared, while almost all my shipmates had been numbered with the dead.

I retired from the navy-yard without molestation; recrossed the river and according to previous engagement, called on deacon J. M. Fought, who accompanied me to the residence of Colonel Henry Rutger and introduced me to him. He received me courteously and informed me that he had the honor of waiting on Washington and other Generals at his house. I referred to my visit to the Wallabout. The Colonel went into a particular detail of the matter, and gave an account of the funeral procession on that occasion. A coffin filled with the remains, was carried in procession through the prin-

cipal streets, and conveyed back again and deposited at the Wallabout. He was one of the pall-bearers. When I took my leave of the Colonel he gave me a check on the bank for ten dollars.

While Mr. Going was in the city, he invited me to accompany him to visit a brother, D. H. Barnes. Mr. G. introduced me to Mr. B. The time passed pleasantly for a few minutes, for Mr. G. was in haste to take the steam-boat. I think he did not sit down. When we retired I said to B. "Brother Barnes, I think I shall give you another call, before I leave the city." "Well, brother S." said he, "if your object is any thing besides money, I shall be glad to see you, but as for money, it is very scarce with us." I made no reply and accompanied Mr. Going to the steam-boat.

Some days after, I was walking the street with elder Smith; said he, "will you call and see brother Barnes?" I was so much of a stranger in the city, that I did not know that we were at his door: we went in and found Mr. Barnes very sociable. After some time I said to him, "brother Barnes, how came you to intrench yourself so readily the other day, when I left you?" After a moment's hesitation, he replied, "O, I recollect, why, we have no ministers out of the country call upon us but what come for money, I therefore concluded that was your object." I asked him if any one had informed him what my object was. "O no," said he, "we take it for granted, that if a minister out of the country comes here, he is after money." I replied that I had not been apprised that it was so generally the case. "O yes," said he, "we have so many contributions here, on so many different occasions and are so frequently called upon for money, that we have got quite run out." I handed to him a certificate which Dr. Rogers, and Dr. Staughton had given me, together with another paper, and observed to him, that mine was an extraordinary case and that I should indeed be glad to get a little money, but that I should prefer getting it of those who were best able to spare it. He declined taking the papers, saying it is of no consequence, brother Sherburne, for we have not the money

to spare. I told him that he could look at the papers, notwithstanding. He looked over them and replied, "Oh, were you one of the revolutionists, brother Sherburne? I did not know that, we must do something for you, for there are millions of us who are now enjoying the fruits of the toils and sufferings of the revolutionists; we scarcely know what hardships are, and if any class of the community is deserving our particular attention, it is the revolutionists: we must do something for you, brother Sherburne." He handed me a dollar. "Now," said he, "brother Sherburne, if you could wear a coat of mine, I would give you one." "Brother Barnes," said I, "that is out of the question, I cannot get into your coat; but if you have one to spare, I have a son at home who is an invalid, he is in want of a coat and is not able to buy one; if you are willing to give, I will endeavor to convey it to him." He opened his drawer and took out a coat not half worn; he then brought a good pair of pantaloons, a vest and a pair of shoes, altogether, I presume, worth more than ten dollars.

While in the city I preached several times for Mr. Smith, and Parkerson, and once for Chase.

On the ninth of June I left New-York for New-Haven, where I called on Dr. Morse, with whom I had a partial acquaintance in Boston. He added his signature to the certificate which Dr. Rogers and Dr. Staughton gave me. Dr. M., professor Fitch, and several other gentlemen in N. H. contributed to my relief.

I made a short stop in New-Haven, being quite out of health.

On the thirteenth, took the stage for Middletown. On the 14th I had a distressing attack of the ague, preceded by violent puking, while on a visit at a Mr. Roberts, a little out of the city. While returning to the city I met elder James A. Boswell, and Mr. Amos Bickwith, with whom Mr. Boswell boarded. They had heard of me, and were in search for me. I went home with them and informed them that as I had had one severe fit of ague, I was apprehensive I should have more. I had been threatened with this trying complaint while in Harrisburgh, and more severely for several days while in the

city of N. York. It was decided upon that I should make my home at Mr. Bickwith's. He with his lady were members of the Baptist church. I was now seven hundred miles from my family, and three hundred from Kennebunk port. I was confined to the house the next day, and on the third, which was Sunday, I had another distressing fit of the ague, attended with delirium. About the twentieth of June, Dr. Cone was called. He is a respectable physician, and a gentleman in his deportment. At this time I was exceedingly distressed with hiccough. Soon after this the ague subsided.

On the 24th of June I was much distressed with hiccough again, which increased to an alarming degree:—my stomach was extremely convulsed, and I could retain nothing which I swallowed. My friends were much alarmed. The next day Dr. Cone brought Dr. Miner to see me. For several days I seemed convalescent, but on the first of July, I was attacked with the typhus fever. Until this time, Mrs. Prout, Mrs. Bickwith's mother, had paid particular attention to me; she now became so much indisposed, that they were under the necessity of procuring a Mrs. Susan Stillman to attend on me.

Dr. Cone visited and prescribed for me twice a day, gratuitously, for several weeks. For several days he had but little hopes of my recovery. I was among strangers; but surrounded by friends. For two or three weeks I was obliged to have watchers, and the citizens were very kind in attending on me. The Baptist church made two contributions for me, and a number of the brethren made me private donations. Mr. E. Bounds and his lady were particularly attentive, and supplied me with various necessaries. I am under especial obligations to Mr. Bradley. Mrs. Prout, Mr. Bickwith and his lady, as well as Mrs. Stillman, were indefatigable in their exertions for my relief and comfort.

I began to recover about the 15th of July, and on the 20th finished a letter to my wife, which I had commenced on the 16th of June. On the 30th of July, I put on my clothes for the first time in four weeks, and elder Boswell took me in his gig round one square. The next day he took me to his own house. He told me that he

had made arrangements to bury me. On the second of August, he carried me to elder Enoch Green's, about two miles from the city, where I spent two days. His family were particularly attentive to me, while I was confined. When I left this good man, he presented me with two dollars.

I have since been informed that elder Green, his amiable consort, and one or more of their children, have paid the debt of nature:—"And their works do follow them."

On the 5th of August, brother Bound very obligingly took me in his carriage, and drove carefully to Weathersfield, and left me with elder W. Bentley, who treated me with attention, and the next day took me to Hartford, and lodged me with deacon I. B. Gilbert. He and his lady paid particular attention to me, and liberally bestowed on me their charities. I called on elder Cushman, who certified my credentials to be satisfactory. The Rev. I. Hawes manifested his sympathy, gave me a dollar, and recommended me to the attention of his friends. I am under especial obligations to a number of brethren and other gentlemen in Hartford.

On the 13th of August, brother Gurdon Rabins took me in a gig to Colchester, and lodged me with a Mr. Turner. I was treated with marked attention, by this family. I called on the Rev. Mr. Cone, the father of my much esteemed friend, Dr. Cone of Middletown.—Mrs. C. treated me affectionately.

On the 16th I took the stage for New-London, and put up with brother Turner, where elder Loomis boarded: here I was kindly entertained. On Monday, the 18th, I took passage to Norwich, in a packet boat, and brother Loomis paid my passage to Norwich. I was in haste to get on, and on the 21st I took the stage to Providence, where I had especial attention paid to me by Dr. Gano, with whom I had some personal acquaintance. He treated me like a brother. On the Lord's day, the 24th, in the evening, I preached for Dr. G. in his conference room. At the close of the meeting, the Dr. observed to his congregation, that having recently called frequently on them for contributions on different occasions, he had resolved not to ask again for a contribution

on any occasion for the present, and that he should adhere to his purpose; but having had an account of my revolutionary sufferings and recent misfortunes, and having been a sufferer himself in the revolution, he felt an especial interest in my case. He would therefore recommend me to their attention; and observed that if any were disposed to bestow any thing upon me, they might bring it forward. They gave me about ten dollars. Mr. John Snow, with whom I had been acquainted in Ohio, introduced me to his father, (an old revolutionist,) and to a number of other gentlemen, whose benevolence I experienced.

I hastened to Boston, expecting to find a letter from my wife, whose last communication I received in New-York, dated the 12th of May. On my arrival at Boston, I found myself at home, at Dr. Baldwin's. My first business was to visit the Post-office, where I found a letter from my wife, in answer to mine from Middletown, informing me that my dear Willshire had been sick through the summer with the ague. That a large number of my acquaintance were no more, and that it was unusually sick in Columbus. I had been from my family seven months, and was not yet to my journey's end by more than a hundred miles. I was desirous once more to see my aged mother and only surviving sister, and other eastern friends, and extremely anxious to get home.

In Boston I fell in with Capt. Luther Walker, who married my adopted daughter, who was now no more. He was about to sail for Kennebunk port; I went on in the stage, and found him there.

Here I found my old friends very glad to see me, and very much devoted to me, but none more so than my son-in-law, Capt. W. He took me in his gig to Baldwin, about forty miles, to see my brother Ingalls and family, with whom my aged mother lived. I had become so anxious to get home, that I could allow myself to make but a short visit I spent too Sabbaths in this quarter, preached twice at my old meeting-house, twice at the Port, and once for elder Locke, and once for elder Roberts. I received generous contributions and donations.

On the 23d of September, I took the stage for Portsmouth, where I received some assistance from Mr. I. Cutter, and several other gentlemen, and soon after called on Dr. Bowles.

I found him very friendly and affectionate; we had been formerly acquainted with each other. He presented me with about twelve dollars, part of which was collected from his friends. I hastened to Boston, where at the stage tavern, I fell in with several merchants and ship-masters from Kennebunk, who generously contributed to my assistance. Under my peculiar circumstances, and those of my far distant family, I was daily admonished of the kindness of God in raising up friends to furnish me with means to remove my family from a country which was so unpropitious to our health. However it may appear to others, I cannot deny myself the gratification of noticing with what cordiality I was received by elders Baldwin and Sharp, and by brethren Ensign and Heman Lincoln and others. Their sympathy toward me was not in word only, but in deed and truth.

I could make but a short stay in Boston; preached once to brother Sharp's people, and was in haste to get to Albany, where I expected to receive a letter from my wife. My Boston friends and I parted with no expectation of meeting again in time. Brother H. Lincoln affectionately accompanied me to the stage. I being feeble he assisted me to get in, and took his farewell, not however, until he had farther extended to me his bounty. "It is more blessed to give, than to receive."

At Worcester, I had but just time to call on brethren Going and Goddard, and continued my journey toward Albany. I had the agreeable company of a Dr. Lyman of Troy for a considerable distance. We were the only passengers in the stage. I am compelled to enroll this gentlemen, as well as the two last mentioned, among the list of my benefactors. At Albany, where I arrived on Saturday evening, I was courteously received and entertained by elder L. Leonard, and deacon J. A. Burk. On the Sabbath, I preached once to Mr. L.'s people. Elder C. Philleo was at Albany at this time, and I having acquainted him, Mr. L. and others, with some of my histo-

ry in the state of Ohio, and having just received a letter from my wife, informing me of the mortality in Columbus, and that she had had a severe attack of the prevailing fever; they advised me by all means to remove my family from Ohio, to Vernon, in the county of Onedia and state of New-York, where Mr. Philleo resided. I was resolved to adhere to this counsel and took the stage for Utica, and from thence by the packet boat to Rochester, thence I travelled by land to Buffalo. I then took the steam boat for Sandusky bay, from thence I went up the Sandusky river in a horse-boat, and took my passage about one hundred miles in wagons to Columbus, where I arrived on the 25th of October. Here, by the abounding mercy of a gracious God, I found my family in tolerable health, after an absence of nine months, in which time both they and myself had passed through very great distresses. In thirty-three days I travelled more than a thousand miles; I was resolved to leave the state of Ohio. I had occasion to visit Ripley, about one hundred miles south, and had engaged a team to take me on to New York as soon as I should return. In my long and tedious journeys, the Lord had raised up friends to furnish me with about three hundred and fifty dollars. I paid my house rent, doctor's bill and other debts, and about the middle of November, set off for Vernon in the county of Oneida, in the state of New-York, and after journeying with my family thirty-one days, and laying by about thirty-three days, arrived at Vernon on the 21st day of January, 1824. My body and mind had both become so impaired, that I had abandoned the idea of ever taking the pastoral charge of a church again. I bought a small lot of land, consisting of three acres, on which there was a small house, in the adjoining town of Augusta, to which I removed my family on the day I entered the sixtieth year of my life; on the day I closed my sixtieth year, I commenced writing this little volume, but my wife had been so much out of health, and being under many embarrassments, that at the expiration of the year, I had not finished one sheet. On the sixth day of January, 1826, my first daughter was born, whose name we call Mary Jane.

As I am far removed from my connexions, as they may know nothing of my children, except what they learn from this narrative, and as I have named all but the youngest daughter, I am willing to indulge the usual weaknesses of aged parents, by observing that she was born August 24th, 1827. To her we gave the name of Eliza Ann.

On the first of February, 1826, I set out on a journey to the state of Ohio, a distance of seven hundred miles. On my way I visited Columbus, Ripley, Cincinnati and Batavia, and had a pleasant interview with many of my friends. In this journey, I fractured my left shoulder by a fall from my horse. A few months after my return, I had the misfortune to fracture my right shoulder, by a fall from a wagon. One principal inducement in taking the journey to Ohio, was to sell the village lots in Batavia, of which I have before spoken. That place has now become the seat of justice for the county. In this, however, I could not succeed to my satisfaction, and as I could not sell them without a great sacrifice, I made provision for the payment of subsequent taxes, and concluded to let them remain unsold. I was told that the taxes were all paid up to the year 1826. I left money with Mr. Joseph Grant to pay the tax that should next become due, and engaged a person against whom I had a demand, to remit money to Mr. G. to pay the subsequent taxes. We considered Mr. G. as our agent, although he was not formally authorized to act. Shortly after my return from Ohio, I wrote to Mr. Grant, that if he could sell the lots to advantage, we would forward to him a power for that purpose, and wished him to write. Mr. G. mislaid the letter, and had forgotten the place where we lived. But after about one year, he found the letter and answered it. The following is an extract from his letter, which was dated

Batavia, O. July 24, 1827.

"The business of most interest to you, I have to communicate, is in regard to your lots. You will recollect that when you were here last, you left me a dollar for the purpose of paying the taxes which I did for the year 1826. But I was not aware that the taxes for 1825 had

not been paid. In consequence of that delinquency, your lots have been sold, and purchased by Thomas Morris, Esq. and his son for the taxes due that year."

Having received this information, I wrote to the postmaster at Batavia, presuming he was an acquaintance of mine, and wished him to inform me who was the county auditor, &c. I waited long and received no answer. I then wrote to a friend in the vicinity of Batavia, waited and still received no answer.

I then wrote to Judge Moore before named, a gentleman of the strictest veracity, and requested him to attend to our business. Mr. C. A. Campbell, the postmaster at Ripley being an acquaintance, I wrote him at the same time, requesting him to inform me whether Moore's letter had reached that office.

Mr. Campbell had the politeness to pay a punctual attention to my request, and wrote me under the date of *June* 16th, 1826.

"Dear Sir—By this day's mail I received your letter of the 29th ult. In reply to the information requested, I have to say, our worthy and excellent friend, Joseph Moore, has paid the last great debt of nature."

I may with propriety say there was no man in the state of Ohio, to whom I was under greater obligations for various acts of kindness than deacon J. Moore. When I recollect the vast number of my friends who have "gone the way of all the earth," I may properly say to myself, "be thou also ready."

In view of what I have already related, together with many other circumstances attendant on my emigration from the east, there seems to be a kind of fatality attending my enterprises in the west.

I have too much confidence, however in Mr. Morris and his son, to indulge the thought that they will take any undue advantage of my misfortunes.

I must now bring my little narrative to a close. It has already been drawn out to a greater length than I had anticipated at its commencement. My life, though much diversified, has been marked by great and undeserved mercy from God; and in view of this fact, I cannot express my feelings more properly than in the following lines, composed by an unknown author.

BIRTH DAY.

Great God! thy goodness let me sing,
On this my natal day,
From thee what joys, what pleasures spring,
My grateful soul survey.

When in the days of other years,
The storms of wo assail'd
My wand'ring bark—then o'er my fears
Thy promises prevail'd.

The stranger's fate, in foreign lands,
In early youth was mine:
Around me then, to raise up friends,
The heav'nly work was thine.

When wreck'd on ocean's raging wave,
No ray of hope there came,
Thy matchless arm was stretch'd to save,
And shield my sinking frame!

The stormy cape was bleak and bare,
No verdure smiled around
The desert shore—yet even there
Thy watchful hand I found!

Snatch'd from the overwhelming flood,
To light, to life restor'd;
How leap'd my heart to thee, my God,
Thy providence ador'd!

And since through pain or peril's hour,
Thy hand has led my way,
Forsake me not, all-gracious Power,
On this my natal day!

O! spare me yet to praise thy name
With gratitude and joy;
My God thy goodness to proclaim,
My heart, my tongue employ.

Still let my life, serenely gay,
Through future changes prove,
Be every thorn that checks my way,
Made harmless by thy love.

And when the shades of death impend,
The gloomy grave in view;
Be thou my solace—thou my friend—
My God forever true!

H. H Jr.

END OF THE FIRST EDITION.

MEMOIRS CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XII.

He commences selling his books in the county of Oneida —Utica—Albany—Troy—New-York—District of Columbia—Fredericksburg in Va.—Richmond—Petersburg—Norfolk—Portsmouth—Williamsburg—Baltimore—Philadelphia—Returns home—Journeys East, through Vermont and New-Hampshire, to Maine—Returns home—Visits Ohio and returns home —His daughter's death—Visits New-York—Providence—Pawtucket—Boston—Returns to Providence.

Having nearly completed my manuscript for my first edition, I conceived it expedient that I should have the judgment of some literary gentlemen upon it, for I had not the vanity to suppose that I was a proper judge of its merits.

I requested Alexander M. Beebe, Esq. editor of the New-York Baptist Register, to examine it. Having read a number of sheets, he encouraged its publication. I also put it into the hands of the Rev. A. Mc'Kay, of New-York, for examination. He gave it his approbation and observed that it was just what the young Americans ought to read. He said that we had the history of the Revolution on the great scale, but that we had few of the details.—I shewed it to the Rev. Mr. Parkerson: he disapproved of its publication, from the impression that I should lose money by it; but after he had read a part of the manuscript, he gave his cordial approbation. As the Rev. Spencer H. Cone was considered a gentleman of refined taste, and had once been the editor of a newspaper, I wished to obtain his opinion also. He had the kindness with Mr. Parkerson, to give me his signature. I then came to the conclusion to publish it if I could, notwithstanding I was entirely destitute of funds.

I had some encouragement from Enos Nichols, Esq. of Kirkland, and from Gen. J. J. Knox of Augusta.

that they would assist me in getting it through the press. In that case they would incur some risk, as I was already near 200 dollars in debt. Col. Wm. Williams of Utica offered to print it for me, provided Gen. Knox would become responsible for half the sum, in case I might fail, provided I would give my personal attention to the sale of the books. To this Gen. Knox agreed, and I commenced selling my books in Sept. 1823, and having sold near two or three hundred in Augusta and the adjacent country, I went to Utica, where I was liberally patronised, and had some flattering compliments paid me by gentlemen of distinction. In Nov. I set out for Albany and had good success in disposing of books in Sangersfield and Cherry-Valley. I journeyed with my horse and small wagon; but I found it necessary to take my horse and wagon home again, and travel by stage. On my arrival home, I found my wife confined to her bed with the rheumatism. I remained with my family just a week. My wife did not sit up an hour in the time. It was extremely unpleasant to leave my family at this season of the year, with a view not to return for six or eight months. The undertaking was an adventurous one at first, and especially in view of my limited education and advanced age. But I could conceive of no better prospects to procure a subsistence for myself and family, and in this business every thing depended on my health and ability to travel. There were debts of more than a thousand dollars standing against me, and all that I possessed, aside from my books, would not raise half the money. Trying, however, as our circumstances were, we must be separated; four of my children being yet under twelve years of age and two of them under four. Every person of candor and sensibility will acknowledge that it is no small privation for an old man to turn his back on his family and fire-side, at this season of the year. It was about the middle of December: I endeavored to commend my afflicted wife and dear children, together with my own soul, to God, and took my departure for Utica, where I took the stage for Albany. Trying as my situation was, it was vastly preferable, to being exposed to cannon balls and bombs,

day and night, for weeks together, or being exposed in gales of wind at sea, when almost every wave would seem to threaten destruction—or despairing of deliverance on a wreck, or starvation in a wilderness, or suffering hunger in a loathsome prison-ship. From all those scenes of sorrow, God has delivered me; surely there can be no mortal in existence who is under greater obligations to be humble and to render thanksgiving and praise to God than myself. After all, I have yet the debt to pay, for it is appointed to man once to die.

While in Albany there were several days so extremely cold that I thought it imprudent to go out. Several gentlemen of distinction bought books of me, and having read them, were disposed to say that they were very interesting. I had the satisfaction to sell one to Mr. J. Kidney, who with the exception of David Warren, Esq. of Verona, was the only person I had found who had suffered on board the Jersey. He was not poor enough to get a pension.—By his own industry he had acquired a handsome estate. He was by occupation a blacksmith, but not of that description who have an unquenchable spark in the throat. Mr. Kidney drinks neither wine or strong drink, nor even strong beer or cider. I very much regret that I had not while in the company of those gentleman, furnished myself with some more authentic details relative to their sufferings while on board the Jersey.

I had no expectation at that time however, of publishing a second edition.

I sold about a hundred and fifty books in Albany, and twenty in Troy. I feel myself under especial obligations to the Baptist preachers and brethren in Albany and Troy, who purchased my books. My patronage, however, was by no means confined to the Baptist, or any other denomination. Elder Welch gave notice to his congregation, that a relict of the Revolution would preach to them in the afternoon, which circumstance facilitated the sale of my books.

About the middle of Jan. 1829, I took the stage for New-York, with a view of spending several weeks there. I was cordially received and hospitably entertained by

Mr. D. Lewis and lady, members of the Baptist church, whose frank and generous friendship had more than once consoled me in my previous trials. They even insisted on my making their house my home, while I abode in the city. This circumstance was consoling to an old man who was far from his family.

It excites astonishment when my memory brings again to view the numerous friends, which God in his gracious providence, has raised up for me among strangers. Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all my days. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

At the close of a conference meeting of the Oliver-street church, the Rev. Mr. C. recommended my books to the attention of his congregation, who very liberally patronized me. The Rev. Mr. Parkerson and the Rev. Mr. Dunbar also assisted me with their influence. After I had been selling my books several days in the city, I was frequently met by gentlemen who had bought and read them, who readily recognizing me, were disposed to present me some polite and familiar compliments; and as I proceeded, instances of this kind multiplied; but my time being invaluable, I could not indulge either them or myself with but very short interviews, as my success depended on my own personal patience and perseverance. I sold in the city ten, fifteen, and sometimes more than twenty in a day. This was doing great business for me, and rapidly facilitated the discharge of the heavy debt I had contracted for printing; and this object must be accomplished before I could realize any real benefit to my family. At the close of the day I was generally so fatigued by walking and talking, that I was quite dispirited, and fearful that I should never accomplish my object. My own judgment as well as the sacred scriptures have long since taught me that despondency is neither a virtue nor a grace. Who will presume to reverse the declaration, that it is through much tribulation we are to enter into the kingdom? And that "man who is born of a woman is *of few days and full of trouble.*" Therefore the only encouragement for a feeble mortal is, that there is a throne of grace,

to which he may fly for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before him. O the condescension of the eternal God, to permit feeble, polluted mortals, whose breath is in their nostrils, to approach his sacred presence, and talk with him as a man talketh with his friend. These considerations have tranquilized my mind, and encouraged me to "endure as seeing him who is invisible."

While disposing of my books in the city, Capt. Benj. Bailey was frequently spoken of by the citizens as having been a prisoner on board the Jersey. I called on him, and was treated with marked attention, both by himself and lady. He bought two of my books and had the politeness to introduce me to the Hon. R. Riker, the Recorder, to Gen. Morton, Dr. Graves and others, near the City Hall, who took books of me. I called at the Custom-house, under the impression that I should certainly sell a few there. I observed to the gentlemen, that I had called to offer them a little book, in which I had told the story of my own conflicts in the revolution, and particularly on board the Jersey prison ship.

An old gentleman raised his voice and replied, "Books, this is no place to sell books; this is a public office." I replied that I was aware of that, and presumed that he was in public employ, and that he got his pay for his services; that I had been in public service myself, and had never got my pay for my services, and that I should like to sell him a book. "We want none of your books," said he. He seemed so unpleasant, that I had no wish to trouble him with my presence, and retired with intention to try in the next room, which was an insurance office, and addressed myself to an old gentleman, as before. He shoved up his spectacles and replied with emphasis, "Were you on board the Jersey prison ship?" I replied that I was. "Oh! then I will buy one of your books," said he, "I know what you had to suffer there. I was the clerk of the commissary, who was sent into the city at that time, to pay some attention to the sufferings of the prisoners; I will buy a book of you." The old gentleman addressed himself to another gentleman present, saying, "Won't you buy a book of him? the old gentleman has had a hard time of it, no doubt." The

gentleman consented. "Now," said he, "I will buy one for my grandson," a lad in the office, probably fifteen years of age. "Here" said he, "read this, my boy, that you may see what your rights cost." "Really, Sir," said I, "I meet with a very different reception from what I did in the Custom-house," and recited to him the circumstance. "Ah, Mr. Sherburne," said he, "you will find many of the Americans that don't know, nor don't want to know, what their rights cost. There is a great difference between a man's *getting* an estate, and a man's *heiring* an estate."

This old patriot was Mr. John Pintard. I do not know, nor do I wish to know, the name of the man in the custom-house; I however do not believe that it was the custom-house officer.

On the 18th of February, 1829, I went on board the steam-boat, and from thence took the stage to Philadelphia, and so on to Baltimore, and called on my good brother Joseph France and his lady, whose hospitality I had enjoyed six years before, when returning in poor health from Ohio. While in Baltimore, there came a violent snow storm, which detained me there two days. I then took the stage for Washington, and was courteously entertained by Rev. O. B. Brown and lady. My box of books, which I had ordered for Washington, were frozen up in Albany. I had therefore to send to Baltimore for the books I had designed for that place. I spent about three weeks in Washington and Georgetown, and preached several times for Mr. Brown's people, visited the college, sold books to several of the students, had an interesting interview with Drs. Chapin aad Semple. I also called on President Adams, who gave me two dollars for a book.

I had not designed to have gone any further south, but Dr. Semple and elder Brown advised me to go into Virginia. I wished the Doctor to give me a letter to some brother in Portsmouth or Norfolk and he gave me the following letter to Dr. Joseph Schoolfield, of Portsmouth.

"*Col. Hill, March* 23, 1829.

BROTHER SCHOOLFIELD,

DEAR SIR—The bearer, elder Andrew Sherburne,

has been among us for some time, has acquired the regard of all his acquaintance as a good man. He is an old revolutionary sufferer, and at that trying crisis, passed through many perilous and trying scenes, which he has thought worthy of remembrance—has accordingly written his own memoirs; his object in travelling is to sell his books. I have bought and read one of them, and really can recommend it as amusing and quite interesting. He wishes me to introduce him to your acquaintance, and that of the other brethren of Norfolk and Portsmouth. Any attention you may show our old friend and brother, will I think be acceptable to God and acknowledged by yours, &c.

R. B. SEMPLE.

P. S. As I have not time to write to any others—will you read this and hand it back to him for the inspection of as many as he may wish to shew it to. R. B. S."

I visited Alexandria, with a letter from the Rev. O. B. Brown to Rev. Samuel Cornelius. He had just received a pressing letter from the Baptist church at Chopawamsic, to preach for them the following Sabbath; but he was otherwise engaged, and could not; he requested me to serve them. I consented and descended the Potomac about twenty miles, in the steam-boat, and found a brother Rubleman waiting for me with a gig; he took me to his own house at Dumfries; in the evening I preached in the Court-House; next day he took me to Chopawamsic, to their church meeting, and I was hospitably entertained at the house where the Rev. John Leland used to preach forty years ago. On Lord's day, I preached and broke bread to the church; returned to Dumfries, preached in the Court, House again and returned to Washington to wind up my concerns there, took an affectionate farewell of brother Davis and his lady, at the navy yard; and of brother Cooper and his lady and also of a brother Gater and lady. I had been courteously entertained in these families, as well as at brother Brown's. Mrs. Gater having read my book, had the kindness to send each of my little girls a silver thimble.

I returned to Alexandria, Vir. with an intention to

take lodgings at a boarding house, but brother and sister Cornelius would not agree to it. They insisted that I should make myself at home at their house.

As soon as my books came on, brother Cornelius went round with me, and called on whom he pleased, and I made rapid progress in selling my books; and being called away, he called upon a brother I. P. Colman to wait on me. Sister Cornelius in addition to other favors sent a dollar to each of my little girls. On leaving Alexandria, brother Cornelius furnished me with the following letter.

"*Alexandria, D. C. March* 26, 1829.

MR. ROBERT B. FIFE, FREDERICKSBURG.

DEAR BROTHER—This will be handed you by our aged and venerable brother, Rev. Andrew Sherburne. Besides the love which I feel for him as an aged Christian and preacher of righteousness, he prefers another and an irresistible claim to my confidence and regard. He lived and acted and suffered in "the times that tried men's souls."

The incidents of his life, during the war of the Revolution and since, have appeared to his friends, and to himself, worthy of being perpetuated in the memory of Americans, and he has therefore written a memoir of himself, which I have read with satisfaction.

The leading object of his visit to the South is to dispose of his books; upon the profits of which he relies for supporting his family. I am persuaded you will take pleasure in rendering any service in your power, and in doing so you will add another reason to the many which I have already to subscribe myself,

Your obliged brother,

S. CORNELIUS.

P. S. As I shall not be able to write to the numerous friends, to which it would give me pleasure to introduce our friend, be kind enough to return him this as a general introduction. S. CORNELIUS."

Brother Cornelius observed to me, that the Virginian brethren would not approve of my putting up at a public house, that they expected travelling brethren to call on them.

On the 23th of March, I left Alexandria in the steamboat, and descended the Potomac, had the satisfaction of Dr. J. S. Jackson's company, who was Mrs. Brown's son by her first husband; I had formed a pleasant acquaintance with him at elder Brown's, at Washington. I had the satisfaction to pass in view of the celebrated Mount Vernon, and landed within nine miles of Fredericksburg, and went on to Fredericksburg in the stage in the night, the travelling exceeding bad. Dr. Semple supplied the Baptist church a part of the time. I was at home at Mr. Alexander Walker's, who was a member of the Baptist church. I was an entire stranger; yet the before mentioned letters were a sufficint recommendation. I must, however, conform to the customs of the country. The Baptists were disappointed of their preacher that day, and it was proposed that I should preach for them. Brother Walker, his lady, and their children were as much devoted to me as I could wish. I had occasion to go to the stage-office, where I had left my baggage; Mr. Walker proposed that I should take a boy as a waiter. I observed to him that there was no occasion; that I could bring in a handkerchief all that I should need. "O! take a boy, take a boy," said he; I made no more objections, and being among Virginians, would do as Virginians do. I went to the stage-office, followed by a colored lad about sixteen, and having a *boy*, I thought he might as well take a small trunk as a bundle; and on my return met Mr. Walker in his front door, and a young colored man at his elbow. The lad was directed to take my trunk into a chamber; he was followed by Mr. Walker and myself, and we were followed by the other black man. Having entered the chamber, (all in style,) said Mr. Walker, "here brother Sherburne is where we put our ministers, when they come to see us, and here is a boy (viz. a young man) to wait on you; if you want any thing, just ring the bell and he will come to you." A prince could not *need* more superb accommodations than I then had. In taking a retrospective view of the stations, quarters, and different habitations I had occupied in the space of half a century, I could not recollect that I had ever been acacmmodated in such princely style before. There were

indeed, unnumbered instances in New-England where I had been accommodated with a chamber of the highest style, with every necessary accommodation. But never before had I Toney, Cuffy, or Pompey to make a fire for me before I was up—clean my boots—provide hot water for shaving, and even shaving (if requested,) and brush and adjust my coat, &c. &c.

Having at this place all the conveniences for writing, it was a favorable opportunity to communicate to my wife the progress I had made, and the princely state to which I had arrived. A thought from Foster's Essay gave me a jog. I recollected that in his Esssay upon "A man's writing memoirs of himself," he gives an idea something like the following. "There are but few men who have lived fifty or sixty years, who, if they were to narrate the more striking events of divine providence as it respects themselves, but it would be interesting." He did not mean, however, that he should tell us what color every coat had been that he had worn in the time. I do not wish either to disgust, or even tire my readers by being too minute. I will therfore promise, that if they will bear with me in this instance, I will in future endeavor not to offend.

I preached three times for the Baptists on the Sabbath. In the evening I was recognized while speaking by a Mr. Perkins, formerly of Kennebunk port. Early on Monday my servant informed me that there was a gentleman in the drawing-room who wished to see me. I had no expectation that I should find any one in this remote region who knew any thing of me. I entered the drawing-room; Mr. Walker very politely introduced Mr. P. to me, who seemed really elated to see me; made some apology for calling so early; observed that he had not seen me for fifteen years; presumed that I had no recollection of him, as he was about fifteen when he left Kennebunk port. It was pleasant to ascertain that this young gentleman (whose parents I well knew,) was of good character, and in good business.

By the assistance of Mr. Walker, and Mr. P. I sold about sixty of my books in three days, and then went on to Richmond, the seat of government, on the James river. I called on Mr. Richard C. Wortham, of the Bap-

tist church, a very affectionate brother, who has an amiable lady; his aged and pious mother lived with him; his eldest son Albert, was at the university. My accommodations here were the same as at Fredericksburg. I was introduced to Rev. John Kerr, of the first Baptist church, Rev. James Taylor of the 2d church, and Rev. Mr. Keeling, editor of the Recorder. Deacon Archibald Thomas insisted that I should make his house my home a part of the time, which I did, and found his lady a very interesting Christian. As I spent four weeks in the city, I preached several times for Messrs. Carr and Taylor, and preached several lectures in private houses. I had particular attention paid me by Messrs. William and James Crane.

In all my travels in Virginia, I found none who to me appeared more devotional than sister Carr, the wife of Rev. J. Carr; her very impressive request that I should pray for her and hers, has very often come fresh to my mind, and although absent from each other in body, I trust that we have been sometimes present, in the spirit, before the throne of God. On leaving Richmond for Petersburg, brother Kerr gave me the following letter.

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

"We have had the pleasure of the Rev. Andrew Sherburne's company in this city some weeks. He has preached and prayed with us. He came to us highly recommended; but our esteem for him has been greatly heightened by a personal knowledge of his well regulated piety as a Christian, his modesty as a man, and his practical sense as a minister of Jesus Christ. His life has been marked with toil and sufferings for his country, and his God. He carries with him a brief and unvarnished history of his own life, written by himself. I have read it with much interest and pleasure, and believe it well calculated to do good. The friend of liberty, of piety, and of man, who has a dollar to spare will do well by giving it for such a book, to such a man.

JOHN KERR,

Pastor of the 1st Baptist church in the city of Richmond, Va.

2d May, 1829."

On 2nd of May, 1829, I left Richmond in the stage for Petersburg, (about twenty miles south of Richmond,) once the residence of Pocahontas. In the stage I had some pleasant acquaintance with Hon. Samuel Winfree, who had been Mayor of the borough. He bought a book of me before he left the stage, and the next morning he sent and bought another.

I was hospitably entertained by brother Martin Eaton, and brother Charles Loomis, who was formerly of the Baptist church in Hartford, Ct. I spent a week in this place, and preached several lectures. My book was generously patronized. On the 10th, I preached for the Baptist church and broke bread for them; and on Monday, having had opportunity to see Pocahontas' wash-basin, an excavation in a large loose stone, three or four feet in diameter, I returned to Richmond; spent a day or two with my good friends, took passage in a steamboat for Norfolk, and put up in Virginia style with Rev. Jeremiah Hendren, with whom Rev. R. Howell, the pastor of the Baptist church, boarded. I made my home chiefly with a brother Jonathan Ridley.

On the 15th, I crossed the ferry to Portsmouth, and called on Dr. Schoolfield, to whom Dr. Semple directed his letter. I was kindly entertained here and at every other place at which I stopped. I ascended the Drummond ten miles, to see brother D. M. Curtis and lady, with whom I had had a pleasant acquaintance in Chillicothe, in Ohio. They were both astonished and glad to see me. I preached several times, and returned to Portsmouth and preached for Rev. D. Woodson; crossed the river to Norfolk, and in the evening preached for the Rev. R. Howell. Elder Carr and others advised me to attend the Portsmouth association. Brother Howell gave me a letter to Rev. John Faulchon, who is county clerk of Surry. I ascended the James river again, about fifty miles, and landed on the left bank opposite Jamestown, which was the first settlement in Virginia. Brother F. lived about a mile from the river. He paid every attention to me that I could wish, and sent his servants after my baggage.

On Wednesday, 20th May, I spent the day very agree-

ably with brother Faulchon. In the afternoon, brother Philip Barzizar, a licensed preacher, with his lady, came over the James river from Williamsburg, to accompany brother F. to the association. Brother Barzizer was an Italian Count, had been a Roman Catholic, but was now a Baptist preacher. Elder Jeter also joined our company. On the 21st, elder Faulchon gratuitously furnished me with a horse and gig, and we all set out for the association. It was about thirty miles. We had an agreeable interview, and returned again to brother Faulchon's on the 25th.

On the morning of the 26th, being about to leave this affectionate family, where I had received so many proofs of kindness, we engaged in prayer, and had a solemn and delightful season. He gave me two dollars for a book, sent me to the river with brother Barzizar and lady in his hack, where a boat and servants were ready to take us over to Jamestown. We crossed the James river in about the same place where Pocahontas did to relieve Capt. Smith. There was but one house left where what was called the city of Jamestown stood. It was once the capitol of Virginia. I saw a part of the steeple of the first church, or meeting-house, ever built in America. I must confess such things produce very solemn sensations on my mind. A few rods above the old site of Jamestown, is the landing place where the steam-boat takes and lands passengers, coming from or going to Williamsburg, which lies on another river about eight miles east from Jamestown, and was the seat of government at the commencement of the revolution. There I saw the old State-house where Patrick Henry delivered his celebrated speech; and there I also saw the magazine which belonged to his Britannic Majesty, which the Virginians broke open to get powder to fight his soldiers. This is but a few miles from the place where Cornwallis surrendered his army. It would have been some satisfaction to have viewed the ground, but my circumstances would not admit. Williamsburg, like many other ancient places, is on the decline. The colleges and the insane hospital, however, render it somewhat celebrated. Brother Barzizar very politely ac-

companied me to sell my books and took me in his gig to James river; and after an affectionate farewell, I again went on board the steam-boat for Norfolk. Messrs. Shield, editors of the Norfolk Beacon, gave a very respectful notice of my book. I was successful in Norfolk and Portsmouth in my sales. I had an interesting interview with Commodore Barron, in the Navy Yard. He bought half a dozen, and encouraged the sale of them among his officers. Visited old Point Comfort and Hampton, and returned again to Portsmouth, and put up with Dr. Schoolfield. On the Lord's day, 31st, preached for the Baptist church in Portsmouth. I was under especial obligations to Dr. Williamson, of the navy.

On the 10th of June I took the steam-boat for Baltimore, where I spent but a few days and hastened on to Philadelphia. I had made so long a stride toward home that I was very unwilling to be detained. I was very anxious indeed to get home. Six years had made a great change in Philadelphia. Dr. Rogers, Dr. Staughton, and Dr. Holcombe were no more. I was courteously entertained by my old friend David Johns. I had some acquaintance with Rev. Noah Davis, since deceased. He introduced me to Rev. Mr. Brantley, who treated me with particular attention, for whom I preached one Sabbath, he being called out of the city. Mr. Chandler, the editor of the United States Gazette, bought a book of me and gave a complimentary notice of it in his paper. When I had passed through this section of the country in 1823, I formed a pleasant acquaintance with the Baptist church in the Great valley, about fifteen miles from Philadelphia. I obtained a passage out to the Great valley, and called on deacon Jonathan Philips, and had a very friendly interview with him and his lady. Lord's day, 21st, he took me in his carriage to the meeting-house, where I preached. In the afternoon I preached in a grove, to a large audience, near the King of Prussia's tavern. On Monday, the deacon and his lady accompanied me to E. Siter's, Esq., and also to Daniel Abraham's, Esq. whose wife was the deacon's daughter. Here I parted with the deacon, who was now upwards of seventy, and never expected to meet with him again

in time. In the morning, Esquire Abraham accompanied me to Mr. Lemuel George's, another old acquaintance, where we were indulged with a very pleasant interview, and returned again to brother Siter's, from whence I took the stage for Philadelphia, and called on Mr. John Justin. This worthy brother and his amiable lady, as well as those precious friends above mentioned at the Great valley, had years before taken me in when a stranger. Mr. Justin lived in Vincennes when I passed along here six years ago; and in my first edition he is erroneously called Fustin. He and his excellent wife treated me as affectionate children. I can never forget their kindness; I made their house my home. But notwithstanding all the kindness they could bestow on me, I was sinking under my burden, and saw it indispensably necessary that I should shape my course homewards. On the 8th of July I set out for New-York, arrived at 6 o'clock, and was heartily welcomed by my very worthy brother and sister Lewis. They certainly took a very deep interest in my welfare.

I was so very anxious to get home, that nothing could divert my attention. As soon as it was practicable I got my baggage on board the steam-boat, went on to Albany, and without calling on a single friend took a canal-boat for Utica; and on the 15th of July, 1829, by the abounding mercy of God, arrived home and found my family all well. Through the kindness of heaven I had succeeded in paying off my printer's bill, and my other debts, and was able to do something to my house, which was yet unfinished. Of course, I could find employment at home for a few months. My precious little daughters lay very near my heart. I could scarcely indulge a thought of living to see them arrive to maturity, and I felt as though it was indispensably necessary that what I could do for them should be done quickly.

About the middle of November, I took with me my youngest son, and set off for the state of Maine. John, my oldest son, having gone on a year before to visit his friends, and to superintend the sale of a box of books I had sent on to Portland, the remainder of my books being at Albany, I sent a box of three hundred to Providence, R. I.

and taking about one hundred with me, went on our journey. In Lansingburgh I was generously patronized. We then passed on without delay through Vermont, and crossed the Connecticut river at Charleston, N. H. I made it convenient to visit Mr. Andrew Sherburne, my cousin, who lived in Hopkinton. There was but a few months difference in our ages; we had not seen each other for many years. His brother John lived within three miles, in the town of Concord. John's wife was also my own cousin, the same who with Miss Hannah Nutter, so narrowly escaped being drowned with me in our trip to Dover. As might be expected, we met with a very pleasant reception in those families, and while our parents and so many of those who had been our contemporaries, were sleeping in the dust, we had the opportunity to contrast our juvenile years with the days of decrepitude and advanced age. It was very convenient for me to make my home with my cousin John, while I was selling my books to the patriots of Concord, where I spent one Sabbath, and preached once for my much esteemed brother, the Rev. Mr. Williams, formerly of Beverly, Ms.

Almost all my first wife's connexions lived in this region. Gen. James Blake, of Chichester, married one of her nieces. Mr. David Sherburne, of Epsom, was her nephew. My uncle C.'s children lived also in this section of country. To all these I was as one from the dead; we had never expected to meet each other again in time. My interview with this large circle of relations and friends was indeed interesting.

When I pass through places that were familiar to me in my boyhood, which I have not visited for many years, it occasions very serious and solemn sensations, that I cannot describe. I am far from supposing that such sensations are peculiar to myself. In Epsom, no one object excited more peculiar emotions, than an ancient orchard that my hands had helped to plant more than sixty years ago. The trees looked ancient, and as plain as they could speak, they told me that like myself they were decaying. Is there not an appointed time to man upon the earth? I visited my brother, D. M. Ingalls,

at Baldwin, in Maine, who married my youngest sister. They had recently buried a most desirable son, about eight years of age. His disposition was so very amiable, that he was the idol of the whole family. On our way eastward I visited my sister Abigail's children, in North Yarmouth, whose husband was Mr. Joel Haven; and on the Kennebunk river visited my uncle Green's descendants; and in Belmont I was permitted once more to behold the face of my honored uncle James Weymouth, who suffered with me on board the awful Jersey. I had not seen him for more than twenty years. I came upon him unexpectedly; but I shall not, for I cannot describe the scene, only to say we embraced like children. Could it be possible but that it would revive again those distressing scenes of the "Old Jersey" and her hospital ships. The good old gentleman was in affliction, his wife deranged, in consequence of the death of their only daughter some years since. She was a very interesting child. I also visited my brother George and his wife, who live in Prospect, on the Penobscot river, whom I had not seen for more than twenty years. Death had also lopped of their pleasant branches. But to all this long list of endeared relatives, I must be only as a way-faring man, who had turned aside but for a night. My brother George accompanied me to Bangor, while my two sons enjoyed themselves with their worthy aunt and cousins. It was now January, and we were in haste to return. Being in a wagon, we were fearful of being retarded by the snow. In Portland I had a pleasant time with my many old friends. I preacked here several times, once at the Mariner's church, and had many pleasant interviews with my old brethren. Brother Thomas Hammond took an especial interest in facilitating the sale of my books. G. W. Pierce, Esq. the son of my old friend Hon. Josiah Pierce, of Baldwin, very much befriended me.

I could make my friends at Kennebunk-Port and vicinity, but a partial visit; they had heard of my design to visit them, and expected that I should spend several weeks, at least among them; but in many families I could not afford to spend even a half an hour, where they

had hoped that I should spend at least a night. I preached once at my old stand, once at the Port, and once at Kennebunk. They evinced their friendliness by liberally patronizing my book. I forbear to name any of them, because I cannot name them all. I bear them on my heart, and hope to meet them in heaven.

In Portsmouth, I had opportunity to visit my brother Randal Fernald, and my cousin Capt. Joseph Sherburne, on the ancient farm on the plain, to whom, with his lady and children, I am under especial obligation. By the mercy of God I arrived home with my two sons in good health, on the 10th of April 1830, and had the satisfaction to find my family well. In my first edition I mentioned the sale of some village lots of land in Batavia, in Ohio. I had received information that nothing but my personal presence could recover them. I set out on the 20th of May on a journey of more than six hundred miles, succeeded in getting the lots transferred to my son again, had the satisfaction of seeing many old friends, of selling about sixty books, which were all that I had with me, and returned to my family on the 20th July, and by the mercy of God found them all well. It was my intention to go to Providence on the first of September. But my gracious God saw fit to detain me, that I might pass an afflictive scene with my family. I had been astonished at the forbearance of heaven toward us in sparing our lives, while death had in years past been visiting almost every family around us. I had probably enjoyed myself as highly for the space of two months, with my precious little girls, as any other old man ever did with his young children. Eliza Ann was by the neighbors called the most interesting of the family. On the 20th of September she was taken ill; by the 25th her physician pronounced her *very ill;* we began to despair of her recovery. The trial was great, we had never been called to part with a child. I was brought to view the hand of God in this. When on about the eighth day, the doctor gave her up, the mother was almost inconsolable.

"Judge ye who know a mother's cares,
For the dear tender babe she bears."

I endeavored to put myself on trial. I seemed convinced she must go. I felt almost forbidden to pray for her life, and endeavored to persuade myself that I was reconciled to her death, and I indulged in the following reflections. If she lives, she will sin against a holy God. If she lives, she will have to endure the trials and sorrows which mortals are incident to. She will not be left a helpless orphan. The Lord will not suffer the dear babe to become contaminated with vice. He has occasion for her—of such is the kingdom of heaven. All must die at some time, for the debt must be paid. Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done. But all this does not sever the ties of affection. She breathed her last on the first day of October, and the eleventh day of her sickness, which was the canker-rash.

"Go view the garden where the fragrant rose,
In all the youthful pride of beauty glows;
Go pluck the tender flower, and pensive, say,
So cruel death may pluck me down to-day.
'Tis often seen and known to be a truth,
That death first preys upon the fairest youth;
The flowers that blossom first, first fade away,
So fruit that first gets ripe, will first decay."

She was permitted to stay with me until I had run out the sixty-fifth year of my age. Those only from whom the Lord hath taken

"Those dear delights they here enjoyed,
And fondly called their own,"

can tell how fond parents in such circumstances feel; they well know that language cannot describe their feelings but in part.

I cannot willingly close my little volume without addressing a few lines more particularly to my own dear children; nor can I conceive of a place more appropriate for that purpose than this.

My dear children, I have you much upon my heart; and I am now three hundred miles from you, and may never see you again. As certain as your dear sister is dead, so certain I must die, and you also must die. It is my

fervent, humble wish and prayer to God, that you may all be happy; that you may be happy in this world and in the world to come. But you cannot be happy, unless you are just and virtuous. If you would be happy, you must be pious; you must love the Lord Jesus Christ in truth and sincerity, and keep his commandments. I have already admonished you, and instructed you, and would now my dear children *exhort* you to read your Bible, and especially the New Testament, carefully, studiously and prayerfully. Remember the Sabbath day; honor your parents; suppress your anger, your pride, and every lust. Live in love with each other, and may the God of all grace bless you in time and eternity.

On the 19th November, 1830, I again left my dear family for the purpose of disposing of the books yet unsold. My son John accompanied me as far as Kirkland, (about ten miles) where he was going to stay with my good friend Enos Nichols, Esq. On the 20th, I went on alone, alternately indulging hopes and fears. My more intellectual and reflecting readers will draw their own conclusions respecting the state of my mind, in view of the events which had lately occurred in my family, and the certainty of my enduring the trials of another winter, (as I had the two preceding, abroad,) if my life should be prolonged. To me, however, it appeared to be *duty*. Painful therefore as the thought was of leaving sweet home, viewing that the path of duty is the path of safety, I endeavored to commit my concerns to my God, and patiently endure his chastenings. After all, the unstable and deceitful heart will repine, if not murmur. While riding alone through the mud, day after day, it seemed almost impossible but that I should bring to view, at least occasionally, the pleasant scenes I had enjoyed a few weeks before, when my precious little girls were sitting on my knees, with each an arm around my neck, amusing me with their sweet musical prattle. God forbid that I should indulge a murmur, though I mourn. His mercies have been great toward me, and I will praise him though he chasten me, and although he slay me yet will I trust in him.

On the 24th, I called on Col. A. Burtt, at Water-

vliet. He had read my book, and although an entire stranger, he and his pious lady treated me with as much affection as if we had been brothers. Here I left my horse, and went on to the city of New-York, where I had the satisfaction to find my much esteemed brother Daniel Lewis and family all in health. I had also the satisfaction to find my much esteeemed brother, John H. Harris and family, in health; who had been and still were very friendly to me. I spent ten days in the city, and sold eighty books. I am under especial obligations to Mr. John Smalley, a lawyer, and to Mr. G. Morgan, a book-seller, for the interest they took in aiding the sale of my work; nor is the kindness of Judge Flanigan forgotten. On the 7th of December, I took the steam-boat for Albany; spent a night at Col. Burtt's, and set out for Providence. At West-Stockbridge, I was hospitably entertained, by deacon Christopher French, and at Colebrook by Rev. Rufus Babcock, where I had ad excellent harbor in a rain-storm. He is a worthy old brother, whose praise is in all the churches.

At Canton, Ct. I was kindly entertained by Harvy Case, Esq. a Baptist brother, who gave me $ 1 25, for a book. His father, the venerable deacon Elisha Case, gave me an ancient cane, which had for many years been the property of Benjamin Mills, late of Canton, a deacon of the Congregational church, no less celebrated for his piety, than for his patriotism. He was an aid to Gen. Montgomery, who fell by his side before Quebec, and was afterwards a Quartermaster in the U. S. service to the close of the war. He died a few years since, at the advanced age of *ninety-seven*. In the last year of his life, he constantly walked two miles to meeting, on the Sabbath, until within a few weeks of his death.

It was not convenient to spend but a few minutes with my worthy brother. Rev. G. Phippen, who also bought a book. He was engaged in a school. On the 17th, was kindly entertained, and had an interesting interview with a brother Truman Woodford and lady. Arrived at Hartford on the 18th, and sold a book to deacon Joseph B. Gilbert, by whom and his lady I

was so kindly provided for in 1823. Spent the Sabbath in Hartford, and preached for Rev. G. Davis part of the day; and Monday pursued my journey to Providence, not having books for Hartford. I design, however, if the Lord will, to supply them with my second edition. I arrived at Providence, on the 1st of January, 1831.

Providence to me is a memorable place. More than fifty years ago I was landed here, a poor sick beggar, from prison; and forty-eight years ago, I was landed here again a prisoner, from the dismal Jersey prison-ship, in as wretched a condition as any other person who travelled home in the course of the war. Seven years, ago, I again visited Providence, although not a beggar yet in a very dependant condition: having left my family sick in Ohio, and having but just recovered from a long fit of sickness, in Middletown, Ct. Since I was last here, my good brother Gano and many others, have gone the way of all the earth. I was treated affectionately by the Rev. Messrs. Pattison and Church, pastors of the 1st and 2d Baptist Churches.

While selling my memoirs at the South, in 1829, I understood that a Captain Dring of Rhode-Island, was about to publish his "recollections of the Jersey prison ship." During this visit to Providence, I was introduced to Albert G. Greene, Esq. the editor, and to Mr. H. H. Brown the publisher of the aforesaid book. They were among my patrons; the former had the politeness to make me a present of the aforesaid work. It is written in an elegant style, is handsomely executed, and a very interesting volume. Until I came to Providence. I had the impression that Captain Dring was living. But I find that he has gone to that borne from which no traveller returns; living, however, in respectful remembrance of the inhabitants of Providence. I also ascertained that the publication of my memoirs, was the occasion of Captain Dring's making its appearance. It appears by Captain Dring's account, that he was released from the Jersey, early in October, 1782; and I was put on board the Jersey late in Nov. 1782. He is much more minute in his description, than I have been in mine.

So far as it respects the more prominent parts of the picture, they made too deep an impression on the mind, to be easily "forgotten," as he observes, even after the lapse of ("forty-two") or as I may say, of forty-eight years. I had forgotten the names of those hospital ships of which he speaks, the Scorpion, Stromboli, and Hunter. It is highly probable that the Frederick was employed as a hospital ship after Capt. Dring left the Jersey, and the number of prisoners was increased that fall and winter. The crew of the Chesapeake, consisting of about three hundred, were brought in at one time. I have the impression, that on some days, more than twenty died in a day on board the Jersey and the hospital ships. I have already said, that there were seven died in one night, on board the ship where I was confined. It was Capt. Dring's misfortune to suffer with the heat, and mine with the cold. In regard to our rations, it is highly probable that the same order did not exist when I was on board.

While last in New-York I formed a pleasant acquaintance with Capt. Jabel Ingraham, of Seekonk, about three miles from Providence. I found it very convenient to get my horse kept there, and am under especial obligations to him and his lady. I spent more than a week at different times in their family, very agreeably, while the inclemency of the season prevented my travelling.

B. F. Hallett, Esq. editor of the Daily Advertiser, gave my book a respectful notice, gratuitously. One of the first books sold, was to W. R. Staples, Esq. a lawyer. I saw him a few days after; he told me he had sat up one night till 11 o'clock, and another night till one, and had read my book through; and he had the kindness to give me a work of R. Williams, worth a dollar.

John Howland, Esq. one of the most respectable citizens of the place, having bought and read my book, informed me that the druggist, who so hospitably entertained me and my uncle forty eight-years ago, when we landed from the Jersey, must have been Governor Bowen, who at that time kept a druggist shop in the place I described. I had the satisfaction to sell one to his son, Henry Bowen, Esq. who is now Secretary of the State.

Indeed I believe almost all the lawyers in the place bought of me. I was very liberally patronized by the prin-

cipal part of the merchants and manufacturers. I am under especial obligations to Deacon Joseph Martin, and lady, where I was affectionataly entertained, as long as it was convenient for me to stay. I was highly gratified in the company of friend Moses Brown, who is over four score and ten; his faculties seem as bright as if he was but sixty—he could tell me much about the ancients —he very cheerfully bought a book—I asked him if he could write now—I observed that gentlemen generally placed their names on my book—told him that it would be a gratification if he would place his name upon it— "O yes," said the old patriarch—rose up, went to the table, mended his pen, and wrote—"Moses Brown, aged 92 years, 3 months, and 25 days"—in as fair a hand as is generally written. I had the curiosity to write as follows, viz. "a descendant of Chad Brown, the father of John Brown; who was the father of James; who was the father of the second James; who was the father of the present Moses Brown; who now has great grand children." Capt. Solomon Townsend was confined to his house with a lame foot. Mr. Potter, who had bought a book of me, took it to Capt. Townsend, who read it and sent word to me, that if I would call on him he would buy one. I was entirely willing to avail myself of the opportunity. I called, found him and his lady very friendly, they having read my book, seemed like old acquaintances. She is a member of the first Baptist church—the Capt. had been much over the world himself—had been a long time Capt. of an East India-man, and had been round the globe. It would be interesting to have his story in detail; but it is not at all probable that the public will ever get it; were he reduced to my circumstances, such a thing might be possible. Having spent a night with the Captain, I spent a day also, for it was stormy. He and his lady invited me whenever I came to Providence, to make their house my home. Thus the Lord graciously raises up friends for me.

I was deeply interested. and highly gratified in the company of the pious and venerable John Hubbard, Mrs. Townsend's father. I have already mentioned friend Moses Brown. These aged patriarchs and my father

were born the same year, but they have outlived him more than half a century.

About the 1st of Feb. I visited Pawtucket, and had the satisfaction of visiting Rev. C. Philleo and family, with whom I had formerly been acquainted; took part with him in an interesting meeting at Central Falls. I was kindly entertained at Capt. Gage's. I was very pleasantly accommodated several days at brother Bosworth Walker's; himself and his pious and very agreeable lady, were very much devoted to me. I made their house my home. I pray God to reward them for their labor of love. In Pawtucket I was generously patronized. Went on to Boston, where I had frequently associated with the worthy Baldwin, now no more. Here I found Dr. Bolles, my old friend. I put up with Rev. William Collier—preached twice to brother Collier's people—visited good old Deacon Hiler and his agreeable family—Mr. James Newhall—Rev. John Peak, an old friend and acquaintance, Deacon Heman Lincoln, and many others; but it was my principal business to sell my books. I spent more than two weeks in Boston; sold 120 books, and returned to Providence, and agreed with brother Hugh H. Brown to print another small edition. He very generously made me welcome to his house, and furnished me with convenient accommodations, while I prepared my book for a second edition.

Thus I have doomed myself to many months of hard toil, if the Lord will that my life should be spared, and my health admit. I can conceive of no more advantageous employment in which I can engage what little time I may be permitted to be active. I must, however, leave it all with God, to do with me and mine as seemeth him good. In his holy pleasure, I have had much to suffer; he has nevertheless been very gracious. Truly, goodness and mercy have followed me all my days. He has saved my feet from falling, mine eyes from tears, and my soul from death, while my fellows have been falling all around. I will therefore say, bless the Lord O my soul, and let all that is within me bless his holy name.

APPENDIX.

While in the city of New-York, on the last of Nov. I understood that Mr. David Williams, the only survivor of the capturers of Maj. Andre, was in the city. He had recently been invited to the city to join the citizens in celebrating the recent French Revolution. I had the curiosity to see him, and had the satisfaction of an introduction to him, and the gratification of hearing him narrate some of the particulars of that important capture. But a more minute and circumstantial account of the affair shortly after appeared in the Albany Daily Advertiser. As this document also brings to view "the deeds of the days of other years," I cheerfully give it a place in my little volume.

WILLIAMS, THE SURVIVING CAPTOR OF ANDRE.

During the late visit to N. York, I had the gratification of an introduction and of several interviews with DAVID WILLIAMS, the only survivor of the three militiamen who arrested Major Andre; and as he is now a subject of general interest, I shall attempt some description of him, in the belief that it will be gratifying to the public.

He is now 77 years of age; of good appearance, with a healthy and somewhat florid countenance, and was in his youth no doubt, what would be called handsome; rather thick set, and measured, I should suppose, when erect, about five feet eight inches; but now, owing to the rheumatism, he stoops much. He walks quite lame, leaning on a cane which was presented to him, and which was made of the wood of the chevaux-de-frieze placed by the Americans, in the revolution, near West Point, to prevent the British vessels from ascending the river. His whole appearance is scuh as will justify the application to him of the language of Shakspeare:

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquor to my blood;
Nor did not with unblushing forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."

I spent several hours with him at different times at the Ninth Ward Hotel in New-York, where he stayed while in that city, sometimes alone and sometimes in large companies, and there are few men with whom I take more pleasure, than I did with him. He is a man of very general information, and has evidently been a steady and close reader of newspapers. He has a thorough knowledge of all the political events which have occurred in the world for many years. With politics of this country, generally, and with that of this state particularly, he is well acquainted.

While I was with him, I saw him introduced to a large number who had called to see him, and I was pleased at the easy and happy manner in which he received them. I also saw him introduced to some ladies, and the native and unaffected politeness with which he approached them, and touched their cheeks (a privilege which he claims of all the ladies to whom he is presented, and which is no doubt always willingly granted) pleased and interested all present.

I was present when an interview took place between him and a man named Abraham Le Foy, who was in the army at West Point, at the time of the detection of Arnold. It was affecting to see the greetings which they gave each other, and heart stirring to hear them talk of days gone by, of hardships suffered, and privations endured, in the cause of liberty. The fire of patriotism appeared to burn in their breasts with renewed vigor, and the tears which dropped from their aged and bedimmed eyes were answered by like tokens of feeling in the spectators.

It was not the least gratifying part of my communion with the veteran, to hear him describe an interview which he had with Washington soon after the capture of Andre. That hero took him and his two companions, Van Wart

and Paulding, by the hand, and thanked them in warm terms, in behalf of himself and the nation, for the services they had rendered, and congratulated them on their firmness and patriotism in regarding their country before wealth. Washington said to them, on parting, "young men, take care of yourselves." At this time, neither Williams nor Van Wart could read; Paulding being the one who perused the papers found on Andre. From that moment, they determined to acquire a knowledge of letters, and they carried their determination into effect, and endeavored generally to follow the advice of the Father of his country.

One evening a large party had assembled at the above hotel, to pay their respects to Williams, and some good singers favored the company with some national songs. It was gratifying to witness the enthusiasm manifested by the veteran, at the patriotic sentiments of the songs, and he joined in chorus with much feeling. He himself sung a song written during the revolution; the last words of every verse, were "the brave George Washington." These words he sounded to the very top of his voice, and in a tone and manner which exhibited that his whole soul was wrapt in love of country, and in grateful feeling to the great and good man whose name he repeated with such emphasis.

Williams wears at his breast a medal, which was presented to him by Congress, as a mark of his services in capturing Andre; this he exhibits with a laudable pride. Congress also granted him a pension of $300 a year. A small compensation for the value of his services.

While he was in New-York, at the time of which I am speaking, the scholars of the Ninth Ward Public School presented him with an elegant silver pitcher, containing appropriate inscriptions. With this present, he was exceedingly gratified; and I am told by those who were at the presentation, that the veteran's voice was almost inaudible, so much was he affected at this mark of youthful regard and gratitude. This pitcher became a great favorite with his numerous visitors; and hundreds of persons drank from it, declaring that it gave an excellent flavor to the liquor. A beautiful and substantial horse and

wagon were also presented to him by a number of gentlemen. He sat for several portraits. He visited the Bowery theatre by request of the managers, and a box was decorated for him. When he entered the house, he was received with deafening cheers, and he acknowledged the honor by repeated bows. The statement in some papers, that he himself gave, in the theatre, a history of the transaction which has immortalized him, is erroneous: That history was read by the manager. A splendid ball was also given him at the Ninth Ward Hotel. Many other tokens of affection and regard were given him.

The veteran expressed himself highly gratified at the kindness and attention which were bestowed on him while in New-York. He was much attached to Mr. Campbell, the proprietor of the Ninth Ward Hotel, who was deputed to visit him at his residence at Livingstonville, Schoharie co. and invite him to join with the inhabitants of the Ninth Ward, in celebrating the French revolution; and who also waited on him back to his home.

The visit of Williams to the metropolis, and his participating in the celebration of the glorious events which have occurred in France, have surely had a most happy and salutary effect in sustaining a love of country, and awakening lively feelings of pure and lofty patriotism in the hearts of thousands who saw him. The sight of him would cause their minds to recur to the days of gloom and despondency, when a young and weak nation was manfully and almost hopelessly resisting the giant power of a kingdom, which had never bowed before any. When a people, poor and harassed, with an army nearly without food, and often without clothing to keep them warm, and without shelter to protect them from the wintry blast, were contending against a power with whom gold was like dirt, and whose soldiers had every comfort and convenience which were required! When one of our best generals, high in the confidence of Washington, and elevated in the esteem of his countrymen, forgetting his honor and throwing from him his glory, basely bargained to sell himself to disgrace, and his country to ruin, for the possession of lucre, and the gratification of private and unworthy revenge.

Their minds would then revert to the singular fact that three obscure and unknown young men, bound to their country by no tie except birth, but governed by that high and holy spirit of patriotism which can find lodgment only in pure hearts, firmly resisted offers far exceeding in value those which have tempted to infamy many, filling important places in their country's service.

The reflections which would ensue could not but produce the most elevated feelings of virtue and patriotism. There they saw before them, like a bent and venerable oak, alone upon the plain, and rejoicing with them at the success of principles inherent in his nature, one of those men who nobly preferred their country to wealth—their honest poverty to ignobly obtained riches. They could say, "there is an INCORRUPTIBLE PATRIOT—there is the NOBLEST WORK OF GOD, an HONEST MAN." They could show him to their children and tell them his history. Need it be said what benign effect the lesson would have on the young mind?

Williams is now travelling to the land to which his two associates and most others of the times of the revolution have gone before him. His downward path is one of calmness, for virtue is his companion. It is one of happiness, for the prayers of the good, and the blessings of the patriot accompany him on the way. And when he shall have arrived at the last gaol, pæons of joy will arise and shouts of congratulation be poured forth from his fellows, at the coming among them of one whose purity could receive no just reward till he entered into the rest and partook of the bliss of heaven.

The following brief history of the life of Williams, previous to the capture of Andre, and detailed statement of that event, were written down as dictated by him, and give a more full account of himself and the capture, than has ever been published. It was read to him after it was written, and he certified to its correctness. His own language is preserved throughout, as near as might be.

I was born in Tarrytown, then called Philip's Manor, Westchester county, New-York, 1754. I entered the army 1775, at the age of 21, and was under General Montgomery at the taking of Fort St. Johns, and after-

wards on board of flat bottomed boats to carry provisions &c.; served out my time, which was six months; I then went home, listed again in the spring of 1776, and continued in the service by different enlistments, as a New-York militiaman, until 1779.

In 1778, when in Captain Acker's company of New-York militia at Tarrytown, I asked his permission to take a walk in company with William Van Wart, a boy about sixteen or seventeen years old. I proceeded to the cross roads on Tompkins' ridge, stood looking a few minutes, and saw five men coming; they had arms; we jumped over a stone fence and concealed ourselves in a corner of it; observed that they were armed with two muskets and three pistols. They came so nigh that we recognized two of them, viz. William Underhill, and William Mosher, who were known to be of De Lancy's corps, who were tories. When they came within proper distance, I said to my companion, "Billy, neck or no joint!" I then said aloud, as if speaking to a number, with the view of intimidating them, "men make ready."—They stopped immediately; I told them to ground their arms, which they did: I then said; "march away," they did so; I then jumped over the fence, secured their arms, and made them march before us to our quarters. I continued in the service until a week or ten days before the year 1780.

In December, 1779, Captain Daniel Williams, who was the commander of our company, mounted us on horses, and we went to Morrisiana, Westchester county. We swept all Morrisiana clear, took probably $5000 worth of property, returned to Tarrytown, and quartered at Young's house. My feet being frozen, my uncle Martinus Van Wart took me to his house. I told Capt. Williams that the enemy would soon be at Young's, and that if he remained there he would be on his way to Morrisiana before morning. He paid no attention to my remarks; he did not believe me; but in the course of the night a woman came to my uncle's, crying, "Uncle Martinus! Uncle Martinus! the enemy are at Young's house!" which was the truth, as the British had surrounded it, made prisoners of all the company excepting two, and burnt the barn.

Having got well of my frozen feet, on the 3d of June, 1780, we were all driven from Tarrytown to the upper part of Westchester county, in the town of Salem. We belonged to no organized company at all; were under no command, and worked for our board or *Johnny Cake.* Isaac Van Wart, who was a cousin of mine, Nicholas Storms, and myself, went to Tarrytown on a visit; we carried our muskets with us, and on our way took a Quaker, who said he was going to New-York after salt and other things. The Quaker was taken before the American authority and acquitted.

In July or August, a number of persons, of whom I was one, went to visit our friends in Tarrytown, and while on the way, took ten head of cattle, which some refugees were driving to New-York, and on examination before the authority, the cattle were restored to their right owners, as they pleaded innocence, saying they were stolen from them. I then returned to Salem and worked with a Mr. Benedict for my board, until the 22d of September. It was about one o'clock, P. M. as I was standing in the door with Mr. Benedict's daughter, (who was afterwards my wife) when I saw six men coming; she remarked, "they have got guns." I jumped over a board fence and met them. "Boys," said I, "where are you going?" They answered, "we are going to Tarrytown." I then said, "if you will wait until I get my gun, I will go with you." The names of five of these persons were Isaac Van Wart, John Paulding, William Williams, John Yerks, and James Romer; the name of the sixth I have forgotten. We proceeded about fifteen miles that night, and slept in a hay barrack. In the morning we crossed Buttermilk hill, when John Paulding proposed to go to Isaac Reed's, and get a pack of cards to divert ourselves with. After procuring them we went to Davis' Hill, where we separated; leaving four on the hill, and three, viz. Van Wart, Paulding and myself, proceeded on the Tarrytown road about one mile, and concealed ourselves in the bushes on the west side of the road, and commenced playing cards, three handed, that is, each one for himself. We had not been playing more than an hour,

when we heard a horse galloping across a bridge but a few yards from us; which of us spoke I do not remember; one of us said, "there comes a trader going to New-York." We stepped out from our concealment and stopped him. "My lads," said he, "I hope you belong to our party." We asked him "what party?" He replied "the lower party." We told him "we did." He then said, "I am a British officer, have been up the country on particular business, and would not wish to be detained a minute," and as a token to convince us he was a gentleman, he pulled out and shewed us his gold watch; we then told him we were Americans.—"God bless my soul," said he, "a man must do any thing these times to get along," and then shewed us Arnold's pass. We told him "it would not satisfy us without searching him." "My lads," said he, "you will bring yourselves into trouble." We answered, "we did not fear it," and conducted him about seventy rods into the woods. My comrades appointed me to search him; commencing with his hat, I searched him, but found nothing, until I pulled off one of his boots, when we discovered that something was concealed in his stocking. Paulding caught hold of his foot and exclaimed, "By G—, here it is!" I pulled off his stocking, and inside of it, next the sole of his foot, found three half sheets of paper, enclosed in another half sheet, which was endorsed "West Point;" and on pulling off the other boot and stocking, I found three like papers, enclosed and endorsed as the others. On reading them, one of my comrades said, "By G—, he is a spy." We then asked him where he got those papers; he told us, "of a man at Pine's Bridge, but he said he did not know his name. He offered us his gold watch, his horse, saddle, bridle, and 100 guineas, if we would let him go; we told him "no; but he must inform us where he got the papers." He answered us as before, but increased his offer to 1000 guineas, his horse, &c. we told him again we would not let him go, he then said, "gentlemen, I will give you 10,000 guineas and as many dry goods as you will ask, conceal me in any place of safety, while you can send to New-York, with

an order to Sir Henry Clinton, from me, and the goods and money will be procured, so that you can get them unmolested." We told him "no, his offers were in vain, we were Americans, and above corruption, and go with us he must." We then took him about twelve miles to Colonel Jamison's quarters, at North Castle.

Having had while in Providence the satisfaction of a personal interview with John Howland, Esq. a veteran of the revolution, and shortly after, noticing in the Providence Journal his letter to the Secretary of War, I indulge myself the gratification of presenting my patrons with the same. The letter is thus introduced by the Editor of the Journal.

The following letter will be read with deep interest, by every one who feels the least sympathy for the heroes of the Revolution. It details in part the most gloomy campaign during our struggles for independence, while it will enable the historian to record what ought long ago to have been recorded, that at the most gloomy hour of our Revolution, at the close of 1776, our country was saved, and saved by Rhode-Island valor. The brilliant affairs at Princeton and Trenton, in the depth of winter, were mainly achieved by Col. Lippitt's regiment; and General Washington, at the time acknowledged it; yet so sparing has the historian been of his praises, that we do not remember that he has condescended to mention the part the Rhode-Island troops took in those battles.

But what is still more singular, the few remaining survivors of this regiment, who are in indigent circumstances, have been heretofore denied pensions, under the frivolous pretence, (for it is nothing else but pretence) that this regiment did not serve nine months on the continental establishment. It was raised for one year, in January, 1776, and immediately went upon duty; yet, it is said, it was not voted into the continental line until May; and as its time of enlistment expired on the 18th of January, '77, it lacked a few days of having served nine months, the period which the law contemplates, to entitle one to a pension. But what is still

more singular, it was decided by Mr. Calhoun, when Secretary of War, as we have understood, that the nine months "at any period of the war, (the words of the law of March, 1818, must be construed to mean nine months at one period, *under one enlistment*,') thus excluding the voluntary enlistment of this brave regiment for one month, in the depth of the winter of '76—'7; also making law, rather than administering it, as it stands in the statute book.—Were this voluntary enlistment admitted, this regiment would have served over nine months, at one period, even from May; but without it, it wanted a few days only of that time. But we hope better things of the present Secretary, though no favorite of ours, who, we understand, has been requested to revise the former decision in regard to this regiment, and to whom a duplicate of the following letter has been sent.

Benjamin Cowell, Esq.—

Dear Sir: You having requested me to state what is within my knowledge relating to the Regiment commanded by Col. Christopher Lippitt, in the year 1776, with a view to the right which the few survivors have to claim the aid of the Government for support, during the short period which may yet remain to men so far advanced in life, I will endeavor, as far as I am able, to comply with your request.

Early in the month of January, 1776, the General Assembly of the then colony of Rhode-Island, resolved to raise a Regiment, in addition to those already in service, to serve for the term of one year from the eighteenth day of that month. Colonel Henry Babcock was appointed to command the Regiment, which was to consist or be composed of twelve companies. Two or three months after the men were enlisted, Col. Babcock quit the service, and Lt. Col. Lippitt was promoted to the command. The men were soon enlisted, and quartered in Newport. I enlisted in the 7th company, commanded by Captain David Dexter. I was then eighteen years and three months old. The following is a copy of the enlistment which we signed; I have just copied it from the State records:

"I, the subscriber, hereby solemnly engage and enlist myself as a soldier in the pay of the colony of Rhode-Island, for the preservation of the liberties of America, and the defence of the United

Colonies in general, and this colony in particular, from the day of my enlistment for one year, unless the service shall admit of a discharge sooner, which shall be at the discretion of the General Assembly. And I hereby promise to submit to all orders and regulations of the army, and faithfully to observe and obey such orders as I shall receive from time to time from my superior officers."

The officers of the Regiment were at first commissioned by the Governor of the colony; they some time after received commissions from the President of Congress, and I have understood that the decision of the War Office, which excluded any of this Regiment from the pension list, was predicated on the circumstance of the officers having, during part of the term, been commissioned by the State. Whatever validity there may have been in this, it could only operate in the case of a commissioned officer, for all the non-commissioned and privates were marched out of the State, and joined the army under General Washington, under the binding force of the articles of the enlistment, which they subscribed on entering the Regiment; and we, from the day of our enlistment, had always supposed that we were liable to be ordered to join the main army, at any moment when the general good of the whole, or the exigency of the case might render it necessary or expedient; and this was sufficiently tested after the disastrous action on Long-Island, when we were ordered to embark from Rhode-Island, and join General Washington at New-York, as we knew from the tenor of the enlistment, we were engaged for the service of the *United Colonies*, or States

The Regiment served one complete year, under the enlistment, and engaged voluntarily for another month, under the following circumstances.

On the 31st day of December, 1776, the remnants of all the divisions, brigades or regiments, which had composed the army of the U. States at the opening of the campaign, together with a company of volunteers, from Philadelphia, were assembled at a place called Crosswicks, in Jersey; the term of service of all the Continental troops, except ours, (Lippitt's regiment,) expired on that evening: we, our regiment only, were held for eighteen days more, our year having commenced on the 18th of January, 1776. The brigade to which we were attached, was composed of five regiments, three of which (Varnum's, Hitchcock's and Lippitt's,)

were from Rhode-Island; and the other two (Nixon's and Little's,) were from Massachusetts. Col. Daniel Hitchcock, the oldest Colonel present, commanded this brigade; of the number of men, Lippitt's counted more than one third. This was the time which tried both body and soul. We had by order of the General, left our tents at Bristol, on the other side of the Delaware. We were standing on frozen ground, which was covered with snow. The hope of the Commander in Chief, was sustained by the character of these half frozen, half starved men, that he could persuade them to volunteer for another month. He made the attempt, and it succeeded. He directed or requested General Mifflin to address or harangue our brigade—he did it well, although he made some promises, perhaps, without the advice of General Washington, which were never fulfilled. He said all or every thing which should be taken from the enemy during the month, should be the property of the men, and the value of it divided among them. These promises, although they had no weight or effect in inducing the men to engage, ought to have been fulfilled, though, at the time they were made, no one could suppose it probable we could take stores or baggage from the enemy, who had six men to our one then in Jersey. The request of the General was assented to, by our unanimously poising the firelock, as a signal. Within two hours after this vote, we were on our march for Trenton, which place we had left two days previous. From the badness of the road, the darkness of the night, and accidents to the artillery carriages, or the falling of a horse, &c. we consumed the whole night in the march, and quartered in the morning in houses from which the Hessians had been taken the week before. When we had kindled a fire, and were collecting from our knapsacks or pockets a stray remnant of bread or tainted pork, and thus taking our little share of rest or comfort, the drums beat, and we were immediately paraded. Most of those who have attempted to write a history of the war, have given some, though imperfect accounts of the transactions of this day. Lord Cornwallis was on the march from Princeton, with, as it was said, ten thousand men, to beat up our quarters.—Here was the whole army of the United States, which was supposed to amount to about four thousand men, commanded by His Excellency General Washington, Mifflin, Sullivan, Greene, Knox, &c.

Our troops were posted on the south side of a brook or small river, which crosses the town near the south end, and enters the Delaware; a continuation of the Main street crossed this little river over a stone bridge. It was evidently the purpose of General Washington, to induce Cornwallis to approach and enter the town, at the north end; for this purpose, a company of artillery and a picket was placed on the road leading from Princeton, who were attacked by the advance of the British. Our brigade was ordered to cross the bridge and march through the main town street, to cover the retreat of the artillery and picket, into and through the north end of the town. This was towards the close of the day. We met them and opened our ranks to let them pass through; we then closed in a compact and rather solid column, as the street through which we were to retreat to the bridge was narrow, and the British pressed closely on our rear; part of the enemy pressed into a street, between the Main street and the Delaware, and fired into our right flank, at every space between the houses; when what was now our front, arrived near the bridge which we were to pass, and where the lower, or Water-street formed a junction with the Main street, the British made a quick advance in an oblique direction to cut us off from the bridge; in this they did not succeed, as we had a shorter distance in a direct line to the bridge than they had, and our artillery, which was posted on the south side of the brook, between the bridge and the Delaware, played into the front and flank of their column, which induced them to fall back; the bridge was narrow, and our platoons were in passing it crowded into a dense and solid mass, in the rear of which, the enemy were making their best efforts. The noble horse of Gen. Washington stood with his breast pressed close against the end of the west rail of the bridge, and the firm, composed, and majestic countenance of the General inspired confidence and assurance in a moment so important and critical. In this passage across the bridge, it was my fortune to be next the west rail, and arriving at the end of the bridge rail, I pressed against the shoulder of the General's horse, and in contact with the boot of the General. The horse stood as firm as the rider, and seemed to understand that he was not to quit his post and station. When I was about half way across the bridge, the General addressed himself to Col. Hitchcock, the commander of the brigade, directing him to march his men to *that field*, and form

them immediately, or instantly, or as quick as possible; which of the terms he used, I am not certain; at the same time extending his arm and pointing to a little meadow, at a little distance, on the south side of the creek or river, and between the road and the Delaware. This order was promptly obeyed, and then we advanced to the edge of the stream, facing the enemy, who soon found it prudent to fall back under cover of the houses. What passed at the bridge while we were forming as directed, I of course did not witness, but understood that as soon as our brigade had passed, the cannon which had been drawn aside, to leave us a passage, were again placed at the end of the bridge and discharged into the front of the enemy's column, which was advancing towards it; at the same time several pieces placed at the right and left of the bridge, with musketry at the intervals, took them partly in flank. They did not succeed in their attempt to cross the bridge, and although the creek was fordable between the bridge and the Delaware, they declined attempting a passage there, in the face of those, who presented a more serious obstruction than the water.

Night closed upon us, and the weather, which had been mild and pleasant through the day, became intensely cold. On one hour, yes, on forty minutes, commencing at the moment when the British troops first saw the bridge and creek before them, depended the all-important, the all-absorbing question, whether we should be Independent States, or conquered rebels! Had the army of Cornwallis within that space have crossed the bridge, or forded the creek, unless a miracle intervened, there would have been an end of the American army. If any fervent mind should doubt this, it must be from his not knowing the state of our few half-starved, half-frozen, feeble, worn out men, with old fowling pieces for muskets, and half of them without bayonets, and the States so disheartened, discouraged, or poor, that they sent no reinforcements, no recruits to supply the places of this handful of men, who, but the day before, had volunteered to remain with their venerated and beloved commander, for thirty days more. General Mercer, who led on the Philadelphia volunteers, fell mortally wounded in the beginning of the action.

The march that night from Trenton to Princeton, is well known. It was not by the direct road; a considerable part of it was by a new passage, which appeared to have been cut through the woods,

as the stubs were left from two to five inches high. We moved slow on account of the artillery, frequently coming to a halt, or stand still, and when ordered forward again, one, two, or three men in each platoon, would *stand,* with their arms supported, fast asleep; a platoon next in the rear advancing on them, they, in walking, or attempting to move, would strike a stub and fall.—Our proceedings at Princeton, are matters of history, except one circumstance, which has a bearing on the present question—and that is, the commander in chief took the commander of our brigade by the hand, after the action—expressing his high approbation of his conduct, and that of the troops he commanded—and wished him to communicate his thanks to his officers and men.

Besides the prisoners taken at Princeton, there were a number of wagons loaded with the army baggage. I suppose it was about noon when we left Princeton with the prize goods and prisoners; we marched quick, as the advance guard of the British army whom we had left the night before at Trenton, were said to be close in our rear, following us as they supposed to Brunswick, the head quarters of General Howe, but in three or four miles, we turned a square corner and proceeded north, towards Somerset Court-House. The British continued on to Brunswick. Ten or eleven o'clock at night, we arrived at the Court-House, in which the prisoners were shut up. It will be remembered this was the third night's march, and under arms or marching all day. There were barely houses sufficient for the quarters of the Generals and their attendants. The troops took up their abode for the rest of the night, on the frozen ground. All the fences and every thing that would burn, was piled in different heaps and burnt, and he was the most fortunate who could get nigh enough to smell the fire or smoke. The next day, we continued our march towards Morristown. About the third day after our arrival at Morristown, the commander of our brigade, Col. Daniel Hitchcock, died, from the sufferings he had experienced in this dreadful campaign. He was a very accomplished gentleman, and a fine officer; few of the Generals exceeded or equalled him in talents; he was educated at Yale. After this, the brigade was broken up The regiments which had comprised it, being sent to different stations, near the enemy's lines. Our regiment, Lippitt's, had our head quarters at a place called Chatham, detachments being continu-

ally on duty in the neighborhood of the British lines at Brunswick. At length we were discharged in the month of February, by detachments or small guards, as it was said we could better find lodgings or shelter for a night on the road. Our paper money wages, forty shillings the month, was never paid fully, and we received nothing to bear our expenses home.

"Some had to beg their bread
Through realms their valor saved."

I ought to have mentioned in the beginning of this desultory narrative, that the men had no bounty, when they enlisted, and were not furnished with any clothes; we found our own clothes, and we had the promise of forty shillings per month, but, as an outfit, we had two months pay in advance. This will account for the fact, that many of our men long before the close of this service, whose shoes were worn out, repaired to the butcher's yard, and cut out a piece of raw hide, which they laced, with strips of the same skin, about their feet. This, when the weather was moist, was not so utterly bad; but I recollect as soon as my moccasins became frozen, they chafed my toes till they bled. On the next day's march, I left the quarter guard; as we were passing a Dutchman's house, the good man had gone to the barn; I proposed to his wife to buy an old pair of shoes, which I saw at the head of a bed; she said her husband would not sell his shoes; I showed her the situation of my feet, and offered in haste, what ought to have been the price of a new pair; she took the money and I carried off the shoes. She may have been induced to close the bargain, from an apprehension, that I would take them at all events, though I hope this did not influence her decision.

In mentioning the vote taken at Croswick's, to serve another month, I ought to have stated a circumstance, which rendered this act of the Rhode-Island troops more of a patriotic character, than that of the other troops, composing the line of the army.

December 6, 1776, General Clinton and Lord Percy, with a British army, landed and took possession of the island of Rhode-Island. This news was brought to our regiment, the day we crossed the Delaware, at Easton, after General Lee was taken from us on our passage from Hudson river, through Jersey westward. This news from Rhode-Island more seriously affected Lippitt's regiment than any other. This corps was not composed of such materials as generally compose a standing army. We were mostly young men, who had left parents or near connections at home. The most of two companies, Carr's and Brownell's, were natives of the Island, and those who were from the main land were in doubt and uncertainty, whether the towns up the river, or indeed the whole State was not possessed, or been devastated by the enemy. This was reason sufficient, without taking into the account the sufferings of the season, for us to wish to return home, to search for, or know the fate of the nearest connections; and

this too, will furnish an apology for the State to which we belonged, for not sending us any partial supplies of clothing, and especially of shoes, before our discharge, as a third part of the State was in possession of the enemy, and exertions were then making, to raise and equip three regiments of troops, for the defence of the remainder. Under all these disadvantages, when our time of service had expired, the State sent an agent, Mr. J. J. Hazard, with a quantity of shoes, for those he should meet, who were barefooted. We met him at Peekskill, and there he presented me with a new pair, and there I left what remained of those I bought of the Dutch woman; and with the new ones, after being detained in that neighborhood three weeks by sickness, I travelled home to Providence.

To return to the subject of the pension list. I know of not more than six or seven now living, who have asked to be placed on the list. Poor, infirm old men—who in the prime of their youth, by the side of Washington, defended the pass at Trenton bridge, and made these what they now are, independent States. And why are they excluded? because the Secretary at war, Mr. Calhoun, thought they had not been nine months in the service of the United States. Is it possible? Can it be possible?

JOHN HOWLAND.

PROVIDENCE, NOVEMBER 24, 1830.

Notices of some of the officers of Lippitt's Regiment, after the same was disbanded.

After Col. Lippitt returned home he was appointed Major Gen. of the Militia of the State.

The Lt. Col. Adam Comstock, settled at the close of the war, in Saratoga, and was a member of the Legislature, and one of the council, with the first Gov. Clinton of New-York.

Capt. William Jones of this Regiment was in 1811 elected Governor of this State, in which he served five or six years.

Capt. Martin was Lt. Governor.

Capt. Hoppin was Colonel of the senior class of militia of the county, and several years one of the Representatives of the Town of Providence in the General Assembly.

Lt. Sayles was for a number of years a member of the House of Representatives.

Philip Martin who entered as a Sergeant in this Regiment and was promoted to the office of Ensign, and carried the colors of the Regiment, in the action at Princeton, was at the time of his death a State Senator.

Ensign Thomas Noyes, of Capt. Stanton's company, was for many years a Representative from the town of Westerly, and was one of the electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.

Benjamin Bourne, the Quartermaster, was a member of the State Convention, which adopted the constitution, and was the first Representative in Congress chosen by the State under the new government; he was afterwards one of the three Judges of the Eastern Circuit of the United States.

GENERAL BARTON.

As my visit and business in Providence were calculated to bring up again to view some of the more interesting events of the Revolution, General Barton, who captured the British General, Prescott, was several times named to me. I was anxious to have the honor and gratification of a personal interview with the venerable patriot. With this favor I was indulged; but it was a striking admonition to me. His mental powers were much depreciated, and the good old gentleman was apprised of the fact. He could recollect with some precision the events of former years; but recent events were obliterated from his mind. A few more rolling suns, and the last grave of an actor in the war of the revolution, will have closed.

The following particulars of the capture of General Prescott, by General (then Col. Barton) I have extracted from a small volume recently published, entitled "Tales, National and Revolutionary. By Mrs. C. R. Williams."

The capture of Gen. Prescott was not that rash and headlong adventure (though an exploit sufficiently hazardous) that some attempted to make it appear. It was planned and executed with consummate prudence, and had been for some time the subject of reflection and calculation in the mind of Col. Barton. It may be recollected that Gen. Lee had been captured by surprise in the preceding November, at Baskinbridge, in New-Jersey, by Col. Harcourt, who learning he was lodged in a remote country house, while he was scouring the country with his cavalry, appeared suddenly before him, and securing the sentinels, mounted him on a swift horse, and conveyed him to New-York. There was no one in the country who felt more on this occasion than Col. Barton, and from the moment that the circumstance was made known to him, he resolved, if ever an opportunity offered, to surprise some Major-General of the British army, in order to procure his release. That opportunity offered: In the month of June, 1777, a Mr. Coffin made his escape from the enemy on Rhode-Island, and was brought to his quarters. From this person he

learnt that the General was quartered at the house of a Mr. Overing, on the west side of the Island, describing it particularly. He was followed by a deserter the next day, who gave the same intelligence.

The troops stationed at Tiverton were not inured to service, nor Col. Barton either; and this circumstance alone caused him to debate a few days before he communicated the project of surprising Gen. Prescott, to any one. He first communicated it to Col. Stanton, and received his advice and ready concurrence. He then selected several officers, whose ability and secrecy he judged from personal acquaintance he could confide in, and asked them if they were willing to go with him on an enterprise, the particular object of which he could not then inform them of. They all consented, at once. Their names and rank were as follow: Ebenezer Adams, Captain of artillery; Samuel Phillips, Captain; James Potter, Lieutenant; Joshua Babcock, Lieutenant; Andrew Stanton, Ensign; and John Willcox.

The next step to be taken was to procure boats, a thing attended with some difficulty, as there were but two at the station. However, in a few days they obtained five whale boats, and had them fitted in the best possible manner. All was now ready except the men, who had not been engaged, for fear it would create suspicion. As Col. Barton wished to have them all volunteers, the regiment was ordered to be paraded. He then addressed them, telling them he was about undertaking an enterprise against the enemy, and wished to have forty volunteers; desiring those who were willing to risk their lives with him, to advance two paces in front. At this the whole regiment advanced. After thanking them for their willingness, he selected forty, whom he knew understood rowing, and upon whom he might depend. With this company they embarked for Bristol first, on the fourth of July; but a heavy storm of thunder and rain, when they got into Mount Hope Bay, obliged them to separate, and Col. Barton lost sight of all the boats but one; those two kept together and arrived at Bristol at ten o'clock at night on the fifth, thus being two days in crossing the ferry. Proceeding to the commanding officer's quarters, he there found ano-

ther deserter from the British camp, who gave him considerable misinformation upon being questioned. However, at eight o'clock the other boats arrived, and the Col. took the officers with him to Hog Island, from which they had a distinct view of the British encampment and shipping, and there he first unfolded his plan to them. They appeared surprised, but after his telling them the situation of the house where Gen. Prescott lodged, and the part he wished each to act in the intended enterprise, they consented, and promised not to give the least hint of it. They then returned to Bristol, and staid until about nine at night of the sixth, when they re-embarked and crossed over to Warwick Neck, from whence they meant to take their departure for the Island. On the seventh, the wind changed to the E. N. E. and brought on a storm, some obstacles intervened on the eighth and they did not take their departure until nine o'clock on the ninth.

Before the departure of the boats, the Colonel numbered them all, and appointed each his place. To every boat, there was one commissioned officer, exclusive of Col. Barton. The party consisted of forty-one men, officers included. Before their departure, the Colonel collected them in a circle and addressed them, acquainted them with the object of the enterprise, and the hazard attending it, and pledging them to take the lead and share every danger, whatever it might be, equally with his soldiers, entreating them to preserve the strictest order, and not to have the least idea of plunder; to preserve profound silence, and ordering them, if any had been so imprudent as to furnish himself with any spirituous liquors, to leave it. After commending them to the great Disposer of events, they proceeded to the shore.

The commanding officer at Warwick Neck was directed to keep a sharp look out, and if he should hear the report of three distinct muskets, to come on to the north end of Prudence to take them off; for they had reasons to fear the British men of war might send their boats out, and cut them off from the main.

In the forward boat Col. Barton posted himself with a pole ten feet long and a handkerchief tied to the end of

it, so that his boat might be known from the others, and that none might go before it. They went between the Islands of Prudence and Patience, in order that the shipping which lay against Hope Island, might not discover them, and rowed under the west side of Prudence till they came to the south end, when they heard the enemy on board their ships cry out "All's well."—When they were within about three quarters of a mile of Rhode-Island, they heard a great noise like the running of horses. This threw a consternation over the whole party; but none spoke. They slackened for a moment, but the Colonel concluding it was only the accidental running of horses, as they often do when let loose, concluded to push on and soon gained the shore —There was then a man left to each boat to keep them ready for a push, for fear the enemy might try to impede their retreat. The party were then marched in five divisions to the house, which was just one mile from the shore, preserving the strictest silence.

The entrance to the house where Gen. Prescott had taken his quarters, was by three doors, on the south, east and west; three of the five divisions were to attack each a door. The fourth to guard the road, the fifth to act on emergencies. They left the guard house on the left; on the right was a house where a party of light horse were quartered in order to carry orders from Gen. Prestcott, to any part of the Island. When they opened the gate of the front yard, the sentinel who stood about twenty-five yards from them, hailed "who comes there?" They gave no answer, but continued marching on. There being a row of trees between them, he could not so well distinguish their number. He again hailed, and they answered "friends." "Advance and give the countersign." To which Gen. Barton answered, as in a great passion, "We have no countersign, but have you seen any deserters to night?" This had been contrived as a decoy, and it had the effect, for before he suspected them to be enemies, they had seized his musket and made him prisoner, telling him if he made the least noise, he should be put to death. They asked him "if Gen. Prescott was in the house?" He was so frightened at first he could not speak; but at length, wa-

ving his hand towards the house, he said "yes." By this time each division had got its station, and the doors were burst in. They first went into the chamber of Mr. Overing, the General was not there; then into the one Mr. Overing's son lodged in; he said the General was not there. Col. Barton then went to the head of the stairs, and called to the soldiers without "to set the house on fire, as he was determined to have Gen. Prescott, either dead or alive." On this they heard a voice below calling "What is the matter?" Col. Barton entered the room below from whence it came, and saw a man just rising out of bed, and clapping him on the shoulder asked him if he was Gen. Prescott? He answered "Yes, Sir!" The Colonel then told him he was his prisoner: he rejoined, "I acknowledge it, Sir." The Colonel then desired him to hurry. He requested leave to put on his clothes; the Colonel told him "a very few, for their business required haste." In the mean time, Major Barrington, the General's aide-de-camp, finding the house was attacked, leaped out of the window, and was immediately made prisoner. After the General had got on a few clothes, they marched away for the shore. In order to make the General keep up with them, Col. Barton made him put one arm over his shoulder and another over another officer's, and in this manner with Major Barrington and the sentinel in the middle of the party, they arrived at the boats, where they put the General's coat on him and seated him in No. 1. The General seeing the five small boats and knowing where the shipping lay, appeared much confused, and asked Col. Barton if he commanded the party? Upon being answered in the affirmative he said, "*I hope you will not hurt me.*"—Col. Barton assured him "while in his power he should not be injured."

After they had got a short distance from the shore, they heard the alarm, three cannons, and saw three sky-rockets. It was fortunate for them that the enemy on board the shipping could not know the occasion of it, as they might with ease have cut off their communication with the main.*

*It has been erroneously stated that the party of light horse stationed at some distance from the house, rushed down upon them, just as they pushed from the shore.

They rowed at no small rate, for upon landing at Warwick Neck at day-light, the place from whence they started, they discovered they had been gone from there but just six hours and a half. The General as he landed turned to Col. Barton and said, "Sir, you have made a d———d bold push to night." He replied "we have been fortunate." The General and his aid were then permitted to retire for rest, while Col. Barton sent to Warwick town for a horse and chaise and orders for the best breakfast that could be procured. An express was then sent to Major Gen Spencer, at Providence, who immediately sent a coach to conduct the General prisoner to Providence.†

Address to Sailors, especially to those of the American Navy.

"What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God."

When I commenced the preceding Memoirs, (more than two years ago,) I had the impression that if I should succeed in getting them printed, some of the copies might fall into your hands; and designed to close my narrative with an address to you; humbly beseeching that God whose mercy has abounded towards me, one of the chief of sinners, and who has given me a hope of eternal life through Jesus Christ, that he would also bless my feeble efforts to the promotion of your spiritual good. Should you be disposed to read my narrative, you willl discover that I have had some personal acquaintance with the maxims and habits of sailors in the American and British navies, both on board privateers and in the merchants' service. My early attachment to sailors yet remains. I know that they are patriotic, brave and generous almost to a fault; and it may with propriety be said that they defy danger. Their peculiar situation almost precludes them from the privileges of religious society. The time has been when it might be said of us, that "no man cared for our souls;" and it is a mel-

†Gen Prescott was afterwards exchanged for Gen. Lee. There was certainly no parallel between the two captures of the two Generals; as Lee was quartered full twenty miles from his army, with only a handful of attendants near him. Prescott in sight of a body of light horse and in view of his shipping.

ancholy truth, that we have been regardless of their salvation ourselves. It is a fact, many of us have been so notoriously wicked as to insult the great Captain of salvation, by challenging him to destroy our souls. With shame I confess that I have been thus vile, and yet God has spared me even unto old age. Where sin abounded, grace hath much more abounded, through the blood of Jesus Christ, and not to me only, but to many other sailors of my acquaintance. "There is forgiveness with him," even for sailors, "that he may be feared."

There has been a material change in society within the last thirty years. There are now many, very many, who pray for the salvation of sailors, both in Europe and America. Bible societies have done much; the bethel flag has been unfurled in the principal ports of England and America.

Many tracts have been written to attract your attention, improve your morals and excite in you a proper concern for the salvation of your souls. The authors of those tracts, whether converted seamen or pious landsmen, that they might more readily excite your attention, have illustrated important truths, in term phrases, familiar to sailors.

I cannot feel less interested in your welfare than others. Permit me then to remind you, that the period cannot be far remote when your "dust must return to the earth as it was, and your spirits must return to God who gave them." Unless you are "born again, you cannot see the kingdom of God." I beseech you not to trifle with these important truths. You are exposed to unhealthy climates, the perils of the sea and dangers of battle.

"The living know that they shall die," saith Solomon. Eccl. ix. 5. And we are told by Paul, that "it is appointed for men once to die, and after death the judgment." Heb. ix. 27. "For we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ." Rom. xiv. 10. "The ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous." Ps. i. 5.

Inasmuch, then, as we must all die and come to judgment, is it not useless to insult the Judge? Useless did I say? it is presumptuous, it is criminal. Could sailors

expect their officers to bear with them if they should treat them with such insolence as they frequently manifest towards Almighty God, who has expressly told us in the third commandment, "the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

Intemperance is another vice, to which many sailors are addicted. The consequence is frequently immediate death, usually the loss of character and health, often of the vessel and crew. The practice of the various vices which prevail among sailors, "drown them in destruction and perdition." 1 Tim. vi. 9. The scriptures declare that "no unclean person hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God."

Shipmates, we must become subjects of the kingdom, or we shall never fetch the port of eternal safety, and let go our anchors within the vail, that is the holy place or heaven. The voyage cannot be made in any other vessel than the ark of safety, which is Jesus Christ. Brother sailors, will you not endeavor to get a birth on board this vessel, which will ensure you a safe passage to heaven and eternal felicity. You have run large or before the wind quite too long already. You cannot weather the cape of *good hope*, without beating against wind and tide, or in other words, without repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

Bear a hand then, my good fellows, and stand by to about ship. Repentance, my brethren, is like beating against wind and tide. It must be exercised with a humble reliance on the merits of Jesus, resisting the *world, the flesh and the devil.*

And a hundred to one, but you will make some leeway after all; but if you mind well your compass the Bible, and keep a good look out and a good helm, you will shortly have both wind and tide in your favor.

Brethren, both officers and sailors, permit me to recommend to you the Bible, because it is the word of God. Read it frequently, and pray to God that he will give you an understanding. Remember that in the New Testament, God speaks to us by his Son Jesus Christ. In it he testifies unto us that "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death hath passed upon all men, for that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

My brethren, we are all by nature the children of wrath, condemned already, and the wrath of God abideth upon all who are yet in unbelief. We must be born again, that is, we must have a new heart. Jesus came into the world to seek and to save that which was lost: that we may be saved, he has told us to repent and believe the gospel, and that except we repent we shall perish. You must deny yourselves, and take up the cross. You must restrain your tongues; you must restrain your passions. Hear a word from the Apostle James, my brethren.

"Behold also the ships, which though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet they are turned by a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth. Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth. And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity, so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature, and is set on fire of hell. The tongue can no man tame, it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison; therewith bless we God, even the Father, and therewith curse we men who are made after the similitude of God; out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be."

I venture to say, brethren, if you properly restrain your tongues, you will not find it very difficult to restrain the wicked propensities of the heart. Will you not read those various little tracts which are sent you? Will you not remember the Sabbath day, and whenever the Bethel flag is displayed, will you not go and endeavor to get your shipmates to go where prayer is wont to be made? Will you not improve all the opportunities you have, to hear the gospel preached, and look unto God by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving? Remember that Jesus has told us, "If ye who are evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your heavenly Father *give the Holy Spirit* to them who ask him?" May God graciously grant that you be no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints and of the household of God. So prays your shipmate,

ANDREW SHERBURNE.

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